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IRDLING

THE GLOBE.

GIRDLING THE GLOBE.

FROM THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT
SUN TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

...OR...

A RECORD OF A TOUR AROUND
THE WORLD.

By D. L. MILLER,

*Author of "Europe and Bible Lands," "Seven Churches of Asia,"
"Wanderings in Bible Lands."*

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS BOOK TO THE CAUSE

OF MISSIONS, AND TO THOSE WHO, BY GENEROUS GIFTS, HAVE

MADE IT POSSIBLE TO SEND THE GOSPEL

TO HEATHEN LANDS.

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PREFACE.

GOD permits some to travel and see the marvels of his works displayed in the creation of the world. Others are shut in by environments which preclude all possibility of seeing even their own country. Those who can and do go are under obligation to those who remain at home. Recognizing this obligation, the writer feels constrained to give this record of a tour around the world. It is written with the hope that it will be helpful to those who read. God has given us the desire to know, and knowledge broadens the mind and gives one a higher conception of the might and power of the great Creator.

The "we" used by the author includes his wife, who was his constant companion on the long journey around the globe, and who has been a constant inspiration to him in all his work.

The record of northern Europe includes in part two journeys, and hitherto unpublished notes on both are drawn upon. In these tours we traveled over fifty thousand miles, visited four of the great divisions of the globe, passing through twenty-four different countries, kingdoms and empires. We spent nearly one hundred days at sea, sailing on more than thirty different ships.

During the tours of a year and a half we enjoyed good health, and in every respect the voyages were pleasant and

profitable. We felt that God was with us, and to him we give praise for his wonderful goodness to us.

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to authors whose works I have used and quoted, to Grant Mahan of Mount Morris College for valuable assistance rendered in preparing the work for the press, and to L. A. Plate for proof reading.

The author takes this occasion to express his obligations to the church and a generous public who have given such warm welcome to his preceding works. He believes the favor shown his books is in excess of their merit. This record is sent out to the world in the hope that it may do good and add to the sum total of human happiness.

D. L. Miller.

Mt. Morris, Ill., July 1, 1898.

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GIRDLING THE GLOBE.

CHAPTER I.

*Across the Atlantic — London — The Palace of a Queen — Paris —
Gilded Sin — Results of Infidelity.*

IT was on a bright, beautiful May day morning in 1895 that we left our pleasant home in the embowered village of Mount Morris for our tour around the world. Eastward we took our course, and the very moment we started from home our homeward journey began. Whether we sailed across the broad Atlantic, or on the North, the Baltic, the Adriatic, the Ægean, the Mediterranean, the Red, the China or the Yellow Sea, or on the Indian or Pacific Ocean, we said to each other so many, many times, as we thought of native land and of loved ones there, "Every day's travel takes us nearer home." When we traveled overland through England, and northward to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," and southward through Germany, and over the snowy heights of Switzerland, and the sunny plains of Italy, and the vine-clad hills of Greece, and the sacred mountains and plains of the Holy Land, and the fruitful valley of the Nile, and among the teeming millions of India, and the spice islands of the Southern Seas,—wherever we wandered,—there was always present with us the happy thought, We are going home. Heretofore on our travels we have had, when starting, an objective point, and when it was reached

we began our return voyage. But on this journey we continue our course eastward and homeward until, the Lord willing, we land at San Francisco, and, still pursuing our eastward way, finally reach our home again. We are impressed with the thought that our journey is something like the great voyage of life which we are all making. There is no turning back. Onward is the word, until, if we follow the compass and chart of God, the goal is won and the haven of eternal rest is entered.

Leaving New York in the springtime, on one of the big North Atlantic boats with some five hundred cabin passengers aboard, is like starting out on a summer pleasure trip. The "floating palace" moves almost imperceptibly down the river. You are conscious of motion only because the buildings on both shores are moving backward. Presently New York, with its throbbing pulsations of busy commercial and social life, is left behind. Now the ship's speed is increased, and the grass-covered hills of Staten Island, the summer resorts with their barn-like hotels, and the Atlantic highlands, rich in foliage and verdure, flit by in quick succession. Then, when you begin to feel that the boat should land you on some greensward, for a day's rambling and meditation, you are out at sea and suddenly awaken to the fact that you have the broad Atlantic before you and that many days must pass before you see land again.

Land again! How one longs for the sight of it as the days glide into weeks, with only sea and sky to look upon. The eyes grow weary seeking in vain for something fixed upon which to rest. There is something about the sight of land under such circumstances, that, as some one has said, "supplies a want that nothing else can fill." Whether it be your own coast or some foreign land,

it is all the same. The cry of "Land ho!" brings to the upper deck even the invalid who has not left his cabin during the entire voyage. How you feast your eyes as they rest on the solid earth, for there is no such thing as resting your eyes on the sea. It is much too active and restless to afford rest. The sight of land brings to you a joyous, hopeful, restful feeling, that is pleasant to enjoy. We heard of a young man who emerged from his cabin, as the ship entered New York harbor, to discover what all the other passengers knew, that the ship was in full sight of land. He gave a shout of glad relief and pleasure. "That," he cried, pointing to the west, "is Staten Island; but that," pointing to the right, "is LAND."

I quote from my diary June 19, 1895: At nine A. M. we boarded the "Paris" in New York harbor. A great throng of visitors crowded the deck and rooms of the great ship. Fifteen hundred, we were told, were on board for the voyage. These, with the visitors, made the throng so great that it was impossible to move about. At ten the signal was given for visitors to go ashore, and at eleven the voyage began. This is my seventh voyage across the Atlantic, and, as we sail out upon the uncertain sea, I wonder how it will end.

"Life giving, death giving, which shall it be?
O breath of the merciful, merciless sea."

Hitherto I have always had some feeling of anxiety as to the result of my sea voyages. Now I am entirely free from care. It rests in God's hands, and, whatever comes, all will be well. The evening shades darken the sea and I go to rest with this prayer:

"The day is ended, ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine,
Father, forgive my trespasses and keep
This little life of mine.

"With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool in rest my weary pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my rest be sweet.

"At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake.
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break."

The "Paris" has fifteen hundred souls on board, "and still there's room for more," was said of our ship. By crowding a little, here and there, two thousand men and women may be carried across the ocean on this great American liner. Think of a country town with a population of two thousand, with its life and activity. The "Paris" would provide comfortable quarters for every soul, and have room and to spare for all their personal effects in her gigantic hold, and would take them all across the Atlantic at one time.

Our voyage was delightfully pleasant. Two days we enjoyed a stiff breeze. This gave those who were not good sailors an opportunity to become acquainted with the ogre of ocean,—seasickness. But few escape the dread malady. Then came days of calm weather and smooth seas, and everybody was happy and contented.

A glorious sunset at sea. The only one of the kind I ever witnessed. Low down on the western horizon a bank of clouds, tipping the water's edge, waited the declining god of day. As the sun touched the upper border of fleecy clouds, the effect of gold and crimson on sea and sky was most gorgeous. Through a rift in the clouds

the brilliant white light flashed through crimson and gold, making a pathway of golden light on the sea, reaching to the open gateway of glory in the clouds. It seemed as if the everlasting gates were lifted up for the entrance of the expected King of Glory. A gentle breeze made the sea all tremulous, and the tiny wavelets reflected the light as would a million mirrors. It was a scene of indescribable beauty, once beheld never to be forgotten. Those who saw it were deeply impressed, and from many a heart went up adoration to God who painted this marvelous scene. Then the twilight and darkness came, shutting out from vision sky and sea. But the wonderful picture was ours. Surely "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Our Atlantic voyage is ended. The "Paris" is made fast to the pier at Southampton, England. A few hasty farewells are said to ship friends, a nominal examination of our baggage is made by polite and accommodating custom officers, and we are seated in the cars ready to start for London. Seven days and a half from the harbor at New York to the landing at Southampton. A safe, pleasant voyage. The Lord was with us all the way, and brought us to our desired haven. May he abide with us all our journey through, and be with us when our earthly pilgrimage ends, as soon it must, for the shadows are lengthening.

London! A city of five and a half million souls, with half a million or more houses, great and small, including fourteen hundred churches and seven thousand five hundred drinking saloons, with streets and roads in aggregate that would reach from New York to San Francisco and back again to Chicago, and which are lighted by more than a million gas lamps; a city whose inhabitants eat annually over seventeen million bushels of wheat, two and

a quarter million beeves, sheep and hogs, making an annual meat bill of two hundred and fifty million dollars, drink fifty-five million gallons of beer, wine and spirits, and burn eight million tons of coal; a city with more Irish than in Dublin, with more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine; a city older than the Christian era, whose history is the history of the rise and progress of the English-speaking race, and in which laws are enacted that govern empires and countries in all parts of the world,—such a city is the world's great metropolis,—the City of London.

It has been said that to see London is to see the world, but, having seen neither the world nor London, we are not prepared to say whether the saying is correct. It is true we have spent some weeks in the city, and have visited a number of its most interesting places; we have seen something of its streets and great public buildings, and of its rushing, mighty tide of business life; we have seen something of its misery and wretchedness, as we have met a few of its one hundred and fifty thousand beggars and paupers on the streets; we have seen or rather felt its fog, but we have not seen the city; that would take months instead of weeks.

In London we heard two of the world's noted preachers, Dr. Parker and Canon Farrar. Dr. Parker is an interesting speaker and a deep thinker. He has a commanding presence and a magnetism that carries his audience with him. He speaks with great deliberation, and constantly impresses one with the thought that he is using only a small portion of his power. Once or twice during the sermon to which we listened, he burst forth in a strain of fiery eloquence that revealed his real power. His audience appeared to be electrified by these outbursts. His

language is well chosen and full of beautiful figures. Here is one. Speaking of the grave, he asked, with a rising inflection of the voice, "What is the grave?" and then pausing a moment, so that the question might have its full force on the audience, he answered in a voice full of pathos, "A wound made in the earth by the metal of death." Again, speaking of men who deny God, he asked, "What is a man without God?" The answer was full of scathing contempt, "A circumference without a center; a poor, vain attempt to be a circle, contorted, twisted, vanishing into nothing." The tone of voice in which these words were uttered made them wonderfully effective. His sermon was full of sharp, bristling points, and they were put in such language that his audience could easily understand. Whatever may be said of Dr. Parker's theology and of his orthodoxy, he certainly has a wonderful power in the pulpit.

Canon Farrar, the celebrated author and leading minister in the Established Church of England, is as different from Dr. Parker as it is possible for two men to be. He is of medium stature, with a full, round face, and speaks rather rapidly, without any attempt at oratory. He is a man of great learning, and carries his scholastic attainments with him into the pulpit. He preaches to members of both Houses of Parliament, and whenever he preaches he has among his auditors members of the English nobility and oftentimes of the royal family. In the center of the church is a seat reserved for Americans. We listened with much interest to his thirty-minute sermon. It was a learned dissertation on the philosophy of the laws of nature, and abounded in fine passages. It was a learned, finished discourse, intensely intellectual and full of deep thought, but to us it seemed like a cut diamond, polished

and sparkling, but cold and lifeless. There was in it much food for the intellect, but very little for the heart and soul.

At St. Paul's, London's great cathedral, we heard the Dean read the Episcopal service. It was in the highest degree formal, for the service "is High Church." It was the very aristocracy of religious service; cold, formal, and dignified. From St. Paul's to the Salvation Army hall is but a short distance, but the contrast is striking enough to make one feel that he has entered another world. There the rich appointments, the millions of wealth, and the quiet reserve and cold dignity characteristic of the "High Church" service; here the loud talk, the *abandon*, the swelling song service, the hearty "God bless you" and amens, the testimony of the lowly to the saving power of Jesus, the tears of the penitent, and all the zeal and earnestness characteristic of Salvation Army methods. There the men and women of wealth, of proud family titles; here the fallen of the street, the poor of London's teeming millions. Could contrast be greater? If Christ were to come to London to-day, where would you expect to find him? Would you go to St. Paul's Cathedral, among the rich and mighty, to search for him, or would you go among the poor and lowly?

London presents many sad sights, but the saddest to us was a woman staggering along the streets in a state of intoxication. We saw women in other parts of Europe hitched with dogs to carts; we saw them dragging harrows across ploughed fields, but seeing them thus did not touch our hearts as did the sight of the drunken woman of London. We have always given woman a high place in the world, and have had a high appreciation of her worth and influence. After due reflection, at a time of life when mere sentiment enters not so largely into an estimate

of the formative influences upon my own life, I set it down as my best judgment, that whatever good may come of my having lived in this world, is largely due to the influence of two of the nearest and dearest friends I have ever known,—wife and mother. The one has long since gone to her rich reward, the other is still with me, my constant companion in all my wanderings, my ever-ready helper in time of need; in the fullest and truest sense of the word, my better half. How it saddens the heart to see a woman reeling from a dram shop! But why? Does she not have the same right to drink, chew and smoke that her brother does? Abstractly the answer is yes, but we do thank God that she is so much purer, so much truer, and so much better in every way, that she stands immeasurably above man in these things. But when she does fall from her high place, what a fall there is!

The home of the Queen is to be found at Windsor Palace, twenty-one miles from London, and it is the favorite home of Victoria, England's most honored ruler. A day spent here took us away from the smoke and fog of London. The royal family was absent and the palace was open to visitors who had secured, from the Lord Chamberlain, permission to enter. Without difficulty the necessary papers were secured, and we were admitted to the royal residence.

Thirty-four years ago Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, died, and since then she has lived in widowhood. For many years she secluded herself from society and mourned for her departed husband. To his memory she has erected within the Castle walls a memorial chapel bearing her husband's name, where he sleeps his last sleep. It stands as one among the most beautiful structures in the world, a monument of wifely love and

queenly devotion. "The interior, beautiful with colored marble, mosaics, sculpture, stained glass, precious stones and gilding in extraordinary profusion and richness, must certainly be numbered among the finest works of its kind in the world. The ceiling is fan-shaped and vaulted, and is composed of Venetian enamel mosaics, representing angels bearing devices relating to the Prince, and with shields symbolical of the Passion. At the sides of the west entrance are two marble figures representing the Angels of Life and Death. The walls are decorated with a series of pictures of Scriptural subjects, inlaid with colored marbles in which twenty-eight different kinds of marble have been used. About each scene is a white marble medallion of a member of the royal family, while between them are bas-reliefs, emblematical of the virtues. Round the edges of the pictures are smaller reliefs in white and red marble, and other ornamentation. Below the marble pictures is a dark green marble bench; and the floor, which is very handsome, is also of colored marble. The stained glass windows exhibit ancestors of the Prince, while those in the chancel represent Scriptural subjects. The wall behind the altar is covered with reliefs and is inlaid with colored marble, malachite, porphyry, lapis lazuli, and alabaster, having for their subject the resurrection. Rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones are set in great profusion in the walls. In the center of the chapel is the cenotaph, or monument of the Prince. It consists of a handsome sarcophagus of colored marble enriched with reliefs. On top of the coffin is a recumbent figure of the Prince in white marble." Thus writes an unknown author, and the picture is not overdrawn. An immense sum of money was expended on the structure. Victoria visits the place very often and kneels

to pray at the tomb of the husband whose memory she still reveres, although he has been dead more than a third of a century.

The Queen's palace is beautiful, and its rich splendor cannot well be described. It is the home of an earthly sovereign upon whose dominion the sun never sets. She is deeply loved for her virtues by her people and is the most honored ruler in Europe. Her private apartments are to be seen only by special permission during the absence of the sovereign. They are most handsomely and sumptuously fitted up. All that money and art could do has been done to decorate and beautify the Queen's private home, and England, or even Europe, can show nothing finer or more artistic than these rooms. In them is to be seen a fine collection of rare china, of oriental, Chelsea, and Sevres manufacture, rich mediæval and oriental cabinets of curious design and workmanship, heavy gold and silver plate of great value, fine oil paintings, the work of the masters, and costly furniture, making altogether the finest private residence in Europe.

The state apartments are finely decorated with paintings and hung with tapestry, and are rich in fine carvings and gilt work. The entire suite of rooms, ten in number, is richly and expensively furnished. Costly tapestry, representing the story of Esther and Mordecai, and fine paintings, the work of the world's great artists, cover the walls and ceilings. The floors are of polished oak, covered in many places with expensive rugs and velvets. We enter the audience chamber and pass through room after room until we reach the throne room, one of the most richly-furnished rooms in the palace. In one of the apartments we were shown the presents sent to the Queen in 1887, when she celebrated the golden anniversary of

her reign. The crowned heads of Europe vied with each other in sending costly gifts. The entire collection, consisting of vases, plate, and many other articles, is made of solid gold in the highest style of the goldsmith's art, and is of immense value.

Back again to London with its fog and smoke. It is said the fog is so thick at times that one may stick his umbrella into it and hang his hat on the handle; but this statement must be taken with some degree of allowance. London is by far the busiest city in Europe, or, for that matter, in the world. We passed up and down High Holborn Street a number of times, and the moving mass of cabs, omnibuses, wagons, carts, and humanity, was a constant surprise to us. Two great moving processions pressing on constantly, the one east, the other west, resemble two great rivers, flowing forever onward. At the street crossing policemen stand, and every few minutes stop the mighty procession to allow other smaller streams to cross High Holborn, and then the street is blocked for miles. Starting up and stopping, the procession moves on. And so the great throng rushes on from Monday morning until Saturday night,—a great moving mass of humanity.

The rich and the poor jostle each other on the busy streets, and oh how many haggard faces, upon which are drawn in deep lines the story of sin and misery, one sees in the great throng! Here are boys and girls picking up a living on the streets, into whose darkened lives no sunshine ever comes. The pinched features of want and poverty, the hardened expressions of sin and crime on prematurely old faces, are to be met on every hand. The picture is dark enough and stands out in darker contrast when compared with the lavish expenditure of money at Windsor. Booth has not overdrawn the picture in his "Darkest England."

Chauncey M. Depew says that one may see more wretchedness and misery in London than any other city in



STREET SCENE IN LONDON.

the world; and he might have given the cause,—seven thousand five hundred drinking places dealing out misery and

ruin, many of them twenty-four hours a day for 365 days in the year. Take out of London the seven thousand five hundred saloons and the results of the work they have done, and you might write the word "brightest" instead of "darkest" before Britannia's favorite name. But why pursue the theme further? We have the same evil at home in almost every hamlet, village, town and city in America. Oh when will the day come when the saloon power will be wiped from the face of the earth? God speed the day!

From London to Paris, by way of Dover and Calais, is a day's journey, provided you count in a portion of the night. So it was three years ago when we made the journey. One is glad to get away from the rush and roar of trade and commerce, the grimy atmosphere, and the suffering mass of poverty-stricken humanity in London. It was a real pleasure to leave it all, to breathe once more the pure country air, and catch a glimpse of the bright sunlight falling on green fields. Old England, as seen from the car windows—and, outside of London, this was our only means of observation—is a beautiful country. Well-kept country houses, highly-cultivated farms, with here and there the battlements of an old castle nestling in groves of ancient oaks, beautiful green lawns, bright with rich-colored flowers, hedges trimmed and pruned to wonderful evenness and smoothness, fields without waste places, fine-looking herds of thorough-bred cattle quietly grazing on the rich pasture land, men and women, boys and girls, at work gathering in the late fall crops,—all this we saw like a fleeting panorama as we rushed across the country some sixty miles from London to Dover.

At one place, not far from a way station, we saw a pack of English hounds in full hue and cry after a fox. Following the hounds, on horseback, were a number of the Eng-

lish gentry. They rode at full speed across the fields, their well-trained hunting horses clearing hedges and ditches at a single leap and keeping well up with the hounds. The fox was far in the lead, and we confess our sympathies were all on the side of renard. To see a pack of twenty great muscular hounds, and as many more strong men, mounted on fleet horses, at break-neck pace chasing a little animal across the country, under the name of sport, is a spectacle in which the larger animal does not, it seems to us, appear to the best advantage. It is considered fine sport, but it is hard on the peasant farmers, whose growing crops and ploughed fields must suffer, and he has no recourse. He mutters and grumbles, and hides his resentment as well as he can, he repairs as far as possible the damage done, and toils on in his weary work. Thus the strong override the weak, and the feeling of resentment grows stronger and stronger until some day it bursts forth, and bloodshed and revolution result. So history repeats itself, and in the end the heel of the oppressor becomes one of the means that bring liberty to the downtrodden of earth.

From England to France in seventy minutes, by the Channel steamer, is the usual time if the wind and waves are propitious. But what a change the voyage of seventy minutes makes in one's surroundings. A new people, and a new language, which, at first, seems a very Babel to us. The few words of French we had stored away for this occasion don't seem to have a place among the strange sounds we hear. The question, "*Parlez vous Francais?*" (Do you speak French?) coming from a Frenchman's lips, does not sound at all as it is written. We listen and wait for a familiar sound, a word or phrase that we understand, and then give it up.

One phrase we had learned. Showing our tickets to a

conductor we remarked: "*Défense de fumer*," and he at once took us to a compartment set apart in one of the cars for those who do not smoke. On our railways at home cars are set apart for smokers. In Europe smoking is so general that compartments are provided for those who do not smoke, and a notice to the effect that smoking is forbidden is posted on the door. We learned, after enduring tobacco smoke for some time, to look for the compartment where smokers are not allowed to enter. So far as the phrases "No smoking" and "Smoking forbidden" are concerned, we became quite a linguist, and we give them in the different languages for the benefit of those who may have occasion to use them. Danish, *Ikke Rogere*; Swedish, *Rökning Förbjuden*; German, *Nicht Rauchen*; Holland, *Neit Roaken*; French, *Défense de Fumer*; Italian, *E proibito di fumare*.

The City of the Napoleons, Paris, has a population of two and a quarter million. One sees the impress of the Bonapartes on every hand in this modern city of splendor and sin. You are reminded again and again of the First Consul and his ambitious nephew, Napoleon III. The fine streets and alleys, the grand boulevards and open squares, the beautiful gardens and magnificent palaces, the splendid monuments and arches of triumph are what these rulers made them. Short of destruction, come what may to the City of Paris, the name of Napoleon will live within her gates. It was the ambition of Napoleon III. to make of Paris what Nebuchadnezzar succeeded in making of Babylon so many centuries ago,—the most beautiful and magnificent city in all the world. Such was his success that the capital of France easily holds the palm and is without rival either in the Old or New World.

Paris is, above all else, a city of pleasure and sin. Her ever thronging and surging crowd of humanity is large-

ly made up of pleasure seekers. She sits as the mistress of fashion, and the mandates of her one-time man-milliner, Worth, were followed all over the civilized world with a zeal worthy a better cause. Fashion rules, and the people seem intent on having a good time. The streets, squares and public gardens are made to satisfy the desire for pleasure. They are studded with costly monuments and life-like statuary. You may count a hundred life-size figures in marble, adorning the palace of Louvre. The garden of the Tuileries, in the heart of Paris, contains seventy-four acres. It is laid out in the most beautiful flower gardens. Its promenades, the finest in all the world, are lined with chestnut, linden and plane trees. It is adorned with numberless basins, flowing fountains and statues. Life-size, nude human figures, cut from pure white marble, abound on every hand. An eminent author says there is enough nude statuary exposed in Paris to send, in a few years, "any city in Europe into the damnation of the foulest social hell." In Paris sin has no covering. It is open and brazen-fronted. The very customs of society present it openly to the world. The drinking saloon has no screen before its door, or shades at its windows. Its doors are thrown wide open, and much of the drinking is done at small tables under awnings on the sidewalk. At some of the large drinking-saloons you may often count a hundred men and women, seated promiscuously at tables, drinking, talking, laughing, and having, as they call it, "a good time." Men and women who are looked upon as moral outcasts by all good people are here petted and flattered. The moral statistics show a state of affairs that "only suggests the enormity of the vice and shame covered by the show and splendor of this proud City of Napoleon that was."

The cause of this social pollution is not hard to find.

The teachings of Voltaire, Rousseau and other infidel writers had a powerful influence on the minds of the French. The influence of Christianity was weakened, and Reason was enthroned as the God of Paris. One of the oldest and most noted churches in the city, Notre Dame, was converted into a Temple of Reason, and within this temple of philosophy was raised (after the Greek style, adorned with busts of Voltaire, Rousseau and others), a statue representing Reason seated on a throne, receiving in state the worship of her votaries. Prostitutes clothed in white, with torches in their hands, surrounded the inner temple, while in the side chapels sacrifices were offered, accompanied with the wildest revelry and the most disgraceful orgies. It was the teaching of the infidels, carried to its logical conclusions.

The final result of this teaching may be read in the Reign of Terror, at the close of the last century, which deluged the streets of Paris a hundred times with blood. The Commune, guided only by the teachings of infidelity, sacked, robbed and murdered at their own free will, and Paris paid the penalty of a city that forgets God. But the spirit of unbelief did not die out with the restoration of order, and it has come down to the close of another century. In 1871 the Commune again ruled for a brief period, again blood flowed like water, and to-day the city is cursed by the influences set at work more than a hundred years ago by infidel teachers. Nominally, the great mass of the people are Roman Catholics; practically, there is but little of the true spirit of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth to be found in this beautiful, pleasure-loving city.

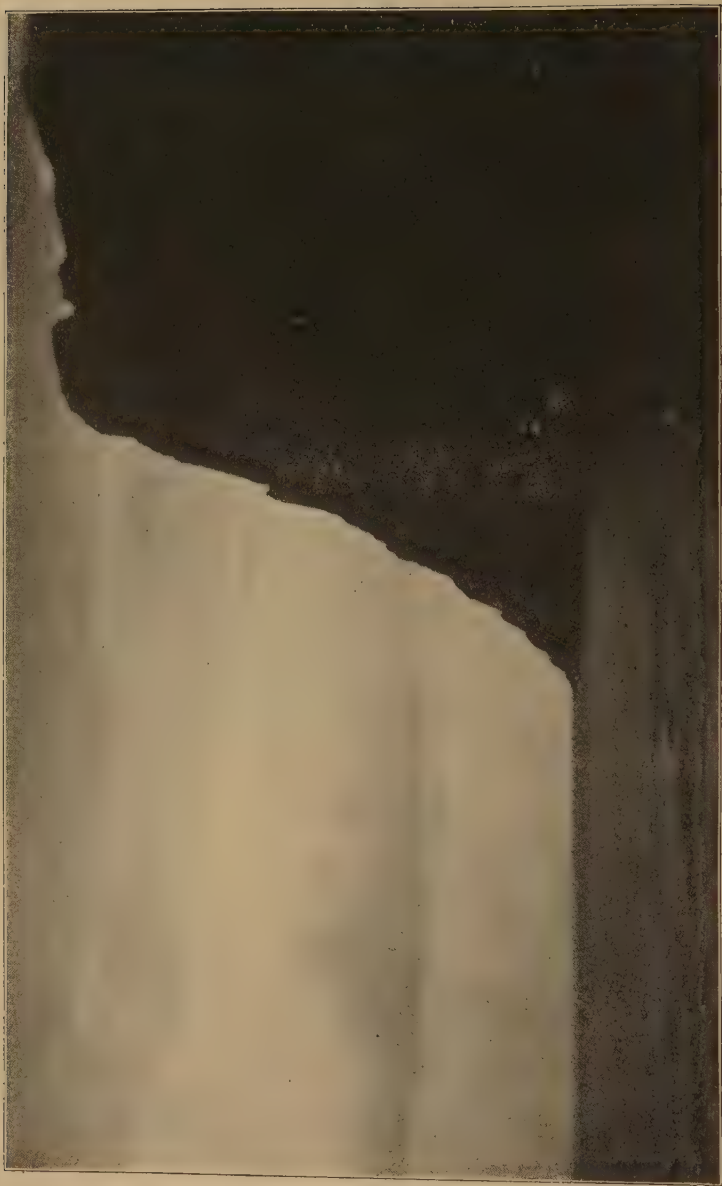
Take for example the Christian Sabbath. There is, strictly speaking, no such day known in Paris. The first day of the week is the one, more than all others, devoted to business and pleasure. Dance-houses, drinking-saloons,

theaters, and all like places of public amusement are open all the day. In flaming handbills and in the newspapers horse races and public games are advertised to take place on that day. Business houses are all kept open, and we were told that Sunday is the great business and pleasure day in the City of Paris, and that more business is transacted on that day than on any other day of the week. From what we saw of the great crowds of people on the streets, we did not for a moment doubt the truth of the statement. In this respect the contrast between London and Paris is very great. In the former city the Lord's Day is strictly observed. Stores, shops, restaurants and all places of business are closed, and the streets have a quiet and deserted look, but in Paris the people go out on Sunday for business and pleasure.

Many wealthy Americans send their sons and daughters to Paris to finish their education. Dr. Hott, who looked into the social condition of the city, says: "I cannot see how Christian Americans can send their daughters here to be educated, unless they first lose their regard for common decency and purity of morals." Socially, it is the plague spot of Europe, and some day it will again pay a terrible price for its sin and corruption, the fruit of infidelity. History shows how great a loss humanity suffers when the influence of the Bible and Christianity is weakened or lost, and just as surely as infidelity has made of Paris what she is, just so surely will the teachings of Ingersoll and his disciples, if they prevail, produce similar results in our own beloved America. May that day never come to our own prosperous country!

To us, one of the most discouraging phases of Parisian life is the almost total lack of homes. The hotel and boarding-house take the place of one among the most sa-

cred, and, so far as its influence goes, one of the best institutions in the world,—the Christian home. In Paris, homes, as we know them, scarcely exist. Indeed, the term is not found in the French language, neither has it an equivalent for that most endearing word, HOME. Feeling the need of the word the French have borrowed it from the English. To those who regard the Christian home as the most sacred place in this world, and around which cluster so many happy memories that are never forgotten, it seems almost incredible that people should live without homes in the true sense of the word. Doubtless to the fact that there are no real homes in Paris may be attributed, at least to some extent, the low condition of the morality of the city. Young people marry and instead of setting up house-keeping and making a home for themselves, they set up an establishment at a hotel or boarding-house, and the idea of a home is entirely lost. The evils of the system are apparent to any one who will take time to think upon and study the question. The same system is gaining in some of our American cities, and it will surely be a sad day for us when our homes are given up for the uncertainties of hotel and boarding-house life.



NORTH CAPE.

CHAPTER II.

To Scandinavia — Nordland — The Coast of Norway — Beautiful Scenery — The Love of the Norwegian for his Home — The Laplander — Home Life of the People — Eating Horse-flesh — The Sun at Midnight.

“ And then up rose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.”

A JOURNEY from the City of Gilded Sin to the homes of the common people in Scandinavia affords a most striking contrast and gives one a feeling of indescribable relief. It is like leaving a hothouse with its damp, heavy, steamy air and going out into God's glorious sunlight and pure free atmosphere. The journey takes us on our way to the “Land of the Midnight Sun.” It means a run by rail through France, Belgium and Germany to Kiel, and it may be made in twenty-four hours by fast train, *Schnellzug*, as the Germans say. At Kiel a steamer awaits your arrival, ready to take you across an arm of the East Sea to Korsor, and you are in Denmark.

Dane, Swede, and Norwegian have those sterling qualities which make home and home life possible. Thrice we traveled through the Northern Peninsula of Europe, and were much impressed with the honesty, piety and morality of the people. One should see the coast with its mountains and fjords, from Bergen to North Cape, as we saw it in 1892, and then travel by railway and private conveyance up

and down and across the country, as we did on this and preceding tours, in order to become acquainted with country and people.

Going back to my notebook I find this written: I was much interested in noting the vegetation as we traveled northward. Wheat grows and produces a fair yield up to the 64th degree of north latitude. Rye, the universal crop in Scandinavia, with oats and barley, is harvested nearly as far north as the 70th degree. Great forests of spruce and pine are to be found in Norway; and the wood is especially valuable, owing to the fact that in this high latitude timber is of slow growth, which makes it stronger and firmer. The rings which mark its annual increase in size are very close together. The fir, the spruce, the white birch, beech, oak and maple also abound in the forests of the North. Plums abound as far north as 64 degrees, and apples almost up to the Arctic circle, while cherries are found even beyond the line that separates the temperate from the frigid zone. Gooseberries, currants, strawberries and raspberries may be found north of Hammerfest, at North Cape, $71^{\circ} 10'$.

In addition to the warm ocean current which modifies the climate of Scandinavia, the long Arctic summer days are helpful in ripening grain and fruit. In midsummer the sun does not go below the horizon from the middle of May until in August, and the continuous sunshine forces vegetation very rapidly. It is noticeable that the leaves on the same species of maple are much larger here than farther south.

The entire coast of Norway, from Bergen to North Cape, is a great chain-like archipelago with thousands of mountain islands. The sea cuts into the mainland, and the larger islands form what are called, in Norwegian, fjords, or arms of the sea. Many of the fjords are very large, that of

Trondhjem being 120 miles long and of considerable width. Our ship's course northward carried us over the waters of the great arms of the sea, among the thousand islands with their great mountain walls rising abruptly from the sea, in height from one to three thousand feet. The scenery presented, as we coast along the rockbound shores of Norway, baffles description. In grandeur it does not compare with our own old Rockies or with the Alps of Switzerland, but it has a rough, rugged beauty which is all its own, and which we have never seen equaled. If the great valleys of the Rockies could be filled with water fifty fathoms deep and then opened one into another so as to be navigable, we should have the coast of Norway reproduced, only on a much larger and grander scale.

We are having most delightful weather for our northern trip. The days and nights, if half daylight can be called night, are wonderfully bright and clear. One of the beauties of the Arctic region is the clear atmosphere. The captain of our ship tells us that we are having unusually fine weather, and that rain is quite common at this season of the year, which sadly mars the interest of the trip; but, except the first day, we have had bright, clear weather since we left Trondhjem. In the pure atmosphere every mountain peak is sharply and distinctly cut, and the lights and shadows formed are a study for an artist.

The fjords at many places have the appearance of great inland lakes, walled in on all sides by precipitous mountains of bleak granite. The water is as smooth as glass, and the ship glides steadily over its unruffled surface. We are shut in by mountains and no opening appears by which we are to go forward on our voyage. At last a break in the mountain wall is seen, the ship, obedient to her rudder, which is in the hands of a trusty pilot, glides into a great gorge on-

ly wide enough to allow her free passage, and we enter another open fjord; and this ever-changing scenery continues for a thousand miles.

We are led over and over again to express our wonder and admiration at the wonderful works of the Lord, and here on the rocky coast of Norway we have sermon after sermon preached to us that we shall never forget. Upon these great arms of the sea, amid the granite battlements, reared by the hand of the Almighty, God speaks as plainly to the soul that is searching for him as he does in his revealed will, and the interpretation of the language is, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

Wife and I sit together hour after hour on the deck of the "Kong Halfdan," drinking in the grand, rugged beauty of the ever-changing scenery. The days are delightfully clear and pleasant, and the time speeds away unnoticed. We are lost in admiration, and before we are aware of it evening comes, or, rather, what would be evening if we were at home. Here in this wonderland we have daylight all the time. Even now at midnight we have a bright twilight, for the sun has sunk only a few diameters below the horizon, and we have not yet crossed the Arctic circle. As we go farther north we shall have less and less of night until we reach a point where, for a time at least, it may be said, "And there shall be no more night there."

As I sit alone in the large stateroom of our steamer and write these lines, the hands on the dial of the clock indicate that the hour of midnight draws near, and I go on deck. The scene is most wondrous for its beauty and grandeur, and it will not, while life and reason last, fade from our memory. The night is brilliantly clear and bright. To the north not a single star is to be seen, and the

words of the sage of Mesopotamia, set down in the Bible, are shown to be literally true: "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." Our course lies centrally through a great arm of the sea, apparently surrounded by mountains that stand out in clear and bold relief in the transparent atmosphere. In the southeast the full moon, like a great globe of pale light, hangs just above the rim of the inland lake and casts a silvery sheen across its calm waters. It seems to be many times nearer the earth than we ever saw it before, but it is shorn of much of its brilliancy by the twilight when the midnight sun has sunk below the glowing horizon, and by the wonderful gleams of the Northern lights as they send their white light far up into the northern heavens. The commingling of the different shades of light, as they fall upon sea and mountain, produces an effect so wonderful in its rich beauty that it cannot be set down on paper. The pen of a Taylor or the pencil of a Raphael could never equal the task of describing this wonderful scene. We can only behold and wonder. It is well worth a trip to the Northern climes to see the grandeur of such a night, and it is the experience of a lifetime to behold a sight like this, which we have but faintly described.

How the Almighty Creator has beautified the universe, and how wonderful are all his works! The soul of the sweet singer of Israel must have been stirred to its depths by a scene like this when he exclaimed, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." What a time for meditation in the presence of these earthly scenes, so grand and so beautiful, and how the soul goes out to God and bows in worship to him as it stands in the presence chamber of its Creator!

In these high altitudes the tops of the mountains are

covered with snow. The snow comes down to the line of green grass where you may pluck bright Arctic flowers with one hand and make snowballs with the other. North of 69 degrees I gathered a bouquet of beautiful wild flowers of a dozen different varieties, some of which were sent to friends at home. Then there are the great glaciers of everlasting ice and snow slowly but surely creeping down the valleys. Our photogravure represents the glacier of Svartisen, which is thirty-five miles in length and ten miles in width.

A narrow coast line and little valleys opening into the hills and mountains afford a few acres of arable land, where the hardy Norwegian farmer has made himself a comfortable home. He owns the land and pays no rent or interest on mortgages. His field of rye yields all he needs for bread. He has just finished harvesting, and the sheaves are placed on upright poles to facilitate drying. A small patch of potatoes and a few acres of grass complete his farming. This he supplements by fishing, and altogether he gets on quite well. Our glass enables us to see him at work in his rocky field, cutting, drying and gathering in his hay. The grass, after cutting, is placed on horizontal poles a few feet above the ground, so that it dries more readily. Far up the mountain-side you may see him as he searches out every tuft of grass and cuts it for his horse and cows, for the long dark winter night is coming, and they must have food. A strong wire is stretched from his barn to a tree on the mountain side; when the grass is dried he ties it into bundles, fastens the bundles to the wire and sends them by his telegraph line directly to his haymow, thus saving himself many a weary step. His farm has the appearance of being well attended to, and his mountain home has a look of comfort and prosperity that is pleasant to see.



SVARISTEN GLACIER, NORWAY.

Here he lives in moderate comfort, works hard, has but few wants, and is happy.

These people have a strong love for their country and homes. We are informed that if a man sells his home he may redeem it again after five years, or any one of his sons may have the same privilege. In either case the price at which it was sold is to be paid with the exact cost of improvements added. After five years the sale becomes absolute. Very often farms that have been sold are redeemed as provided by law.

On our way north we met an intelligent Norwegian who had spent some time in America, and who spoke English quite fluently. He had been in Chicago and had traveled over our great western prairies, and then had returned again to old Norway. In answer to our question, "Did you not like America?" he replied, "Oh yes, but my home here much better." As our steamer rounded a sharp curve, we entered a beautiful little bay, and there close up to the mountain side stood a few well-built houses, surrounded by probably a hundred acres of tillable ground. It was a beautiful little spot. "That," said our friend with a gleam of pride in his eye, "*that is my home.*" After all, there is no place in this world like home, and it requires only loving companionship and a few of the comforts of this life, with godliness and contentment, to make a home anywhere. Somehow, as we watched our friend of a few hours go down into the little boat and row ashore, where loving hearts were waiting to welcome him, our thoughts went out to our own western home, six thousand miles away, and we wished it were our own home coming.

Many of these hardy sons of the North go to America, and they make excellent citizens, but they never fail to revisit the old home if they are able to do so. The love they

have for their country is set forth in the following simple lines which we find in our Norwegian grammar:

*"Ja! herligt er mit Fodeland
Den Gamle Klippefaste Norge
Med Sommerdal og Vinterborge,
Der Evig trodser Tidens Tand
Om Kloden rokkes end, dets Fjelde
Skall Stormen dog ej kunne fælde."*

A literal translation reads as follows:

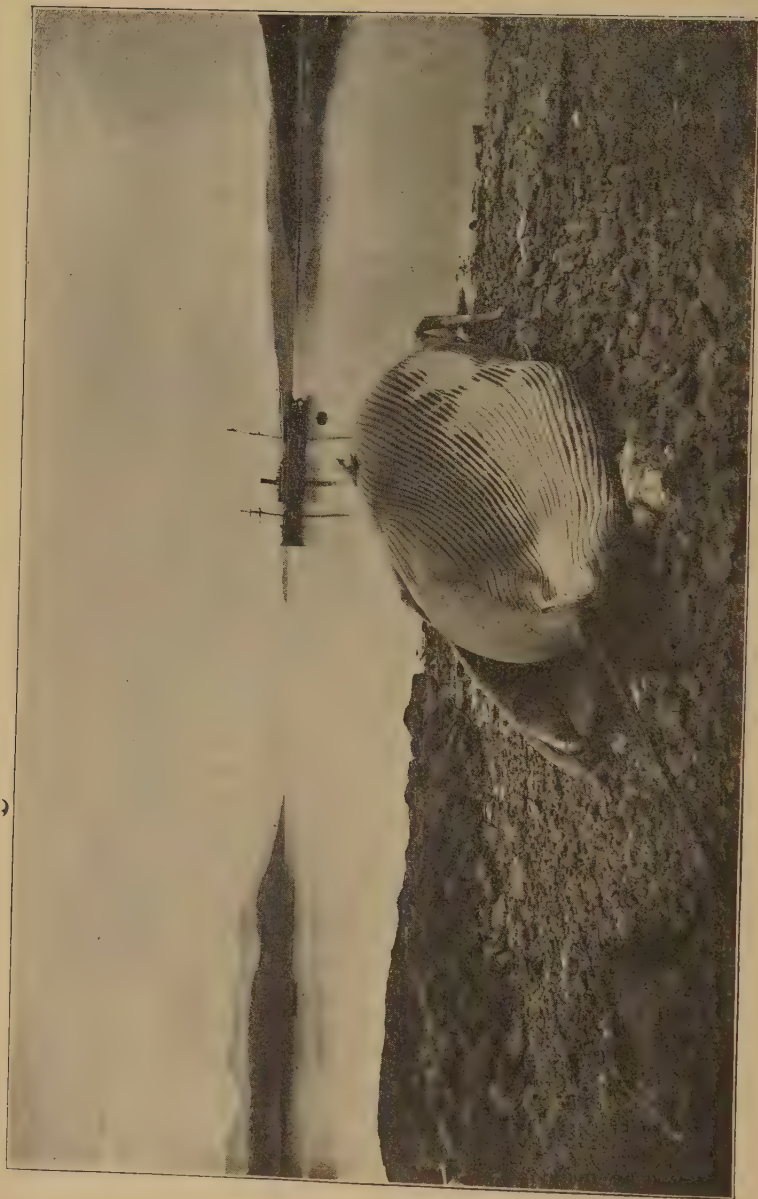
"Yes! glorious is my native land, the ancient cliff-bound Norway, with summer valley and winter fastness, which ever defies the tooth of time. Even if the globe be shaken, the storm shall be unable to overthrow its mountains."

*"Min Norske Vinter er saa vakker:
De hvide Snebedaeckte Bakker
Og gronne Gran med Pudret Haar
Og trofast Is paa dybe Vande
Og Engledragt paa nogle Strande
Jeg bytter neppe mod en Vaar."*

"My Norwegian winter is so beautiful: the snow-clad hills, and green pines with powdered hair, and steadfast ice on deep lakes, and angel garb on barren shores, I would hardly exchange for spring."

The natural scenery in these far northern regions excites the liveliest interest by its ever-changing variety. The total absence of night at this season of the year, the peculiar light of the moon, and the display of the Northern lights, all go to make up a picture that can be seen only in this part of the world. Then, too, as one writer* has said: The weather, the winds, and the fogs, the play of light and shade, the purity of the atmosphere are all unlike corresponding phenomena in other parts of the world. The animal world is of extraordinary richness. The sea teems with cod, herring, skate and other fish. Whales are frequently seen spouting columns of water into the air, or rising to the

*Baedeker.



A WHALE, NORWAY.

surface in unwieldy gambols. Swarms of eider duck swim near every island, and the air is full of sea gulls. Often one may see the industrious sea gull robbed of its prey by the skua, which, unable to fish for itself, compels the gull to drop its booty, and with unerring dexterity catches it before it reaches the water. Often the water is ruffled by shoals of herring pursued by the seal, to escape from which they dart into the nets spread for them, or even spring ashore.

In these Arctic waters whales abound and afford a rich harvest of oil for the hardy seamen of the North. A large oil factory was located in one of the fjords we entered. Sixteen great whales, captured out at sea, had been towed into the little harbor, where in turn the huge carcasses were to be cut up and turned into oil. One great monster had been dragged ashore, as is shown in our engraving.

We must not pass by the Lapps, who now are to be found only in the far-away frozen North. These interesting people somewhat resemble the American Indian in their habits. We found their huts built of sticks and stones, covered with birch bark and sod. They are dome-shaped with a hole in the top to let out the smoke from the fire which is kept burning in the center, over which a pot is suspended. Fine brush cut from birch trees are laid on the ground all around the inside of the hut, and on these are laid the reindeer skins which serve as beds at night and a sitting-place in daytime. The huts are filthy and forbidding in their appearance, but not more so than the Lapps themselves. Their dress from head to foot is made of the reindeer skin tanned with the hair on, and as this kind of clothing wears a long time and is never washed, our readers may well imagine that cleanliness is not a virtue among these people.

Men and women dress so nearly alike that, so far as

their clothing is concerned, it is difficult to distinguish between them. The only difference observable to us was that the women are less in stature and their hair is longer and more matted and tangled than that of the men. They surrounded us as soon as we entered their camp and it was wonderful how many men, women, children and dogs came out of a single hut. The dog is a family companion and occupies his place in the wigwam. They had many articles of their own manufacture which they offered to sell us. Spoons made of reindeer horn, shoes made of the skin of the same animal, and many other things were pressed upon our notice. We were strongly urged to make purchases, and judging from the persistent efforts made for this purpose we concluded that the Lapps would, under favorable circumstances, make very good shopkeepers and salesmen.

The reindeer is the Lapps' chief source of wealth. In the summer its milk supplies them with wholesome and nutritious food; when winter approaches large numbers are killed, the flesh is dried and smoked, to be eaten during the dark winter months. When the ground is covered with snow the reindeer is harnessed to the boat-like sledge and carries the Lapp over the crusted snow with wonderful rapidity. From its skin clothing is made; the sinews furnish thread and fishing lines of great strength, and its horns are made into spoons, knife handles, sheaths, and various domestic utensils. The flesh of the reindeer, of which we ate frequently on our trip, is very palatable, and the tongue is considered a luxury.

The Lapps belong to the yellow race; they are small of stature, the men being less than five feet, and the women about four, or less. The largest men we saw among them would not weigh over one hundred pounds. They have high cheek bones, low foreheads, the top of the head some-

what flattened, and light, yellow hair. Their bones are small, and they have but little muscle. We saw five of them tugging at the carcass of a reindeer that would have weighed perhaps 125 pounds, and they seemed to have about all they could do to carry it. The race is becoming extinct; there are now only about 30,000 of them left. Once they dominated the whole of Scandinavia, but, like the American Indians, were compelled to give way before the strong tide of civilization.

Efforts are made to civilize them, and missionaries from the State church of Norway are sent among them, but as they are constantly moving from place to place it is a very difficult matter to bring them under the influence of civilization. Further than this, they have learned the use of tobacco and intoxicants from our higher civilization. They all use tobacco, and many of them are addicted to drunkenness. Outside of this, they are a harmless, honest, inoffensive and interesting people.

The camp of Lapps at Tromsø own, it is said, between four and five thousand head of reindeer, valued at four dollars each. They drive them from place to place for pasture, and in this respect are something like the descendants of Ishmael in Palestine. During the summer months the pasture is plentiful in the valleys, and the animals soon become plump and fat on the nutritious grass. In the winter they live on the moss that covers the rocks, and with their sharp hoofs they dig it up from under the deep snow with wonderful dexterity. The reindeer is milked twice a week, and gives an abundant supply of strong, rich milk.

The home life of the farmer and laborer of any country is an interesting and instructive study, and this is especially true of northern Europe. Since the days of Taylor's incomparable books of travel, Europe has been written about

over and over, again and again, and yet but little has been said about the home life of the country people, the bone and sinew of the civilized world. Even Taylor fails to give more than a mere glimpse of the inner life of the masses, and we may search in vain for books that tell us how the country people live. The reason for this is obvious. As a



ROSKILDE, DENMARK.

rule travelers pursue the beaten track; they go from city to city, live in hotels, and see the country only from the car window. Palaces, picture galleries, works of art, great buildings, old ruins and places of historic interest, royalty, notable men and women, politics and kindred topics form the staples from which most writers draw their materials.

If they go into the country at all, they are met with the natural reserve which total strangers receive the world over, and fail to see the people at their best. They cannot give the home life of the country, because they do not see it. In this respect I enjoyed some advantages not accorded to others. The members of our mission churches live for the most part in the country. Speaking publicly in villages



MALMO, SWEDEN.

and farmhouses I came into close contact with the people. We were cordially invited into their homes, and they gave us such a warm welcome and received us with such a kindly spirit, that we met and parted not as strangers, but as warm-hearted friends; and this was not only among our own people, for this kind reception was quite general.

The Danish people have a rough exterior, and unless one learns to know them well they are apt to appear harsh and repulsive. The rough, guttural sounds in their language add to the first impression. Such words as *Skall*, *Ikke*, *Pige*, *Selskab*, grate harshly on the ear. But beneath the rough exterior I found warm, sympathetic, loving hearts, and was led to conclude that the worst side of the Dane is the outside. The Swedes, on the other hand, are more cultured and refined, their language is smoother and much more musical than the Danish. As a rule they are cheerful and happy and make a favorable impression on the stranger. They are exceedingly fond of music and sing well. Sweden has produced some notable singers, prominent among them Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," as she was appropriately called. The Swedes are, as a rule, open-hearted, kind and hospitable, and they succeed in making one feel very much at home among them.

In Scandinavia the farmhouses are generally but one story high, and often the living apartments of the family and the stables for the horses and cattle are found under the same straw roof. The stories are low, being only from six to eight feet high. The doors are not high enough to allow a man above the medium height to enter without stooping. On several occasions I was made sensible of this fact, and learned by experience to take the advice of the philosopher who said: "If you learn to stoop as you go through the world, you will escape many hard knocks." On some of the large farms the stables are built at right angles with the house, forming an open square. At other places the buildings form a square with a driveway between stables and farmhouse. Others, having caught the spirit of modern improvement, build fine, two-story farmhouses in

the midst of beautiful grounds, and the barns and stables are at some distance from the house.

The interior of many of the houses is devoid of comfort. Cooking stoves are rarely found among the poorer class of farmers. The kitchen, paved with brick or stone, and in some cases with a door opening directly into the sta-



A FARMHOUSE.

ble where the cows are kept, is supplied with a large, open fireplace, with a raised hearth two feet higher than the floor. Here the fire is built, here pots, kettles and spiders are set, and here the cooking is done. The first meal of the day is coffee and black bread, served, as we found at one place in north Denmark, before we were out of bed. The

coffee and bread were brought to us at a very early hour, and we were invited to sit up in bed and eat and drink. Wife said: "I can *never* drink coffee in this place;" but a desire to accept the hospitality so generously offered overcame her scruples, and we partook of the proffered refreshments. Breakfast follows, and the kind of food depends upon the pocketbook of your entertainer. Among the poor, black bread with lard is the staple article of food. Butter is a luxury almost unknown to them, and often they must be content to eat their bread without lard.

Black bread, made from unbolted rye flour, about as dark in color as the old-fashioned gingerbread made with dark molasses, which we relished so much in our boyhood days, is found on every table. Sour leaven is used, and the bread is just sour enough to make it very unpalatable to those who are used to eating sweet bread. When it can be found sweet and fresh it is not unpleasant to the taste. Bolted rye flour is also used by those who can afford it, and it makes an excellent quality of dark bread which is healthful and very palatable.

Horse meat is used quite extensively; and in all the larger towns and cities shops are licensed for the sale of *Hestekiod*, horse flesh. It is much cheaper than beef or pork and is often found on the tables of well-to-do people. Since the removal of the prohibition against American pork, meat will doubtless be cheaper here.

The following incident may illustrate the truth of the old proverb, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." We were very kindly and hospitably entertained in the home of a prosperous and well-to-do merchant. The good wife had prepared coffee for us. The neat little table, with snowy white linen and delicate china, white bread, butter, cheese and dried meat presented a very tempting ap-



THE MILKMAN.

pearance to the hungry travelers. The dried meat, which looked very much like the home-made dried beef of such excellent quality, which one finds in Pennsylvania and Maryland, was very tempting to the appetite. I ate some of it, and it tasted very good. I ate more, and gave it a favorable recommendation to my wife, who also ate and pronounced it good. Our Bro. Olssen, who sat by our side, said: "You seem to be very fond of horse meat." Our readers may imagine the result; my entire internal anatomy rebelled, and it was only by the most persistent effort that I remained at the table and completed the meal with due dignity and propriety. I have no appetite for horse meat, but it *did* taste good.

Woman works indoors and out, and her lot is a hard one. Hard labor of all kinds is imposed upon her. She works in the field, mowing, making hay, binding grain, hauling and spreading the contents of the barnyard on the land; in fact she does about all kinds of farm work. She must often be the housekeeper, the mother of the family and the field laborer. As a result, she cannot pay much attention to her household duties, and, from our standpoint, the home is often of necessity sadly neglected.

In parts of northern Europe, especially in Germany, I have seen women and dogs hitched together to heavily loaded hand wagons drawing them through the streets. Dogs are often used as draught animals. The accompanying picture shows a milkman with dogs hitched to his cart.

Men, women and children wear the universal wooden shoe, with heavy woolen stockings. When they go into the house the shoes are taken off, and it is not an unusual thing to see a large number of wooden shoes of various sizes at the door as you enter the farmhouse. The wooden shoemaker flourishes in every village. For men's shoes he gets

one and one-half kroners, or forty cents a pair, and for smaller ones in proportion. His tools consist of several auger-like gouges with which he makes the inner shape of the foot. A common drawing-knife and a "shaving-horse" complete the outfit, and the shoemaker prides himself upon the neat shape he can give the foot-wear he turns out. We tried our hand at the work, but found that even making wooden shoes is a trade that must be learned.

Wages are very low. At Hjordum we met a strong, healthy-looking girl of sixteen who told us that she was employed on a farm by the year, the owner of which was a fisherman. Her work was indoors and out, as her services were needed. Cleaning fish, helping with the nets and lines, working on the farm, she labored from twelve to fifteen hours a day, Sunday included, and she received only thirty kroners, \$8.10 per year for her hard work. The highest wages paid to girls on the farms is ninety kroners, \$24.30 per year. We interviewed laboring men and women in the fields and found that they were working at starvation wages. At one place we talked with a man who was cutting rye. After trying his scythe, and proving to our satisfaction that the work was not easy, we asked him what wages he received, and could scarcely believe him when he said fifty ore, thirteen and one-half cents per day. He explained that his health was poor, and not being strong he could not get higher wages. The women who bound the grain after him received the same wages. The wages for farm laborers vary in different localities; but one kroner, twenty-seven cents a day, is considered fair wages. We notice advertisements in the newspapers in which servant girls offer to work for sixty kroners per year, or about thirty-one cents a week.

In conversation with some of the girls they were told

of two dollars a week in America, and it seemed like a fairy tale to them. When I told them that as a rule, our women did not work in the fields, and in the West did not milk or blacken boots, one old woman in the company with much apparent surprise said: "Well, what do your women do? They must be lazy." I was not willing to admit the impeachment, and explained that our women paid much more attention to housekeeping and indoor work than was done in Denmark. It might have been added that some of the work, such as crocheting and fancy needlework did not seem to have much practical value, but I simply made a mental note of the fact. I also noted the fact that if some of our people at home, who are dissatisfied with their lot, could live here a while they would learn some lessons in economy that would be helpful to them, and would be glad to go back again to America, where the conditions are so much more favorable for the laboring classes than they are here.

The custom of every one helping himself at the table prevails in Sweden. At the eating houses a large table is found in the center of the room on which are placed soup, meats, vegetables, bread, butter, cheese, etc., etc. Plates, knives, forks and spoons are placed at one end of the table. Those who dine take a plate, knife and fork, then march around the table, taking what they want, and then retire to small tables and eat. In this way soup, fish, meats and dessert are served, a clean plate being taken with each course. It looked singular enough to us to see twenty or thirty men and women marching around the great center table, helping themselves to the tempting viands. The same custom prevails in the private family.

Whether the Danes, or Dans, as the old name runs, and which is yet to be found in old manuscripts and in-

scriptions, are, as some writers seem to think, the descendants of the lost tribe of Dan, we shall not pretend to say, but we were struck by the similarity of some things we saw here with those found in Palestine. The one-handed plow is used here quite extensively, and the old-fashioned hand-mill, so common in Palestine, has been so recently in use here that we saw many discarded millstones. The women did much of the grinding here not many years ago. A sister told me that when she was young she often helped to grind at the mill, and that before her conversion, remembering Christ's words, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left," she always dreaded to assist at the grinding.

The windmill and in many places the water mill have superseded the old hand-mills. The former, with its great arms spread out to catch the wind, is to be seen everywhere. The arrangement for turning the wheel when the wind changes is quite in keeping with the primitive character of the country. The mill is built on a central pivot and a large, bent arm reaches to the ground. When the wind changes, as it does quite frequently, the miller, by the use of a chain, a windlass and a long lever, turns the entire mill around. Some of the modern mills are arranged so that only the top is turned.

In some parts of Sweden the ground is covered with large boulders. The farmer ploughs up the soil among the boulders, pulverizes it and then sows the rye. In sowing, some of the grain falls upon the rocks, but it is not left there for the fowls of the air. We noticed women with brooms, made of brush, sweeping the tops of the stones, and upon inquiry learned that they were sweeping the seed and little soil off the rocks so that it might not be wasted. More than two-thirds of the surface of some of the fields

are covered with large boulders. It is hard work with but scant reward for the labor expended, and yet the farmers seem happy and do not complain at their hard lot.

Before leaving Scandinavia on our journey to the Golden Gate, we go northward on Swedish soil to the home of the Lapp and Finn. Comparatively speaking, only a short time ago the northern part of the Scandinavian Peninsula was an unknown country. The hardest and most adventurous traveler dared not invade the regions lying north of the arctic circle. Mount Avasaxa, a little south of the circle, from which a perfect view of the midnight sun can be had June 22-25, was long the northern limit of aspiring travelers. It was easily reached from the head of the Bothnian Gulf. The records kept since 1681, in an old church near the mountain, give the names of a number of distinguished explorers who visited the place during the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century. But steam and electricity have changed all this. Swedish enterprise and skillful engineering have built a railway far north of the polar circle, and the frigid zone is invaded by steam engine and railway trains. We are carried by rail to Malmberg, a little beyond the sixty-seventh degree of north latitude.

By rail, 1,245 miles north of Copenhagen, with a variation of a few degrees eastward, we reach Gel-li-va-re which is, so far as we know, the northernmost railway town in the world. It is five miles south of the iron mills at Malmberg. Leaving the capital of Denmark at 11:30 A. M., on Tuesday, July 9, we arrived at Gel-li-va-re on the following Friday. After passing Stockholm we traveled by day and rested at night. This is a matter of necessity, for the train stops for two nights on the way. At Gel-li-va-re we found excellent lodging at very reasonable rates,

and here we spent three days, — “and nights” — we were going to write, but the word night is a misnomer, for we had bright sunshine and daylight during the entire seventy-two hours of our stay. But it is hard to realize that we are in a land where there is no night. One of our difficulties is to get sleep enough. Yesterday, after taking what at home would have been our evening meal, we sat down to write. We wrote on and became absorbed in the work. After the lapse of some time, wife said, “Do you know what time it is?” And behold it was nearly 12 o’clock, and ought to have been as dark as midnight, but it was as light as day.

On Friday, July 12, at 10 P. M., we started to climb the observatory on Mount Dundret, some five miles from Gel-li-va-re, and about 2,700 feet above the sea level. From the summit is to be had a magnificent view of the “Midnight Sun” from about June 1 to July 15. The sky was cloudless and as clear and bright as crystal. The conditions for the grand sight in store for us were perfect. After toiling upward for nearly two hours we reached the top of the hill and were rewarded with a view we shall never forget. “Midnight Sun” some one in poetical fancy has called it. But there can be no night where the sun shines. On the mountain top I sat down and wrote, and here are the thoughts and reflections that came to me in this presence chamber of the Almighty.

There is around and about me the strange, subdued, solemn stillness which marks the midnight hour in those latitudes where darkness at this moment covers the earth as with a mantle. Not a sound is heard. The leafy songsters are hushed and with folded wing sleep in the green foliage about the hilltop. From the valley at my feet comes no sound of life. ’Tis midnight hour, but yonder



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

shines the sun. I note that, as the hands of my watch indicate the hour of twelve, the sun is shining full in my face, exactly from the northern point of my compass. It is as if the great orb of day had suddenly appeared lighting up the world at its quiet, restful midnight hour. True, the light is somewhat subdued; the northern sky is painted in deep carmine tints, and the sun is bathed in a flood of crimson almost bloodred, but it shines and gives forth its light.

Creeping, as it were, along the northern mountain barrier, just above the horizon, the sun moves on. It has touched its lowest northern point and rises higher and higher as it hastens eastward on its everlasting circuit of the heavens. The deep red of the sky makes a strikingly beautiful contrast with the clearly-defined blue and white of the mountains. Far up in the eastern heavens hangs the moon, paled to dimness by her midnight rival. She is no longer mistress of the night. The stars which shine so brightly in "the infinite meadows of heaven" in our own homeland, here refuse to give their light; I look in vain for Orion, the Dipper, the Little Bear and the Polar Star. Moon and stars alike hold their light in abeyance, for soon the long, dreary winter night will come, and they shall shine forth with a brightness and a glory compensatory for all their loss now. The sun rules now, and as I witness his power at this hour, I realize as I have never realized before, that the earth is, after all, only a small factor in the great solar system.

Sitting thus on Mount Dundret, an astonished beholder of the wonders of God's works, I recall and repeat the words of Israel's sweet singer. From this time forth they will contain new beauty and meaning for me:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it."

Coming down from the mountain we reached our lodging place at 3 A. M., and retired to our beds to rest, but not to sleep. The sun shone brightly, lighting up our rooms, and the mind, pondering over what our eyes had seen, was too actively engaged for sleep. It came not to our eyes, neither did slumber visit our eyelids for some hours.



MARKET PLACE, HALLE.

CHAPTER III.

*Leaving the Northland — Through Germany — A Beautiful Valley
Schwarzenau and the Eder — Persecuted Reformers — The Rhine
— Mayence to Cologne — The City of Worms and Luther's Denk-
mal — Lucerne — Climbing Rigi — William Tell — The Axen-
strasse — The St. Gothard Railway — The Great Tunnel — Lom-
bardy — Arrival at Milan.*

REGRETFULLY we leave the Northland with its "mid-night sun," for country and people have been an interesting study. On our southern way we pass through Copenhagen, where Christian IX., father of kings and queens, holds modest court and gives to the rulers of Europe an example of conjugal fidelity worthy of imitation. Thence we pass into Germany and spend a short time at our old German home, the university town of Halle. Here a familiar sight greets our eyes as we leave the depot and walk up the street, — the market women with great baskets on their backs. The sight is common in many parts of northern Europe, for here women are the burden bearers. These seen on the streets of Halle to-day are on their way to the market, a place always interesting to visit. But we must not linger here. We visit our old *Wirthin* (landlady) and receive a most hearty welcome supplemented by a pressing invitation to drink coffee with her, an act of hospitality never forgotten by the Germans when friends visit them.

Continuing our journey we visit a place of special historic interest to our people. Again I find my notes helpful, for there I find written: We have found a secluded

little German village far away from the rush and bustle of the busy world of travel. It is one of those quaint, old-fashioned towns that are quite out of place in the present. It belongs to the past and has not yet awakened to the impulse of the age, which has taken hold of Germany. Its peace and quiet has never been disturbed by steam



MARKET WOMEN.

whistle or rumbling of trains of cars. For centuries it has rested in the beautiful valley through which, like a thread of silver in a ribbon of green, flows the historic river Eder. The village is built on both sides of the Eder and contains, as we were informed by one of the inhabitants, about 600 souls. On the outer walls of one of the principal houses

hangs a square signboard, on the white surface of which is painted in large black letters the following official record of the place: *D. Schwarzenau, Amt Arfeld, Kr. Wittgenstein, Rg. Bz. Arnsberg, Landwehr-Battalions, Bezirk Meschede.*



VILLAGE OF SCHWARZENAU.

I write, seated on the approach to the footbridge used by the villagers to cross the Eder. On both sides of the river stand the quaint-looking old houses with high gables and steep roofs, covered with straw or red tile, which make up the ancient village of Schwarzenau. The village children, in peculiar dress, stand at respectful distance, watching, with open-eyed wonder, the strangers who have invaded their quiet little town. Even the elderly people

stop and give us a look of surprised inquiry and collect in groups to discuss the strange sight of a drosky with travelers in their streets. As they pass by they greet us cordially with a "*Guten Tag*." Wife walks along the meandering stream, the water of which is as clear as crystal, and the gently-sloping banks are covered with grass to



THE BRIDGE AT SCHWARZENAU.

the very edge of the river. A well-kept lawn is not more evenly mowed than are the grassy slopes of the Eder. It is a quiet October day, a day that recalls our own delightful Indian summer weather at home. The mountains that border both sides of the valley are covered with a thick growth of pine, birch, maple and beech. The touch

of early autumn frost has tinged the foliage with a rich coloring of crimson, red and gold. Up the stream, a hundred yards away, is the old five-arched stone bridge built years and years ago; and beyond this a beautiful stretch of green meadow land. Sitting here on the old footbridge, with the valley a mile above and below Schwarzenau in full view, I have in mind no picture more beautiful than this.

On the blue Juniata, as it cuts its way through the Alleghenies, there are some enchanted spots that I recall sitting here by the Eder, but the similarity is scarcely sufficient to base a comparison upon it. The Juniata has a grand, rugged, dashing beauty peculiar to itself; here the sharp curves, the rushing river, the rocky shores, and the steep mountains are replaced by a gently-flowing stream through a valley of green meadow land, formed by mountains of even slope and less than half the altitude of the Blue Ridge. Here is a quiet, enchanting beauty which exceeds anything I can now recall ever having seen, even in picturesque America. Perhaps the associations connected with the place have their influence upon our estimate of its surpassing beauty; but after making due allowance for all this, I am not willing to say less than has been said.

And what are the associations connected with this quiet, old-fashioned German hamlet? Many of my readers know, and others will be interested in knowing, that here at Schwarzenau, nearly two hundred years ago, the dying embers of primitive Christianity were rekindled and the Brethren church was more fully organized. Here, on the banks of this beautiful stream, doubtless not far from where I write, the Brethren assembled in the year 1708, and, following the example of Christ, as one of our learned

divines of America recently followed it in the river Jordan, went down into the water and were baptized "into the name of the Father, and into the name of the Son, and into the name of the Holy Ghost." And from here went forth that little band of persecuted believers, exiled from their "*Vaterland*," to find a home in the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania.

Under the mild rule of the good Count Cassimir of Wittgenstein, who gave an asylum to the persecuted Pietists, the newly reorganized church flourished for a season, and prosperous congregations were soon established at different places, especially at Marienborn and Berleburg. But they were not to live in peace. The reformers, who had been persecuted by Rome, now turned persecutors themselves and laid a heavy hand on the Brethren. Refusing to give up their faith in Apostolic Christianity, many of them were cast into prison and heavy fines were imposed upon all "of this way." Hochmann, a prominent minister, was cast into prison and beaten with many stripes. Alexander Mack, one of their most prominent ministers, had inherited a considerable fortune. It was all used in paying fines for himself and his poor brethren. At length the persecution became so grievous that a number of them left their homes to settle in the wilderness of the New World. Others fled to Switzerland, hoping to secure religious liberty in that republic, but a worse fate awaited them there. They were imprisoned, and some were put to death. By these rigorous measures the State Church succeeded in its purpose, and no vestige of the church of the Brethren is to be found in those valleys to-day.

We have been brought into close contact with the homes of our Brethren in Germany. We have seen where they lived and labored, and we are much impressed with

the thought of the great sacrifice they made when they left these beautiful and fertile valleys for the wilds of the New World. We are made to admire, more and more, their courage and the spirit of self-sacrifice which led them to abandon home and the associations of a life-time for the sake of primitive Christianity. How they must have suffered and what hardships they must have endured, all for the sake of religious liberty! How often from their lonely homes on Indian Creek and the Wissahickon, at White Oak, at Ephrata, and at Germantown, surrounded by the Red Man of the forest, must they have looked back with longing, yearning hearts to this beautiful valley of the Eder, once their quiet, peaceful, happy home, from which they were exiled never to return again.

How often must they have battled with the homesick feeling that will come to all who love home and leave it. How often they dreamed that their feet pressed again the grassy slopes of the Eder, that they drank again of its crystal water and breathed again the pure mountain air, and were happy again in their old homes, only to awake and find it all a dream. We have thought more of all this perhaps because we are far away from home and friends and know something of the desire to return again. These brave men and women endured much so that they might serve the Lord in his own appointed way. Long ago they were gathered to that home where the weary are at rest and from which they will never be exiled. The cause they loved so well, and for which they sacrificed so much, still lives. And shall it not continue to live? Shall not we, who to-day stand in the places of those who have gone before, hold up the cause of Apostolic Christianity? Shall we not be true to the cause we have espoused and for which our fathers suffered so much, yea, for which Christ died?

The people of the village are engaged in farming and appear to be well-to-do and happy. Their piety asserts itself in the custom of engraving passages of Scripture on the oak sills and panels in the sides and gables of their houses. Not only at Schwarzenau, but at other villages in the valley of the Eder, we noticed passages of Scripture, short poems, and pious mottoes graven deeply in the sills, beams, and gables of the houses.

*"Gott segne dieses Haus
Und einen jeden Stand,
Den Bürger in der Stadt,
Den Bauer auf dem Land,
Gib Segen und Gedeihen
Auch für ein jedes Wesen,
Besonders noch für den
Der diesen Spruch thut lesen."*

Translated this reads:

"God bless this house,
And each and every occupation,
The citizen of the town,
The farmer on the field,
Give blessings and prosperity
Also to each being,
Especially to him
Who may read this inscription."

As I stood copying these lines the owner of the house came out and informed me that he had placed them there with his own hand. He read them over several times and seemed to be much pleased that his work was thus noticed. At another place I read, "*Dieses Haus gehört Gott und mir.*" Here the owner takes the Lord into partnership with him. A lesson may be learned from this simple villager. We have too much of the "*I own this property*" and not enough of the "It belongs to the Lord" in our way of looking at that over which God has made us stewards.

One more example will suffice: "*Ich getrau Gott in aller Noth.*" Much of the carving is very skillfully done, the old German letters being used and the capitals finely decorated.

Not far from Schwarzenau is the town of Berleburg. This was a noted center for our Brethren and other so-called Pietists. They came here from many parts of Germany. Among others who came was a printer from Strassburg named John Jacob Hang. He had been awakened, and came to Berleburg to enjoy the society of kindred spirits. A printing press was set up—for these early Brethren believed in the use of printer's ink—and Hang took charge of the office. Here in 1726 the celebrated Berleburg Bible, with notes, was published in three volumes. A copy of this Bible may be seen in the Cassel Library at Mt. Morris, Ill. The printing press was afterwards sent to America where, in 1736, it came into the possession of Eld. Christopher Saur, and he used it to print the first religious paper and the first Bible (1743) that was printed in America.

Christopher Saur, Sen., the printer, was a man of more than ordinary ability. He received a liberal education at the University of Marburg, Germany. He united with the Brethren and used his ability and education to further the cause of Christ. He had energy and business push. He gave the German colonists their first almanac and their first religious paper, and then, owing to the fact that Bibles were very scarce in the new colony, he determined to give to his countrymen the Scriptures in their own tongue. He began the work under great difficulties. A friend in Frankfurt, Germany, sent him a part of the type. A few pages were set up and printed, and then the type distributed to be set up again. At last, in 1743, he sent out the first edition of the first Bible ever published in a European language in

America. The credit of this important work thus belongs to the band of exiled Brethren. The book, a large quarto, was bound in boards and leather, and of such excellent workmanship was the binding that many well-preserved copies are yet to be found. The demand for the Bible made it necessary to issue two more editions, one in 1763



HOTEL AT SCHWARZENAU.

and the last in 1776. The author is the fortunate possessor of a copy of each of the three editions of this now rare and valuable book. The volumes are in a good state of preservation, showing the excellent character of the work done by the honest bookbinder more than a century ago.

A short stay at Schwarzenau's only hotel, the "Roesner House," and we drive down the valley of the Eder over a

well-kept macadamized road. What fine roads are to be found in Germany! In this respect Europe is far ahead of our own country. There are no fences by the wayside, and the grass is kept mowed down to the edge of the road. Fruit trees—pear, cherry, apple and plum—are planted by the roadside. The pears were ripe, and for five cents we



THE ROAD TO SCHWARZENAU.

purchased a small measure and regaled ourselves on the luscious fruit. We meet the country people, in quaint and curious costume, returning from the market. In the fields women are at work mowing grass and digging potatoes. They must work hard and keep at it constantly. Now we cross a range of hills and enter the valley of the Eder, and as the evening shades come down we drive into the univer-

sity city of Marburg. The drive of twenty miles was delightfully pleasant and most enjoyable.

From Marburg to Germany's most famous river is but a few hours by rail. The beauties of the Rhine have been extolled in song and story for centuries, and yet the subject has not been exhausted. From Mayence to Cologne



OLD CASTLES ON THE RHINE.

and return took two days of our time. The distance traveled in making the round trip is only two hundred and fifty miles; but there is crowded into this short limit more beautiful scenery, historic associations, weird stories and wonderful legends than is crowded into a similar distance on any other river in the world. The legends of the Rhine fill a volume in themselves, and here is to be found the plot

and groundwork of many a modern novel and love story. Every hill and mountain and valley has legends of brave knight, of fair lady, of doughty deeds of arms, of faithless lover and womanly devotion of the ages of chivalry. Intermingled with these are the older stories of heathen times, when dragon, gnome, water nymph, and fairy, as the people believed, frequented all the shores of the Rhine. There is not a ruined castle wall or dilapidated tower between Mayence and Cologne,—and there are scores of them,—that does not have its historical association and its equally interesting and often beautiful legend.

But in all Rhineland there is no place of more historic interest than the quaint old city of Worms. It was here, in April, 1521, that the Imperial Diet, or council, was held, at which Luther defended his doctrines before the Emperor Charles V. and an august assembly of the notable churchmen and rulers of Europe, closing with these memorable words: "*Hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen.*" "Here I stand, I cannot act otherwise, God help me! Amen." These bold words, uttered before the highest council in all Europe, sounded the death knell of papal rule in Germany and stood out in the great struggle for religious freedom as words of hope and courage. Two places in this old Rhine city no traveler will pass by without a visit. One is the Luther Denkmal (monument) and the other the beautiful modern residence of Heyl, the wealthy manufacturer of Worms, which stands on the site of the *Bischofshof* or episcopal palace where the Diet of Worms was held. The palace was destroyed by the French in 1689. The site, as before intimated, is now occupied by a fine private residence. The pious owner has these words placed prominently on the outer wall:

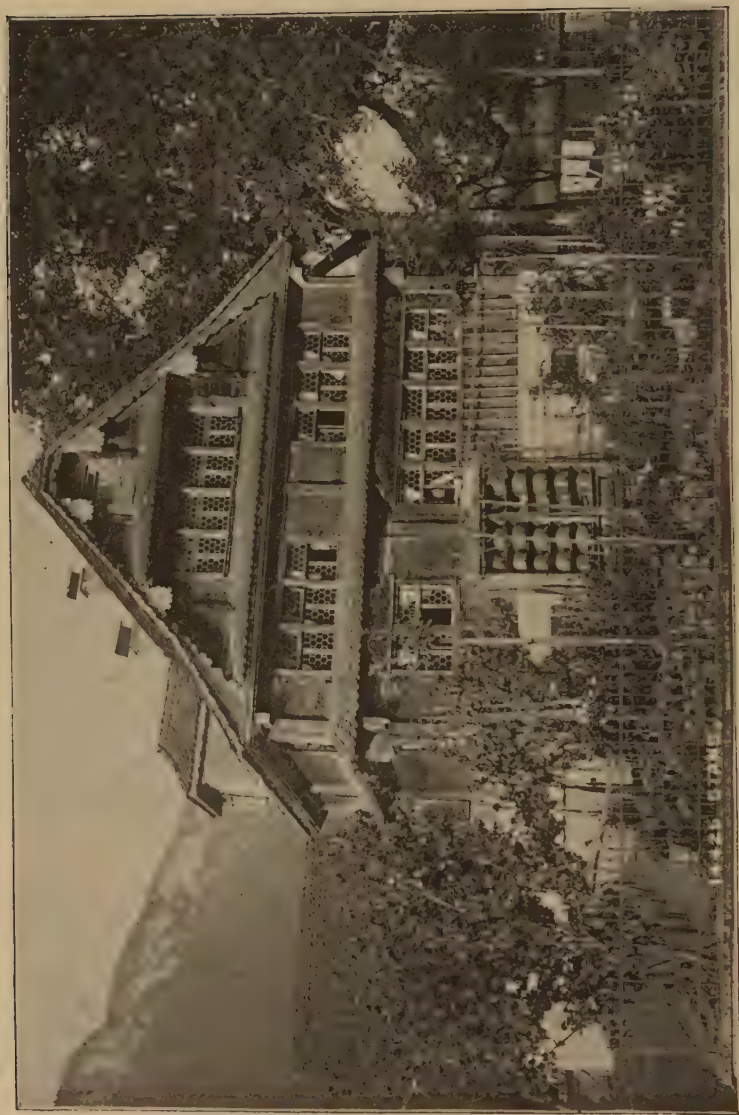
*"Dieses Haus und Vaterland
Nimm, Gott, in dein getreue Hand."*

The Luther monument was erected in 1868 at a cost of nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and it is said to be one of the finest of the kind in Europe. It has been said that it is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see this memorial of



LUTHER MONUMENT.

the great reformer. It is composed of a massive platform forty-eight feet square and nine and a half feet high. In the center is a large bronze pedestal, surrounded by seven smaller ones; on the central pedestal stands Luther's statue in bronze, eleven feet in height. In his left hand he holds the Bible, with his right hand resting upon it. His face is turned upward and the features show deep faith and



A SWISS COTTAGE.

trust. On the smaller pedestals are statues of those "bold spirits" who before or along with him had fought the last struggle for the freedom of the reformation. Here are Peter Waldrus the Frenchman, John Wickliffe the Englishman, John Huss the Bohemian, Savonarola the Italian and Philipp Melanchthon the German. These strong words of the reformer compose one of the most striking of the many inscriptions found here:

"Das Evangelium, welches der Herr den Aposteln in den Mund gelegt hat ist sein Schwert, damit schlägt er in die Welt als mit Blitz und Donner."

"The Gospel, which the Lord hath put into the mouths of the apostles, is his sword; with it he strikes the world as with lightning and thunder."

Switzerland, the Republic of Europe, the land of the free, the home of Tell and his brave compatriots! How my heart burned within me when, in my schoolboy days nearly fifty years ago, I read over and over again the story of the brave, heroic, successful struggle of these hardy mountaineers to throw off the yoke of their tyrant masters! And now, under God's providence, we are permitted to visit the oldest republic in the world. Worms and its *Denkmal*, the Rhine and its beautiful scenery are lost as in a dream in the presence of the awful grandeur of the Alps, with their everlasting mantles of ice and snow.

In the beautiful city of Lucerne, nestling at the feet of Pilatus and Rigi, we found a pleasant little hotel with the modest name of "Des Alpes," and here for a season we make our home. Here one meets people from all parts of the civilized world, attracted by the grand scenery and the romantic Vierwaldstätter See, as Lake Lucerne is called. It is said to be one of the most famous and popular summer resorts in all Europe, and the crowds of tourists "on pleas-

ure bent" attest the truthfulness of the statement. In the quiet bosom of the valley, surrounded by Alpine mountains whose crags and peaks are mirrored in its placid waters, lies the beautiful lake, bounded by the four Swiss cantons, or states, of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden and Lucerne. It is unsurpassed, not only in Switzerland, but in all Europe, in the grandeur and magnificence of its scenery. The lake seen from the top of Mount Rigi presents to view the shape of a cross; the bay of Lucerne forming the head, the bays of Küsnacht and Alpnacht the arms, and those of Buochs and Uri the foot. At the north end of the lake the river Reuss, with its clear emerald-green waters, issues from the lake with the swiftness of a torrent. Lucerne is built on both sides of the river, which is crossed by five bridges. Both lake and river abound in fine fish, and those who find pleasure in taking the finny tribe with hook and line may here indulge to their heart's content. The walks and drive-ways along the quay and the banks of the river are densely shaded and delightfully pleasant in midsummer.

Our little party determined to try mountain climbing, and the ascent of Mount Rigi, it was thought, would satisfy our ambition in this direction; and it did. The regulation *Alpenstocks* — heavy sticks some six feet in length, armed at one end with an iron spike—were secured and an early start was made for the mountain top. In the cool of the morning the gentle mountain slopes were easy enough, but when the ascent became steeper and the sun shone down with midsummer heat we were compelled to seek shaded resting places many times before the coveted summit was reached. But at last, when the grand, rugged beauty of the Alpine scenery burst into full view, from the mountain top, every one felt amply repaid for the fatigue incident to the upward climbing of nearly six thousand feet above sea



LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

level. Owing to the isolation of the mountain the view from Rigi sweeps over three hundred miles in extent, and



TELL'S MONUMENT.

is by far the grandest in Switzerland. The descent was made in the evening time, and it was much easier than the

climbing, and yet the strain on the muscles was much more trying than in going up. For several days after the climb to the top of Rigi I sat in my room in the hotel nursing tired and painful muscles, and making resolutions to give up Alpine mountain climbing.

A boatripe from Lucerne to Flüelen and return is one of the most pleasant and at the same time interesting excursions on the lake. Flüelen is at one end of the "See" and Lucerne at the other. The distance between the two points is twenty-three miles, and the greatest width of the lake is two and a half miles. During the summer season steamboats ply regularly between Lucerne and Flüelen, stopping at intermediate points. Two places of special historic interest on the tour of the lake always attract the attention of the traveler. The one is the spot where, with an arrow, William Tell, by order of Gessler, shot an apple from the head of his son, and the other where he shot and killed the tyrant. The first is at Flüelen. The day before our arrival a fine monument had been unveiled to commemorate Tell's wonderful feat of archery. A bronze figure of the patriot, with his left hand resting on his boy's head at his side and his right hand holding his trusty crossbow on his shoulder, stands on a granite base bearing this inscription:

*Erzählen wird man,
Von dem Schützen Tell,
So lang die Berge,
Stehn auf ihrem Grunde,*

*1307
Wilhelm Tell,
1895.*

The spot where Gessler fell pierced by Tell's unerring arrow is marked by a beautiful chapel, the outer foundation of which is built in the water of the lake. It is a spot of wondrous beauty. The steep mountain side is covered



FLUELEN, SWITZERLAND.

with a dense shrubbery. In the distance the snow-covered Alps are to be seen. Beyond the chapel among the rocks, almost hidden by the green foliage, is pointed out the place where Tell stood, and from which sped the fatal arrow that freed his native land from the oppressor. Some writers there are who would deprive the world of the story of Tell, but I prefer to accept it as it has been immortalized by the pen of Schiller. How with bated breath, and anxious heart for the fate of the hero, I first read the story in my school-boy days nearly half a century ago. And now it is doubly interesting to recall it all here, amid the mountains and on this beautiful lake where the thrilling events occurred.



TELL'S CHAPEL.

Returning from Flüelen in the afternoon we walked as far as Tell's Chapel, where the steamer stopped to take up passengers for Lucerne. The distance is two and a half miles and it is a very interesting walk. The road, called

the Axenstrasse, is among the wonders of Switzerland, and is remarkable for the boldness of its construction, being to a great extent hewn in the rock. It skirts the lake, and after leaving the water level at Flüelen ascends rapidly, affording from the mountain side a beautiful view of the lake and the Swiss villages that cluster on its borders. At a point still higher the road passes through a tunnel cut in the



THE AXENSTRASSE, SWITZERLAND.

curiously contorted limestone strata. Portions of the outer rim of the rock have been cut away, forming window-like openings through which the light is admitted. Through these rocky windows fine views are to be had of the blue lake three hundred and sixty feet below. A short time after passing through the tunnel we reach Tellsplatte, from which a most charming view is had of lake and mountains. Here we leave the Axenstrasse and descend the mountain side to the little chapel marking the spot

where Tell sprang from Gessler's boat. Then the shrill whistle of our steamer sounded out, echoing and re-echoing among the hills and mountains, as we hastened to the landing. The delightful evening ride was much enjoyed, and we reached Lucerne well pleased with our day's sight-seeing.

My notebook says we left Lucerne Sept. 7, for Milan, Italy, *via* the St. Gothard railway, which, with its great tunnel nine and a quarter miles in length, piercing the snowy Alpine range of mountains, is one of the engineering marvels of the nineteenth century. The road is one hundred and six miles in length and passes through no less than fifty-six tunnels, aggregating twenty-five miles in length. The St. Gothard tunnel is, as has been stated, nine and a quarter miles long, twenty-eight feet wide and twenty-one feet high. It is laid with a double railway track and is arched with masonry throughout.

The scenery between Lucerne and Goeschen, the entrance to the tunnel, is grand beyond description. The railway passes through no less than seven loop tunnels, and in winding back and forth up the mountain side we pass and re-pass the same villages. One of our party called attention to the similarity of the churches in Switzerland, when, as a matter of fact, he had seen the same building three times. Nestled in the valleys are many small Swiss villages built at the base of great cliffs. After seeing these villages one does not wonder that, when the great avalanches of snow sweep down the mountain side, death and destruction come to the Swiss homes in these valleys.

We enter the great tunnel at the north end, and twenty minutes later emerge into the blinding sunlight at Ariola. A wonderful change has taken place. We are still in Switzerland, it is true, but instead of the German Schweiz we are among the Italians. The beautiful Swiss cottage has

given way to Italian architecture. The faces and costumes of the people are changed. The fair skin of the north has given way to the darker complexion and lustrous eyes so common in Italy. The language has undergone a complete change. The "*Wirtschaft*," the German hotel, is here named on the signs "*Trattoria*." The railway station, a



A SWISS VILLAGE.

"*Bahnhof*" at the other end of the tunnel, is transformed into a "*Stazione*" at this. The German merchant who places on his sign "*Handlung*" is imitated by the Italian, but he uses the word "*Negozio*." The hillsides are now covered with vines and the chestnut trees, literally burdened with ripening nuts, are as plentiful as in our own Alleghenies and Blue Ridge mountains.

The ride from Ariola to lake Como is no less interesting than that from Lucerne to Goeschen. "There are some more loop tunnels, and wonderful bridges, and a bewildering succession of wild bits of scenery, with feathery, snow-white cascades leaping from the summit of lofty cliffs, or bursting forth from some cranny in their sides, and falling hundreds of feet through the air; brawling glacial torrents, hurrying down over beds of boulders, eager to reach the distant sea; eyries where apparently inaccessible chalets are perched; fantastic rocks, seamed and split by long forgotten convulsions of nature; endless battlements, and walls, 'rock ribbed and ancient as the sun'; and darting through, over beyond them all, now disappearing into a tunnel, now leaping a chasm, now skirting the edge of a precipice, the glistening steel tracks of the St. Gothard railway, which has conquered this wilderness, and transformed its fastnesses into a pleasure ground for man." So writes the poet. But the railway has not only opened a pleasure ground for man, but a roadway as well for the commerce of all nations. The wondrous skill of the engineers who constructed this road is only equaled, but not surpassed, by the skill of our own engineers in crossing the Rockies and building railways in the almost inaccessible canyons of the backbone of the continent.

Descending still farther on the southern side of the mountains, the valley broadens, the rock-ribbed walls of the Alps are left far behind, and we roll out upon the rich Lombardian plain. The vine and the mulberry tree flourish, and here and there are small fields of Indian corn, reminding one very forcibly of home. At eight o'clock in the evening our train enters the electric lighted *stazione* at Milan, and our Alpine journey is ended.

CHAPTER IV.

The Cathedral at Milan — Leonardo da Vinci — The Last Supper — Rome — Kissing the Foot of St. Peter — Pompeii — New Discoveries — An Ancient House — Corinth — Diogenes the Cynic — Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles — Athens — The Acropolis — The Market Place — Mars' Hill — Sunset on the Acropolis — Costumes of the Athenians — A Greek Soldier — Maid of Athens — A Peculiar Custom.

THE Milanese regard their beautiful cathedral as the eighth wonder of the world, and never tire of sounding its praises. Having seen most of the noted cathedrals in Europe, I am ready to admit that the interior is exceeded in magnificence only by St. Peter's in Rome, and that the exterior surpasses all others. The immense structure covers an area of fourteen thousand square yards, and it is estimated that it will hold thirteen thousand people. The floor is laid in fine marble mosaic work of different colors and presents a beautiful appearance. The stained glass windows are said to be the largest in the world. The exterior is a magnificent display of the richest architecture. The roof is of marble and is surmounted by ninety-eight turrets. More than two thousand marble statues adorn the outside of the building. The main tower is three hundred and sixty feet high; on it stands a marble statue of the Virgin Mary. Each of the turrets also bears a statue. The effect of the exterior is beautiful and striking. There is such a bewildering profusion of ornamentation on the exterior that it would require a volume to describe it all. The forest of spires, slender and graceful in shape, the immense num-

ber of marble statues, each in itself a fine work of art, and the great size of the structure, make it one of the most noted buildings in the world.



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

On the Lord's Day morning we attended services in the cathedral, which is Roman Catholic of course. There were thousands of people present attending mass. The music was deeply impressive. The great organ pealed forth its deep notes, and hundreds of trained voices joined in the song of praise; it swelled forth filling the great building with joyous harmony. What wonderful singers these Italians are!

Here we witnessed the ceremony of the baptism or

sprinkling of an infant by a priest and his two assistants. There was much reading and bowing and making of long prayers. The infant was laid on a richly embroidered pillow held on the arms of the mother. The priest now read a special service, and at the proper time dipped his hand into a silver vessel filled with water and applied it to the head of the little one. This he did three times in succession, and the ceremony ended. Formerly the rite was performed by dipping the candidate three times into the water, but about the thirteenth century this was changed by the authority of the pope and of the church, and sprinkling is now the almost universal custom among Roman Catholics.

No one thinks of leaving Milan without seeing the celebrated painting, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. Indeed many make the journey to Milan solely for the purpose of viewing this master work of art. Unfortunately the picture is in a bad state of preservation, owing to the fact that it was painted in oil on the wall of the chapel. The painter sought to give a picture of the last supper of Christ with the twelve at the moment when the Lord announced the startling fact that one of them should betray him. Of the painting Goethe says: "The painter has departed from precedent in grouping the company of disciples, with their Master in the midst, along the far side and two ends of a long, narrow table, and in leaving the near or service side of the table towards the spectator free. The chamber is seen in a perfectly symmetrical perspective, its rear wall is pierced by three plain openings which admit the sense of quiet distance and mystery from the open landscape beyond; by the central of these openings, which is in the midst of the three, the head and shoulders of the Savior are framed in. On his right and left are ranged the disciples in equal numbers. The serenity of the holy com-



LEONARDO DA VINCI.



pany has within the moment been broken by the words of their Master, 'One of you shall betray me.' In the agitation of their consciences and affections, the disciples have started into groups or clusters along the table, some standing, some still remaining seated. There are four of these groups, of three disciples each, and each group is harmoniously interlinked by some natural connecting action with the next. The relations of the groups to one another, and of each figure within the several groups to its neighbor and to the central figure of Christ, are not only triumphs of technical design, they are evidences of a complete science of human character, emotion, and physiognomy held at the service of a nobly inspired and nobly directed art. The furniture and accessories of the chamber, very simply conceived, have been rendered with scrupulous exactness and distinctness; yet they leave to the human and dramatic elements the absolute mastery of the scene. Neither do the academical draperies of the personages impair the sense of imaginative truth with which the representation impresses us. Our first glance at the ruins of the famous picture makes us feel, and study does but strengthen the conviction, that the painter rose to the height of his argument, and realized worthily and for good this momentous scene in the spiritual history of mankind."

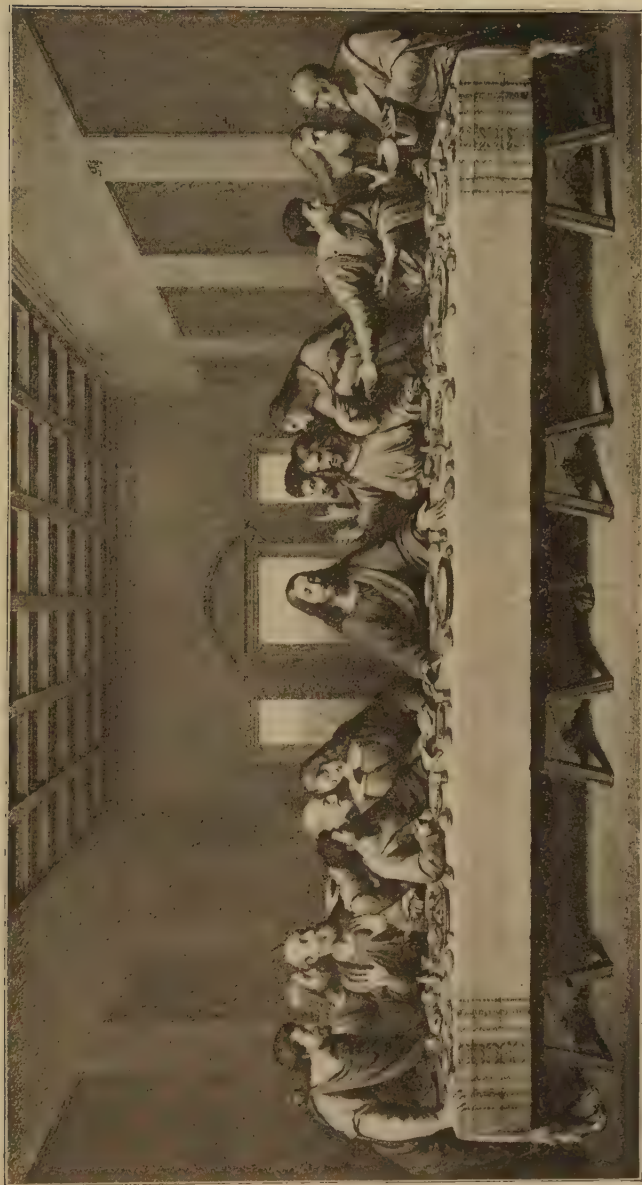
From Milan our course lay southward through Italy, by way of Genoa, Rome, and Naples, to Brindisi, where we took ship for Patras, and journeyed thence overland by way of Corinth to Athens. This part of our journey has been fully described in a preceding volume,* and but brief reference is here made to the cities named.

A week at Rome was none too long, although it was my third visit to the City of the Cæsars. St. Peter's, the

*"Wanderings in Bible Lands."

Coliseum, the Forum, the Catacombs and other points of absorbing interest came in for their share of time. The Trappist monk who served as our guide through the catacombs was exceedingly talkative. He seemed to be determined to make up for lost time. The Trappists, fearing they may not be able to bridle their tongues, take the vow of continual silence, and they are supposed to go through the world without speaking a word. The pope has absolved a dozen of the monks from their vows of everlasting silence and placed them in charge of the catacombs, where they act as guides and sell relics to visitors. I asked my guide why he did not keep his vow and remain silent. His reply was, "Et is neccessra for me speaka, so I guida you in catacomba." He pointed out many things of interest in the sleeping places of the dead. The particularity of detail entered into by the ancients is shown in one of the inscriptions on the tomb of a child. The name and date of death are given, and then the age, one year, three months, twenty-three days and six and a half hours.

My diary says: Sunday, Sept. 15, I stand beneath the lofty dome of St. Peter's in the city of Rome. Near by is the bronze statue of the apostle for whom the church was named. In less than twenty minutes I see more than a hundred people kiss the foot of the image. Old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, soldier and civilian, decrepit, tottering age and children in their mothers' arms reverently bow the head, and kiss the bronze foot. An old woman, short in stature, perhaps eighty years old, unable to raise herself to the foot, which is five feet from the floor, is lifted up by her companions that she may press her lips against the cold metal. Half grown boys and girls, taking hold of the extended foot and then placing their feet on an offset in the pedestal, are thus enabled to reach



THE LAST SUPPER.

the coveted kissing place. An old man with an intelligent and kindly face, a priest, bows his head kissing the foot and then placing his forehead where he has pressed his lips, stands a few moments in silent prayer. A group of nuns, waiting until the priest concludes his devotions, press their lips to each of the toes, offer a prayer and pass on. A richly dressed lady, with diamonds flashing on her neck and fingers, approaches and, taking a fine cambric kerchief, wipes the foot carefully and then kisses it lightly. And so the devotees come and go, as I meditate upon this phase of worship and study the faces as they go by. Some are jesting and laughing, and it is evident that to them the ceremony is a mere matter of form. Then there are those whose faces are blank, no sign of feeling or emotion is manifest; and these form the larger number of the devotees. Others still pass by and press their lips to the foot and bow the head a moment in silent prayer, and their faces are so full of earnest devotion that one is forced to the conclusion that they believe that there is merit in this act of image worship and that it meets the approval of God.

It is a peculiar phase of human nature, or rather of the religious side of man. The mind clings to the seen and the material, and the Roman Catholic church, recognizing this tendency, accommodates it by introducing image worship. The toes of this bronze image of the apostle have been almost wiped and kissed away by the faithful but deluded worshippers.

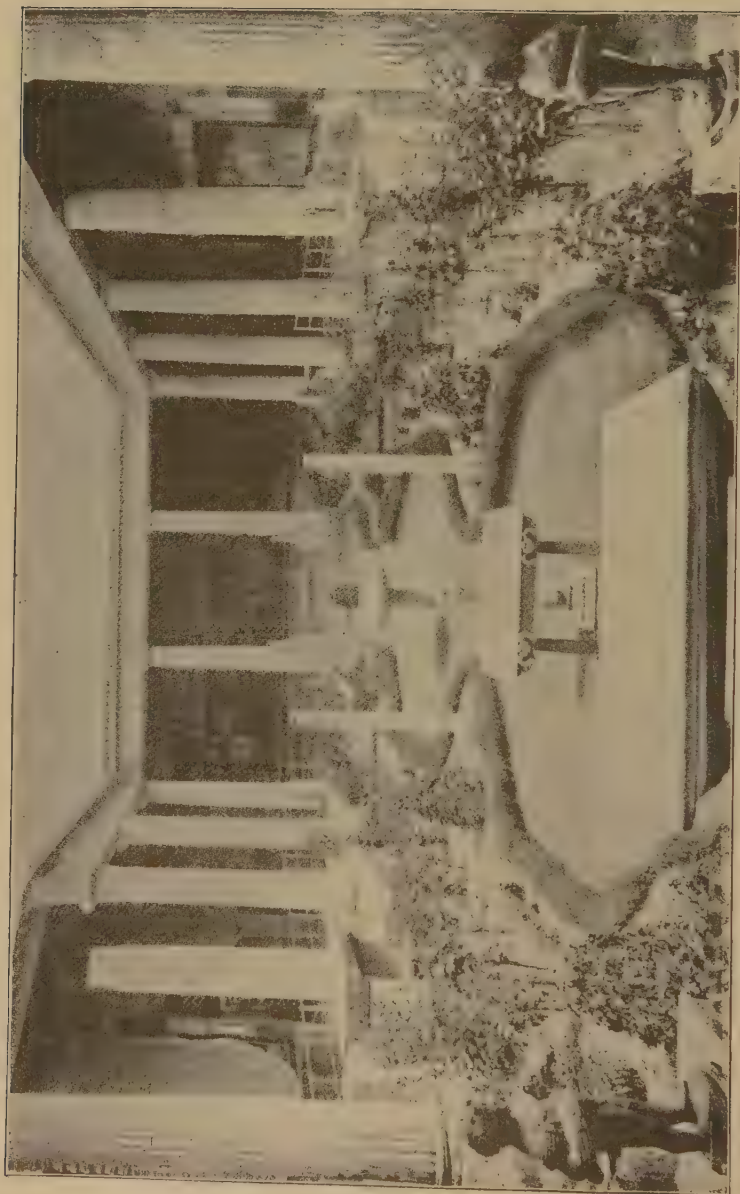
Sept. 19: To-day I revisit the excavated city of Pompeii, and find a second visit to the ruins as full of interest as the first. The excavations are being pushed forward with much energy, and more than two-thirds of the old city is now cleared of the ashes of Vesuvius. Before many years the work of excavating will be completed and the entire city be

open to visitors. It is now the plan of those having charge of the work of excavating to restore the ruins, as far as possible, to their original condition. Heretofore when statuary and other objects of interest were found they were at once removed to the museum in Naples. In some instances mural paintings were taken from the walls and placed in the



IN THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

museum. Now when a house is uncovered everything that is found about it is placed as nearly as possible in the place it occupied when the city was covered up. The houses are roofed and such portions of the walls as were broken are rebuilt in exact imitation of the original, so that one may now see just how the Romans lived in the middle of the first century.



HOUSE OF THE VERTIL.

Reproduced from the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

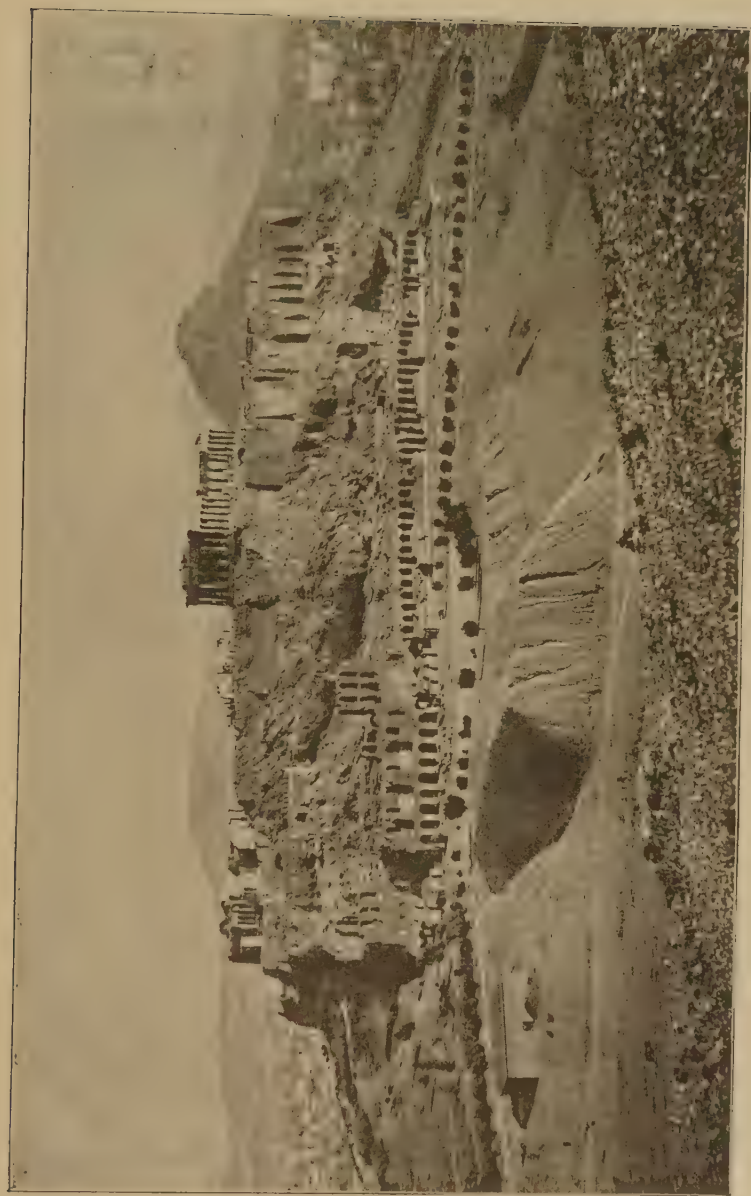
The house of the Vertii recently excavated and restored is now open to visitors. The courtyard of the house is laid out as a flower garden, in which bloom all the year the most beautiful flowers. Round about are columns of marble, with statues of bronze and marble occupying the places where they were found. At both ends of the court are fountains with artistic basins to catch the flowing water, in place as they were on that fateful day when the eruption took place. The rooms are decorated with frescoes, and those which are preserved are remarkable for their beauty and freshness of color. The floors are of marble. In one of the rooms were found two treasure chests in which the owner of the house kept his valuables. These were empty when found, the treasures having been removed, doubtless immediately after the first eruption, either by the owner or by thieves. Then there are bathrooms, bedrooms, living rooms and a diningroom, and a kitchen with a pantry containing a sleeping place for the slave. In the kitchen were found cooking utensils; on the hearth were iron tripods for holding pots, and the bronze pots were near at hand. Everything is in the position it was left when the owners fled. The Vertii were doubtless a very wealthy family, for only great wealth could provide and keep up the expenses of such a house. Here we have a house restored in all its original beauty, and are able to see into the home life of the Romans in the days of Paul. Other houses are being excavated and restored, giving much additional interest to a visit to the ancient city of Pompeii.

An all-day ride over a rough, dusty railway, in dirty Italian cars,—these people have not yet learned that cleanliness is akin to godliness,—brought us to the ancient seaport town of Brundisium. It was a national holiday in Italy, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entry of Victor Em-

manuel into the city of Rome. Flags were flying, bands of music playing, fireworks being displayed, and all the country was aglow with enthusiasm and patriotism.

It was in the night when we reached Brindisi, tired, dusty and travel stained. The Austrian Lloyd's steamer "Media" came into port soon after our arrival. At midnight we went aboard, sailing the same hour for Greece. The sea was calm and the weather pleasant, and we enjoyed the change from the dusty cars to a clean, cool steamer. After a very enjoyable voyage we cast anchor at noon the next day in the beautiful harbor of Corfu. In a very few minutes our ship was crowded with venders of fruit. It was the time of grapes, figs and pomegranates. We purchased, for a few pennies, great bunches of large white grapes, sweet, and of good flavor; but the best of them are not equal to our table grapes at home. The sweetness palls on the taste, and one soon tires of them. Ripe figs, fresh from the trees, are relished by those who have acquired a taste for them, but it takes time and perseverance to cultivate the taste.

The evening shades were approaching when the anchor was weighed and we steamed out over the blue waters of the beautiful bay of Corfu. Landing the next morning at Patras, we continued our journey to Athens by rail, passing Corinth on the way. The modern City of New Corinth, *Nea Korinthus*, contains a population of eight thousand souls, and is neatly and regularly laid out. It was founded forty years ago when the town on the site of ancient Corinth, three and a half miles away, was completely destroyed by an earthquake. A carriage road has been constructed to the ruins of the ancient city, and many travelers visit the place. Corinth, in ancient times, was a city of great importance and power, and was noted for its great wealth and the sensuality and wickedness of its



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

people. Here lived the cynical philosopher Diogenes, whose dwelling was a tub. He it was who failed to find an honest man in Corinth, although he searched diligently day and night with a lighted lantern. During the search a friend met him in broad daylight with his lighted lantern and said, "What are you looking for, Diogenes?" "An honest man," was the curt reply of the cynic, as he continued his fruitless search. Rollin tells of a visit of Alexander the Great to Diogenes. The philosopher was at the time lying down in the sun. When the conqueror approached he sat up and eyed the great warrior intently. Alexander, seeing the poverty of the man, was moved to pity, saluted him kindly and inquired whether he could do anything for him. At the time the king's shadow fell upon the philosopher, and he replied, "Yes! stand out of my sunlight."*

But ancient Corinth is more especially interesting to us because there came to this important city of Greece a greater conqueror than Alexander,—the apostle to the gentiles, Paul of Tarsus. Here he preached the Gospel and organized a church out of the most unpromising material. He tells us that among its members were former outcasts, adulterers, fornicators, sodomites, idolaters, thieves, drunkards, extortioners, revilers, and slanderers.† The darkened characters he declared were washed, were sanctified, were justified; "in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God." At Corinth the apostle spent many months preaching in the synagogues and holding converse with Aquila and Priscilla. From Corinth he wrote the two epistles to the Thessalonians, and the church at this place had his deepest anxiety and thoughtful care. The tempta-

*Rollin's "Ancient History," Vol. II, p. 7.

†1 Cor. 6:9-11.

tions to sensual indulgence and to departures from the truth were stronger here than in most Greek cities. His epistles to the Corinthians are full of warnings to the church. After the death of Paul, Clement was made bishop of the church.

Our stay of three days in Athens was none the less interesting because of former visits. One never sees all nor learns all about these old cities on a first or second visit. There is a strange fascination about these ancient Bible cities that draws one toward them. One never tires of tracing the associations in touch with the Bible, visiting the places recorded in the Book and reading the incidents connected with them. Those interested in the study of God's Book might visit Athens a dozen times and always be interested in going to the market place where Paul disputed with the Jews, and to Mars' Hill, where he preached to the court of the Areopagites. To stand where Paul stood, in market place or on hilltop, and read his words where they were spoken, is a privilege which once enjoyed is never to be forgotten. It gives a wonderful reality to the Bible to read it under such circumstances; especially when there are about you so many evidences of the truth of the Book.

The old market place, with the four slender Doric columns bearing the heavy architecture of the gateway through which Paul must have passed, remains unchanged. The columns form three entrances. The center passages used for carriages is eleven and a quarter feet wide; those for foot passengers at the sides are only four and three-fourths feet wide. Inside of the gate stands a long tablet with an inscription in Greek relating to the price of commodities offered for sale in the market place.

Mars' Hill and the Acropolis are close together, and both are places of absorbing interest. When Paul stood on the hilltop and spoke to the Areopagites the Acropolis was



GATEWAY TO MARKET PLACE.

crowned with many magnificent temples, culminating in the Parthenon, the most perfect monument of Grecian art,



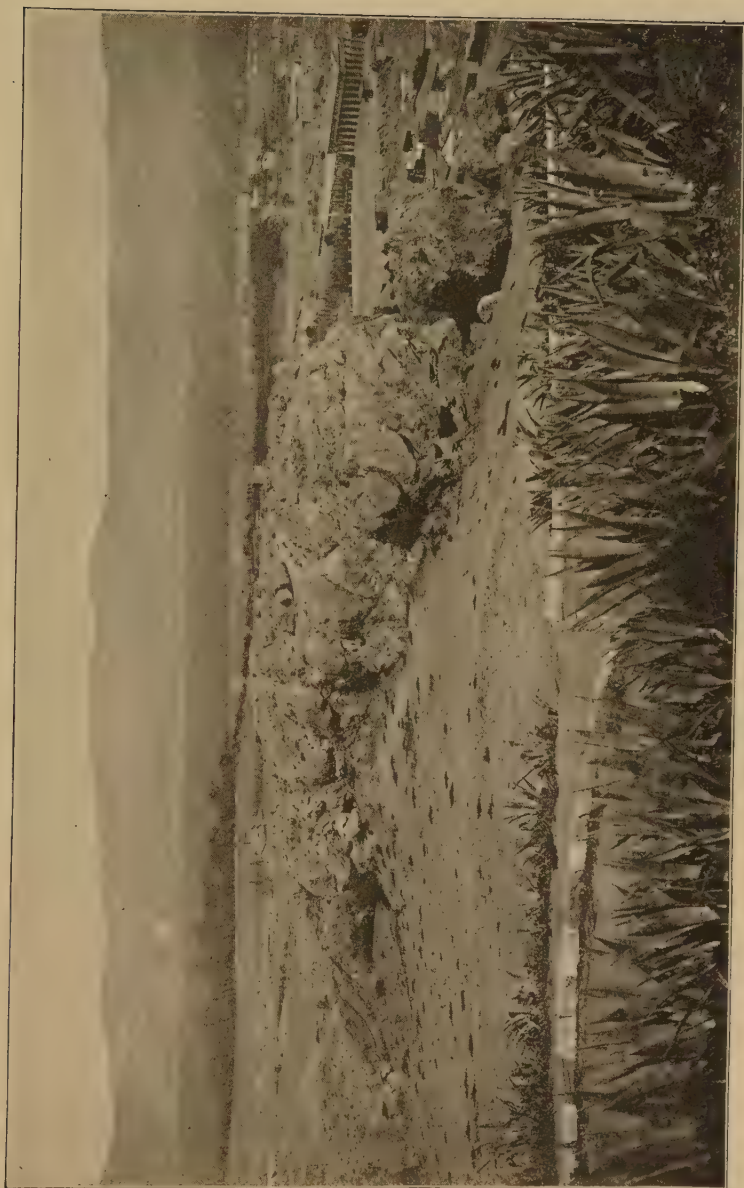
MARKET PLACE, ATHENS.

and the glory not only of Athens but of the Eastern world. South of Mars' Hill the Apostle had a view of the temple

of Theseus, which stands to-day the best preserved of all the old temples, not only of Athens but of the whole of ancient Greece. Not far away was the market place with its temples and altars erected for the worship of the false gods of the Greeks. Then there was the altar bearing the inscription "*To the Unknown God*," which Paul used so vigorously on that memorable day, and with such telling effect that at least one member of the court—Dionysius—was converted to Christianity. Our photogravure gives a view from a point north of and above Mars' Hill. The artist stood on the rising ground of the Acropolis. In the distance "*Moreas' Hills*" bound the view. To the right is the temple of Theseus with houses suburban to Athens, while Mars' Hill occupies the center of the foreground. A close study of the picture will reveal the steep cut in the rock by which the ascent to the top of the rocky bluff was and is still made. A heavy growth of aloes fringing the base of the Acropolis is shown in the picture. It is one of the most interesting views in Athens.

We spent an evening on Mars' Hill, and enjoyed one of those marvelous sunsets so graphically described by Byron. As the sun neared the horizon I left my companions and climbed to the top of the Acropolis and stood on the platform of the Parthenon. The sky was marvelously clear, and as the sun sank behind the Delphian cliff I recalled these lines of the author of *Childe Harold*:

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Moreas' Hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows,
On old Aegina's rock and Idra's isle,
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile;



MARS' HILL, ATHENS.

O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
 Till dark'y shaded from the land and deep
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

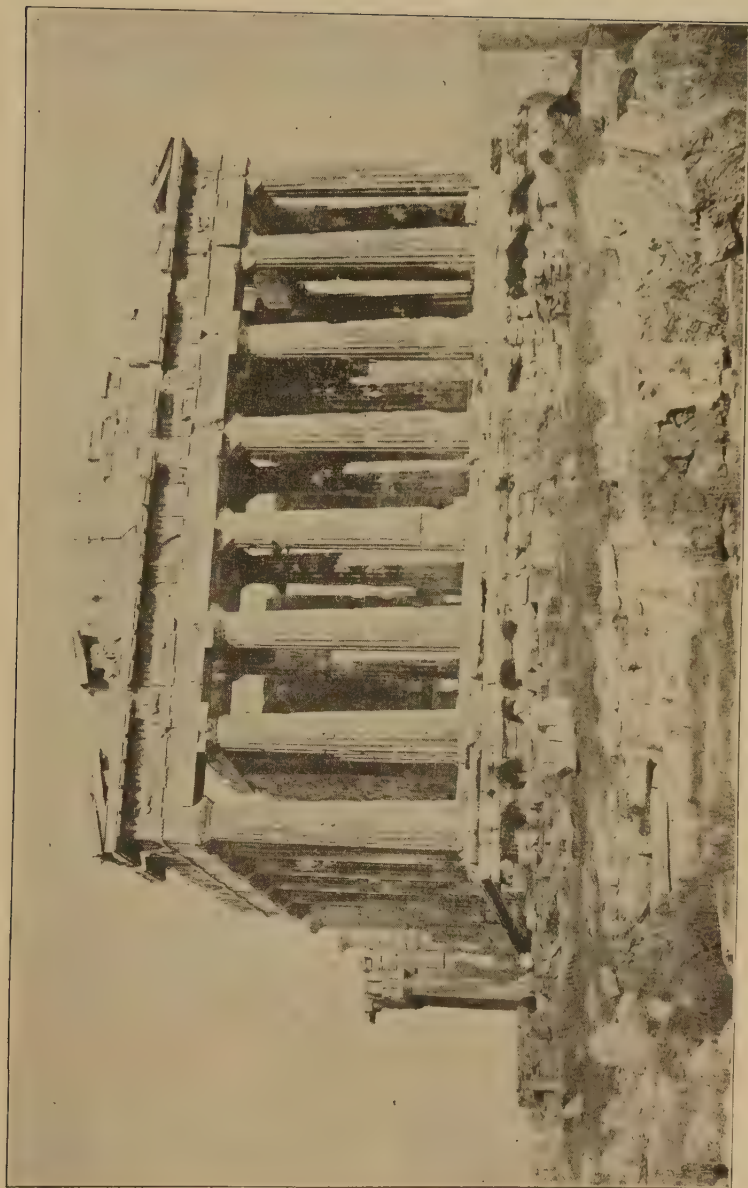
One cannot fully appreciate the descriptive beauty of these lines unless he stands where the poet stood, when the inspiration to write came to him, and witnesses with him one of these glorious sunsets. There was a wondrous play of light and shadow among the ruins as the last rays of the sun fell on the grand old columns of the Parthenon. I came down from the Parthenon as the shades of evening shut out the view of Moreas' Hills. All that is left me now of that glorious sunset is a memory; but it will not depart.

Modern Athens has a freshness and cleanliness about it not common to Eastern cities. I refer of course to the better part of the place, where broad streets and beautiful residences, many of them built of marble, adorn the city. Here everything is new and fresh. The new palace, with a new king from Denmark, the new residences, new university buildings, and new streets laid out with great regularity give the new city an air of freshness and newness in strong contrast with the ruins, yellow with age, standing as perpetual reminders to the Athenians that their town is very new indeed. The Parthenon, built by Pericles five hundred years before Christ, in contrast, for age, with the Royal Palace constructed in the middle of the present century, — could contrast be stronger?

On the crown of a gentle slope, in the center of the city, stands the king's palace, a building of considerable

proportions and of beautiful exterior. It is built of the noted Pentelican marble and in the full sunlight is dazzling in its whiteness. Surrounding the palace on three sides are beautiful gardens and extensive grounds, finely shaded with semi-tropical trees, among which the eucalyptus and the pepper tree abound. The front of the building opens upon a very large square, ornamented with high, umbrageous trees. Along the sides of the square stand many beautiful buildings, and here are also found most of the first-class hotels. Leading out from the square are several fine boulevards, with rows of shade trees and magnificent marble residences that excel even those of aristocratic Paris and London. On one of these beautiful streets are to be found the Schliemann Museum and the new college buildings. The material used in construction is the purest white marble, cut from the ancient Pentelican quarries, noted alike in ancient and modern times. The architecture is somewhat modernized, but I notice that the Corinthian, the Doric and the Ionic columns hold their place, as they did on the Acropolis twenty-three hundred years ago, in the golden age of Greece, when Phidias fashioned and Pericles builded what has since been the marvel of all ages.

Driving about the palace, the square and the streets of the newer portions of modern Athens one sees marble everywhere and is struck with the beauty of the city. Seeing only this much of the place we would carry away the notion that modern Athens is the gem of Attica, beautiful for situation and magnificent in appearance. But on the borders of this marble city, and clinging to it as a hideous ulcer on a beautiful face, is the older Athens, built when the crescent waved over the Acropolis and the rule of the sultan was supreme. Here are the narrow, filthy streets, with rows of bazaars on both sides that remind one of oriental scenes in



THE PARTHENON, ATHENS.

Cairo and Damascus. Here are the cheap "oinio," or wine shops and cafés, where, I am told, a quart of Greek wine,



SHOP IN ATHENS.

fiery and resinous, may be bought for six cents. Penetrating farther into the purlieus of Athens, one finds the streets narrower and more filthy still. Poorly paved, with open

drainage in the center, the stench becomes almost unbearable. In the open passageways men and women, donkeys, dogs, children and goats jostle each other in passing, and one must have a care lest he be crowded into the filthy gutter in the middle of the street. The whole aspect of this squalid quarter of Athens is that of an over-crowded, filthy Turkish village. In its relation to new Athens, it is as if one who had a beautiful home and a well kept lawn should construct a pigpen in one corner of his yard. It is to be hoped that the modern spirit of energy and enterprise now apparent in Greece will soon change this condition of things.

The men one meets on the streets of Athens are well built, fine looking, carry themselves erect and impress one with their bearing and carriage. They are, I am told, kind and courteous to strangers, warm-hearted and generous in their intercourse with each other, and may be classed as the peers of any European people. The young men among the educated class speak one, and sometimes two languages in addition to their own, the French standing first and Italian and English coming next in choice.

The Athenian matron is a comely, well dressed, not gaudy woman who impresses you, when you meet her, with a sense of culture and refinement. The maidens are modestly reserved, with clear-cut, refined features, large, dark, languishing eyes and are, by judges of the human form divine, classed among the lovely. One is not surprised that a man of Byron's susceptibilities should have fallen hopelessly in love with a fair maid of Athens.

The ancient Albanian costume is still much worn in Athens by the men. This peculiar and picturesque style of dress consists of a deep plaited white muslin skirt, confined closely about the waist with a belt and standing out from



GREEK GIRL.

the hips like the skirt of a ballet girl. The lower limbs, from the hips down, are incased in closely fitting white trunk hose. On the feet are worn ornamental curved slippers, or shoes, made of red leather, with rosettes and tassels. The upper part of the body is covered with richly embroidered shirt and vest. Add to this the jaunty red cap with tassel, and you have the complete Albanian costume. So popular is it in Greece that eight battalions of the Greek army wear it as a uniform. The costume is constantly seen on the streets of Athens, and is a source of much curiosity to strangers.

Just now the streets of Athens present a lively appearance. It is in the time of grapes and the vintage of wine. Everywhere you meet the vender of the fruit of the vine, wounding the quiet air with his loud, discordant cries, calling attention to the luscious fruit he has to sell. He uses the patient donkey as his beast of burden. Six baskets are tied together in pairs and slung across the back of the little animal, three on each side. These are tastefully decorated with branches of the vine and olive, and are then filled with the largest and finest bunches of the sweetest grapes I ever tasted. A pair of scales is added, and the peripatetic grape merchant is ready for business. For ten *septra*, two cents in our coin, but much less in the depreciated copper coin of Greece, you may have grapes and grapes.

In many parts of the country the ancient method of treading the wine vat is still in use. The ripe fruit is thrown into the vat and barefooted, barelegged men tread the grapes until the entire mass is reduced to pulp and juice. The new wine is put into new bottles, and in the season great numbers of wine carts are to be seen in Athens. Now their number is legion. Each one is loaded with a dozen wine skins, and each skin bottle holds ten to twelve

gallons of the juice of the grape. Both skins and wine are new, and the former must be. The new-made wine is still fermenting and has expanded until each individual bottle is stretched as tight as a drumhead. Old bottles would surely burst and both "wine and bottles perish."

One of the peculiar customs noticeable in Athens is that of taking the body of the dead in solemn procession through the principal streets of the city. I witnessed one of these lying-in-state processions, and the impression made upon the mind was by no means a pleasant one. A government official of high position had finished his work and gone to his long home, and a great military and civic parade was made in honor of the dead officer, his body being the central object in the procession. First came a band of music wounding the unoffending air with blare of trumpets and pounding of drums. Following the band came notables of the government in carriages and a battalion of soldiers in full dress uniform, and then the mortal remains of the dead. The body was placed in a sitting posture on a chair and had the appearance of having been carefully dressed for an evening party. Just in front of the face of the dead man was arranged a mirror in which his features were reflected, presumably for the benefit of those who walked in the rear. The head and face were uncovered, and the people on the streets, who cared to look, could have a full view of the dead man. The face had a natural, life-like appearance, and had it not been for the slight pallor of death and the immobility of the features, one might have concluded that he had fallen asleep in his chair, as he was being carried through the city which delighted to honor him. The procession moved slowly to the time of a solemn funeral march. After the passing of the corpse, which was shocking to my sensibilities, I reflected that this, after



A GREEK SOLDIER.

all, was only a different way of doing the same thing that is done at home. If a man or woman of note dies, the body is arranged carefully, with all the skill of the undertaker's art, laid in state in some large church or hall, and the masses pass through to look at the body of the dead. The dead of lesser note are exposed to view in our churches until the entire congregation passes in review and takes a last look at the body. Some come out of idle curiosity, others out of respect, and the few out of love. The Athenians deem it best to take the dead in state through the city, thus accommodating the great mass of the people. After all, their way may be the best. It were better if there were less pomp and show at funerals, less money spent for costly processions, less care for the dead and more for the living.

“Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!”

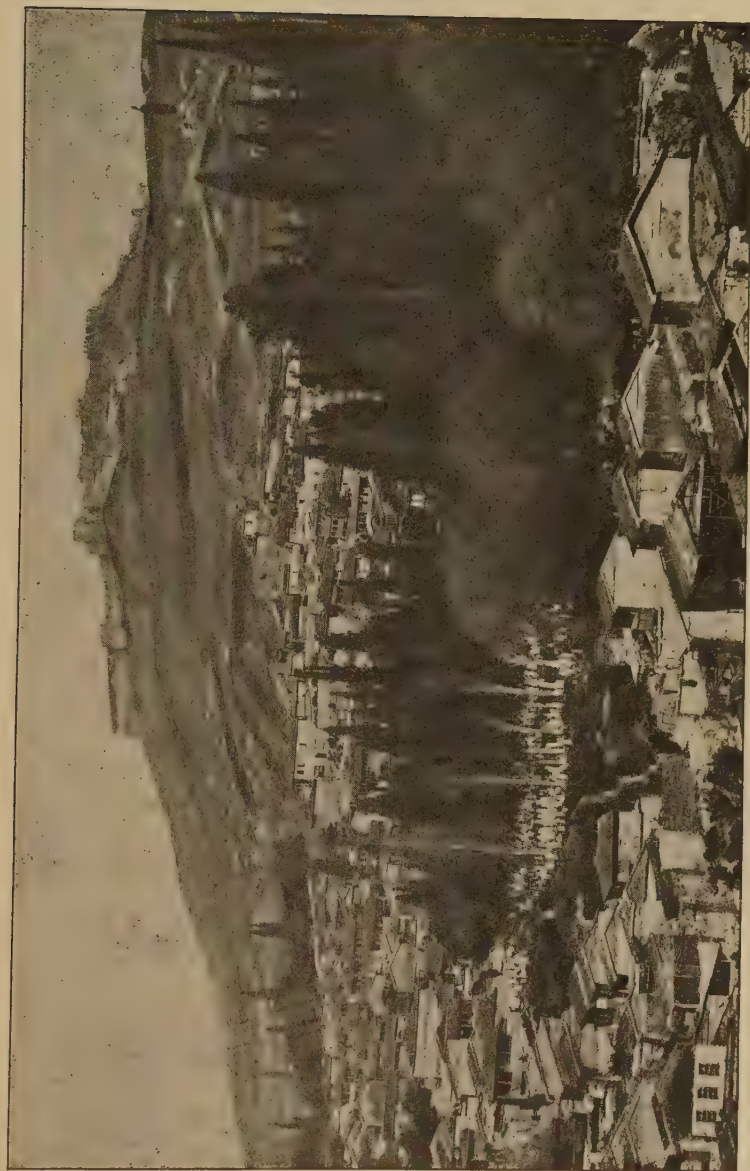
Let the dust be laid decently away, without show and parade, and turn ye to the wants of living souls who are without Christ and God in the world.

CHAPTER V.

Athens to Smyrna—The "Unspeakable Turk"—The Massacre of the Armenians—An Agape or Love Feast in Smyrna—Mission Work—Fellow Pilgrims—The City of Figs—How Figs are Packed—A Trial of Patience—Sailing for the Holy Land—Beirut—An Evening Sail Along the Coast of Tyre and Sidon—The Mountains of Lebanon—Mount Carmel—The Prophet's Test—At Jaffa.

A SHORT voyage of twenty-four hours brought us from Athens to Smyrna. Short as the voyage was, the change from well-governed Europe to the loose, irresponsible government of the "unspeakable Turk" in Asia Minor, was as great as if we had journeyed halfway around the earth. The change was neither to our liking nor advantage. The custom-house officers examined our baggage with evident suspicion, and although our passports were properly *visaed* by the Turkish consul at New York, they relieved us of all our books and papers, including our Bibles, before permitting us to go to our hotel. We learned by later experience the truth of what we had heard from travelers, that it requires patience, time and money to recover from Turkish officials what has been wrongfully taken from you. It might have been as well to pay the money out in the first place and save ourselves annoyance, but our party did not take kindly to bribery.

Bro. G. J. Fercken, in charge of our missions in Asia Minor, met us on board the steamer and gave us a most cordial and hearty welcome to Smyrna. It was pleasant to meet our brother and encourage him in his good work. He



SMYRNA.

had secured comfortable rooms for our party at Hotel des Londres, not one of the most pretentious houses in the city, but one among the best. We found the service excellent and had pleasant quarters during our stay in the City of Figs.

While we remained at Smyrna the air was full of rumors of war. The poor Armenians were being slaughtered by the thousand, and we were at best a little uncomfortable as to results in Smyrna. When the terrible massacre at Constantinople took place there was much excitement as the magnitude of the slaughter became known. The American and European residents were not a little relieved by the presence of several warships in close proximity. The papers from the outside world, which escaped the censorship of the Turks, brought news of the proposed action of the powers of Europe to put a stop to the barbarous cruelty of the Moslems; but it never came to anything. The selfishness of the powers was too great for their philanthropy. If the sultan's empire be dismembered, how shall it be shared by the powers? This question overshadowed all else. The Armenian Christians were left to be massacred while the diplomats fought battles of words and shed gallons of ink to maintain the balance of power in Europe. In the meantime the wily Turk, the most accomplished diplomat in the world, came out of the contest with flying colors, attesting his victory over all Europe.

Our stay at Smyrna was made doubly pleasant by the enjoyment of special religious services. In a quiet upper room in our hotel, provided for us by the kindness of the proprietor, we met on the Lord's Day, Sept. 29, to hold an *agape* or feast of love. Doubtless it was the first apostolic love feast held in Smyrna, the site of one of the Seven Churches of Asia, since the time when a church council as-

sumed authority to set aside the feast that had been authorized by Christ and instituted by the apostles themselves. The place, and the associations connected with it, made the feast one of peculiar significance and of special enjoyment to those who were permitted to enjoy it. Here it was, without much doubt, that St. Paul preached the Gospel and laid the foundation for the afterwards prosperous and faithful church of Smyrna. It was to the church at Smyrna that the Seer of Patmos wrote by the direction of the Spirit, "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, but thou art rich." It was here that the saintly Polycarp, the first bishop of the church, labored for the flock, over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, and kept the feast of love as well as all the other ordinances of God as they had been delivered to him; for the good bishop had sat at the feet of John the Beloved and was taught by him the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Here it was, too, that when he had passed fourscore years he was bound to the stake and, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake, burned to death.

To hold a primitive love feast at such a place, with such surroundings, was felt to be indeed a blessed, God-given privilege by all who were permitted to enjoy it. Brother and Sister Fercken, with brethren H. B. Brumbaugh, W. L. Bingaman, T. T. Myers, and the writer and wife—our band of pilgrims—composed the number who sat down at the table of the Lord. We were seven, two sisters and five brethren, and we feel sure that no one of those who enjoyed the feast at Smyrna, with the rich spiritual blessing attending it, will ever forget it. The reading of the Scripture, the observance of the ordinances, the speaking, the song service, and the fervent prayer of faith were all wonderfully blessed of God. Several Greeks were present as

spectators. Each with a New Testament in hand, they followed very closely and with much interest the order of exercises. In their own tongue, which he used fluently, Brother Fercken also fully explained the ordinances observed. They were deeply impressed, and one of them said, "This is surely all in harmony with the teaching of Christ."

At the time of the feast Brother Fercken was ordained to the bishopric, so that he might be fully equipped for the work which the church had placed upon him. Brother and Sister Fercken desire an interest in the prayers of God's people. Only those who have experienced it can know what it means to leave home and friends and settle, as our missionaries do, in strange lands among strange people. The yearning for home and friends, the discouragements that come from isolation and the lack of social intercourse make the burden a heavy one to be borne. Our missionaries need our prayers, our sympathy and our active help and aid in the important work they have to do.

Just now Brother Fercken is much hindered in his work by the hostility of the Turkish government. This has been aroused by the Armenian troubles and by the action taken by the three great powers of Europe in insisting upon reforms. Owing to a mass of misinformation which has been poured into the ears of the officials of the sultan's government by those who are opposed to Protestant missions, they are led to believe that the American missionaries are responsible for all their troubles. They are told that the American missionaries teach and incite revolt and rebellion on the part of their subjects, hence the feeling just now is strong against us. An effort may even be made to close some of the American missions and schools. When the

Turks once learn that we teach the people to live in peace and not go to war, there will be a change in sentiment.

Another cause that operates against the American Protestants is, as we were told by a prominent American who has his home in Smyrna, "the bad specimens they send out." The name of Christianity suffers here, as well as it does at home, by the nominal professor.

Brother Fercken has now rented a house and in a few weeks will be living in his own "hired house," where he can meet those who come for religious instruction. The location was not hastily chosen; and, as much of the future success of the work depends upon where the start is made, our missionary acted wisely in deferring this until he had an opportunity to study the situation thoroughly. Some difficulty was also experienced from the fact that those who have houses to let insist that no religious services be held in them. The place secured is in the Armenian quarter of the city, among the oppressed, and the foregoing conditions are not exacted.

We are hopeful for the future, but must not expect too much at first. Our missionary is well qualified for the work, speaking five languages. The more we learn to know of him and of his self-sacrificing spirit, his zeal and earnestness, his devotion to the cause, and his ability to meet the people and speak to them in their own tongue, the more we feel that the Lord has raised him up for this work. But it will take time, and failure may come. Paul did not succeed in every city he entered.

The cost of the mission will also be considerable. The conditions here are so entirely different from what they are at home. If it were possible for our missionary to live as the native Turks do, the expenses would be much less, but **this is simply impossible**; and if it were possible and the at-

tempt were made the mission might as well be given up. To explain all this fully would require much space. When we deal with the oriental mind we have to meet a mental organization quite different from the one at home. In order to Christianize these people they must be raised to a higher plane of living and thinking. To do this they must be lifted up, and the lifting power must be above them,—not on their own level or below them. The missionary must live above them, and bring them up to his plane. Let us not be discouraged, then, if it does take some of our money to reestablish primitive Christianity in the East, where it first saw the light. Let us not forget our missionaries, for persecution is nigh unto them.

Brother Fercken is doing a quiet work, and already some are much interested in the Truth. He will do what he can to teach the people without arousing opposition. We do not believe in converting people with the sword or at the mouth of the cannon. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of peace on earth and good will to man, and the ministers of the Gospel should be men of peace. If the world is ever converted to the religion of Jesus it will be done only when his professed disciples follow after those things which make for peace, and live up to their profession. The swords must be beaten into plowshares and the spears into pruning hooks, and the law of the Lord be written in the heart and made manifest in the life before the world can be conquered for Christ.

In a previous work* I have given an extended description of the sites of the seven churches of Asia, the subject of so much anxious care to the beloved disciple and apostle John. To him came the wonderful vision at Patmos in which there were given him, from the Son of God, special

*"Seven Churches of Asia."

messages of warning and encouragement to these important centers of the Christian religion in Asia Minor. While Smyrna loses none of its interest by a repeated visit, I shall give only a brief account of our stay, reserving space for other cities and countries visited on our tour around the world.



OUR PILGRIMS AT SMYRNA.

Our fellow pilgrims made a number of excursions around the city, and spent one day among the interesting ruins of Ephesus. They mounted donkeys and rode to the top of the Acropolis (see photogravure), where an old tradition says was located the Apocalyptic church. Not far away, beneath the shade of a little grove of cypress trees, is

pointed out the tomb of the good bishop Polycarp, who cared for the church at Smyrna for many years, and then as



TOMB OF POLYCARP.

a reward for his faithfulness was permitted to wear a martyr's crown. He was burned at the stake, in the streets

of Smyrna, in his eighty-fifth year, about the middle of the second century.

Smyrna is the city of figs, being by far the largest market for this kind of fruit in the world. The best figs known to the trade are grown in Asia Minor, and the pulling, pressing and packing of figs forms one of the principal industries of the people. During the season thousands find employment in the packing houses. Many varieties of figs are grown in Asia Minor, ranging in color, when ripe, from deep purple to yellow or nearly white. The trees bear two crops a year. The crop produced by the buds formed in the winter ripens in the beginning of summer, and the other, which forms the principal harvest, late in the autumn. Many of the figs of the earlier crop do not mature, but drop off. These are the "untimely" figs of the Bible. "Even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind."*

When ripe the figs are picked and dried in the sun. The large quantity of grape sugar which they contain preserves them, and the only additional process after drying is pulling and packing. The fruit grower, after the drying process has been completed, puts them into large sacks and takes his crop to Smyrna, usually on the back of camels. It is an interesting sight to see a camel train laden with figs passing through the streets. The fruit is sold to the packers, and is thrown on the floor in large rooms. When the packing begins the figs are sorted by women and girls. Three grades are made—small, medium and large. The small figs are packed in baskets and sacks and are the cheapest grade. The medium and large grades are packed in boxes. The work is all done by hand. A vessel containing salt water is placed at the side of the packer, into

*Rev. 6: 13.

which he dips his fingers frequently as he pulls and presses the figs into the proper shape. The salt water prevents the sugar and gummy substance from adhering to the fingers. After being properly manipulated the figs are placed in boxes in layers. The top layer is pressed quite flat. Both the fingers and the teeth are used to give the proper shape to the figs. I watched the packing process for some time. When the packer finds a fig dry and hard, and has difficulty in shaping it with his fingers, he places it between his teeth and gives it the required pressing. I confess that after witnessing the manipulation of the figs by the packers I concluded that I did not care for the fruit of which I have always eaten with great relish. When we left, the proprietor, one of the largest fig merchants in Smyrna, handed my wife a box containing six pounds of the best figs, branded "Elemi," the highest quality known to the trade. The figs were opened in India, three months later, and were relished as of old. It is strange how soon we forget temporary impressions and fall back into our old ways.

Before leaving Smyrna a determined effort was made to recover our books. We had been negotiating for several days with the Turks for the return of our stolen property. We used the hotel dragoman and interpreter as a means of communication with the Moslem officials. After each interview we were told that on the morrow the books would be returned without fail. He that trusteth in the word of a Turk shall surely come to naught. Promise after promise was made, but the books came not. Had it not been for the loss of our Bibles the matter would have been carried no further. We could not think of leaving these behind, and an application was made to Col. Madden, the American Consul. He said: "We shall get those books to-day," and we got them. The Consul detailed his *cavasse* and drago-

man to assist us in finding our property. The search began at once, and in good earnest. We were sent from office to office, until we had called upon some twenty officials. We were finally sent to the censor, whose duty it is to examine all books and papers brought into Smyrna by Christian infidels. In his office we were informed that we might look



LUNCH IN THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.

around and find our belongings. In a pile on the floor we recognized most of our books and papers, and we finally found all but one of them. This was a copy of bishop Newman's work on Palestine. The censor pointed out the objectionable paragraph in which the bishop makes some strictures on Mohammed. The book was destroyed, and Brother Myers was the loser. After placing the official

seal of Abdul Hamid on each of the books, to show that they had been passed upon by the censor, we were allowed to take them away. It is said that every experience that comes to us in this life may be of some use to us. This may be true, but I have yet to learn what good is to come out of this experience with the Turks, unless it be the good that results from having one's patience tried.

On the second day of October, the "Cleopatra," one of the best ships on the Austrian Lloyd's, steamed into the harbor. Some months before we had engaged passage for Jaffa on this ship, and here she was on time. After having a farewell meeting with our missionaries and commending them and ourselves to the grace of God, we went on board the ship and in the evening sailed away for the Holy Land. At Smyrna Rev. Dr. Grismer, of the M. E. church, who had been with us at Athens, joined us again and became a member of our party for the tour of the Holy Land. Day after day and night after night we sailed away over the blue waters of the sea. There were no storms, no swelling waves, no seasickness; it was in every respect a perfect sea voyage. We cast anchor for a few hours at Rhodes, and sailed by Cyprus, and on the evening of the fourth day put into the harbor of Beirut.

My journal under date of Oct. 6 says: We parted with our traveling companions at Beirut. We had enjoyed a most delightful sea voyage together from Smyrna. A gentle breeze, soft and balmy, made the warm October days delightfully pleasant. The sea, on its good behavior, was smooth and calm, and its waters blue as only the "great sea" is blue. A bright, clear sky, with the full moon making night ashamed of its darkness, added materially to the pleasure of the journey. I set it down in my notebook as one of the most delightful sea voyages I ever

enjoyed. On Saturday, Oct. 5, we cast anchor at the base of Lebanon. Early on the Lord's Day morning brethren Brumbaugh, Bingaman, Myers and Grismer left us to go to Damascus by the new railway, and thence to Jerusalem in ten or twelve days on horseback, while we,—wife and I,—were to go on by sea to Jaffa, and thence to Jerusalem, where we again met our companions two weeks later.

At two o'clock P. M. we steamed out of the harbor at Beirut and took our course southward along the Syrian coast. Westward the horizon was bounded by the waters of the Mediterranean. The fine weather continued, and the sea was literally as smooth as glass. We congratulated ourselves that we were to have a pleasant afternoon sailing along the western border of the Holy Land, and upon the prospect of a smooth landing at Jaffa on the morrow. East of us the Lebanon mountains were in full view; once the pride of Syria, now brown and bare. The cedar and the fir have been cut down, and the "glory of Lebanon" has departed. As we skirted the foot of the mountain range we had ample time to look up and meditate upon the Bible associations connected with Lebanon.

Yonder on the flat beach, which was so close to us that it seemed that we might almost throw a stone to the shore, may have been the very spot to which Hiram's woodmen brought the hewn cedar and fir trees, making a veritable logging camp of the place until the floats were made and the costly timber was sent by sea to Jaffa, where it was delivered to king Solomon's workmen. In full sight of the supposed logging camp was the ancient city of Sidon. And force is given to the statement that the camp was located in this neighborhood, from the fact that there were none

among all the people in all the land that could "skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians."*

Along the shores of ancient Phœnicia we sailed, and so close, too, that the shore line was plainly visible to the naked eye. Modern Sidon, closely and compactly built, presents a pleasing sight from the sea. Her groves of mulberry trees, and gardens of oranges, lemons, pomegranates, apricots, bananas and palms are in striking contrast with the oppressive barrenness all along the coast. These gardens are the pride of Sidon. The silk industry flourishes, and the little city, with fifteen thousand souls, is fairly prosperous. The ancient name Zidon† and the New Testament name Sidon are still preserved. Here Paul landed when on his way to Rome as a prisoner, and went "unto his friends to refresh himself,"‡ a positive evidence that Christianity had been introduced at Sidon at a very early period.

Just as the sun touched the watery horizon we sighted the island and mainland on which, at one time, stood the mighty city of Tyre, the proud mistress of the sea. If you would like an accurate description of her wealth and greatness, read carefully the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel. Follow this with the reading of the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth chapters of the same prophecy and learn the fate of the proud city, and know that the prophecy has been literally fulfilled. There is not in all the East a more remarkable fulfillment of prophecy than that connected with this very city of Tyre. The dust has been literally scraped from her and she has become "like the top of a rock." And this very day it is "a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." The history of the place, from the days

* 1 Kings 5: 6.

† Gen. 49: 13; Acts 12: 20.

‡ Acts 27: 3.

of Ezekiel until it became a miserable fishers' village, composed of a few poor hovels, is full of interest. It was a struggle against prophecy, for the Lord had said, "I am against thee, O Tyrus." The modern town has a population of some four or five thousand souls. The streets are narrow, dirty and miserable, and the houses dilapidated. The inhabitants are poor, and many of them subsist by fishing.

While we look at Tyre the sun sinks into the sea;

"Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Sunsets at sea have often been described by poets and prose writers, but descriptions only feebly portray the glories of the god of day, as he sinks to rest in the waves of the sea. As the twilight fades away, and darkness comes down upon land and deep, the moon, full-orbed, mounts upward from the heights of Hermon and floods hill and plain with her silver light. She shines in full brightness upon the portion of Dan, and not far from us the site of the ancient city of Lachish, so terribly punished by the Ninevites, catches her beams. And there, dimly shining across the sea, are the lights of the village Ptolemais, where Paul landed and saluted the brethren, abiding with them one day, before going on his fatal journey to the city of Jerusalem.*

Together we sit on the deck and enjoy the beauties of the night. We can plainly see every indentation of the shore line, and the hills are brought out bold and clear in the bright moonlight. And now we have Mt. Carmel before us, boldly jutting out into the sea. Every outline of the mount of the prophets is clearly cut on the horizon. Our steamer headed for the shore, where the lights revealed

* Acts 21: 7.

the site of Caifa, the seaport of Nazareth. In an incredibly short time the steamer was surrounded by a howling, yelling mob of Arab boatmen. With cat-like agility they climbed up the sides of the ship and solicited passengers to go ashore. It was a scene of wild, noisy confusion, witnessed not only here at Caifa, but at all these eastern ports where the ships cast anchor half a mile from the shore, and passengers are landed by means of the small boats propelled by Arab boatmen. Caifa is an interesting spot. Fifteen miles away, in a straight line, is Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. Here the brook Kishon empties into the sea, as it has ever since the day its waters ran red with the blood of the prophets of Baal, slain by the zeal of the prophet of the true God after their signal failure at Carmel. The light on the hill, shining above the brightness of the moon, marks the site of the convent of the monks, the traditional spot of the great test between Elijah and the Baal-ites. On the edge of the cliff stood the servant of the prophet looking out upon the blazing heavens for the first sign of the cloud that was soon to appear, no larger than a man's hand at first, but to grow rapidly until all the heavens were overcast with dark clouds and the rain came down in torrents, and the three years' drought was broken. Here the prophet Elisha dwelt when the Shunammite woman came to him in heartbroken haste, for the boy she loved so well lay dead in the little room at Shunem. All these and many more Bible associations came to mind as we lay anchored in the silvery moonlight at the foot of Mt. Carmel.

Southward again our ship took her course and passed by Cæsarea, whither Peter, nothing doubting, came from Jaffa and gave to the Gentiles the wonderful message from the Son of God. Here, too, Paul was brought a prisoner

from Jerusalem. Here he was tried, and appealed to Cæsar, and then made Felix tremble and Agrippa hear the Word of Truth by the power of the Holy Ghost. And so we sailed on, and nature demanded rest and repose. We went below to our comfortable rooms, and sleep, blessed sleep, shut out all the world. We were awakened by the rattling chains of the dropping anchor and the swashing of the waves against the sides of the ship, and we knew that we were at Jaffa.



JAFFA.

CHAPTER VI.

Landing at Jaffa—A Rough Sea—Dangerous Landing—Our Ebenezer—Railways in Palestine—The Threshing Floor—Unmuzzled Oxen—His Fan is in His Hand—The Gleaners—Lydda—The Effendi and his Wives—The Leprosy—Beth-shemesh and the Ark of the Covenant—Birthplace of Samson—Whited Sepulchres—Farm Life in Palestine—The Ownership of the Land—Casting Lots—The Lines are Fallen to me in Pleasant Places—The Tax Gatherer.

OUR awakening at Jaffa dispelled all hopes of the smooth landing which we had reason to expect when we went below the evening before. The sound of the waves as they broke against the sides of the ship was ominous, and when we went on deck and saw how the small boats that were coming from the shore were tossed by the waves we said, "The sea at Jaffa keeps up its old-time, Jonah-like reputation." By the time we were ready to go ashore the sea was quite rough enough to set sensitive nerves in a tremble.

It was the fifth time we had landed and embarked at Jaffa, and we took some comfort in the fact that the sea was not quite so rough as it was twelve years ago when we landed here the first time, or as when Brother Lahman was with us two years ago last March. Our old dragoman, Bernard Heilpern, who traveled with us through Palestine, was among the first to come aboard the ship, and he gave us a hearty welcome to the Holy Land again. Many of our readers will no doubt recall the account we gave of the brave Arab boatman, Sulleimann, when we were here be-

fore,—how he saved a large number of lives and was afterwards, through envy, cast into prison. They will rejoice with us to know that the brave fellow has regained his liberty and is in charge of his boat again.

With the usual amount of noise and confusion,—for the Arab does nothing without confusion and noise, whether it be the changing of a half piaster or the landing of a boatload of passengers,—our trunks and grips were taken down and placed in the boat at the imminent risk, we thought, of being thrown into the sea; but they were safely stowed away. Then we went down the swinging, stair-like ladder, waiting at the foot until the boat came up on a rising wave, and then, somehow or other, we found ourselves seated in the stern. We both needed and used the strong arms of the Arab boatmen to help us to a seat. Tossed about by the troubled sea, the spray flying at times over the prow of the boat, we were at last carried on the crest of a wave through the narrow opening in the rocks into calm water, and were soon safe on shore.

A few days after we landed, Mr. Rolla Floyd, an American who has lived in Palestine about thirty years and taken many tourists through the country, had taken a party of travelers to a ship, and, in trying to regain the shore, the sea being very rough, the boat was thrown on the rocks and broken to pieces. Mr. Floyd was badly injured, but was rescued from drowning by the boatmen, who are all good swimmers. Over against our rough landing should be placed the smooth sea when we embarked for Egypt on our way to India, Oct. 11, 1895. For once we enjoyed a smooth sea at Jaffa, and are happy to record the fact in these gleanings.

Here at Jaffa, twelve years ago, we raised an Ebenezer. And now again, as twice before, we knelt down and reverent-

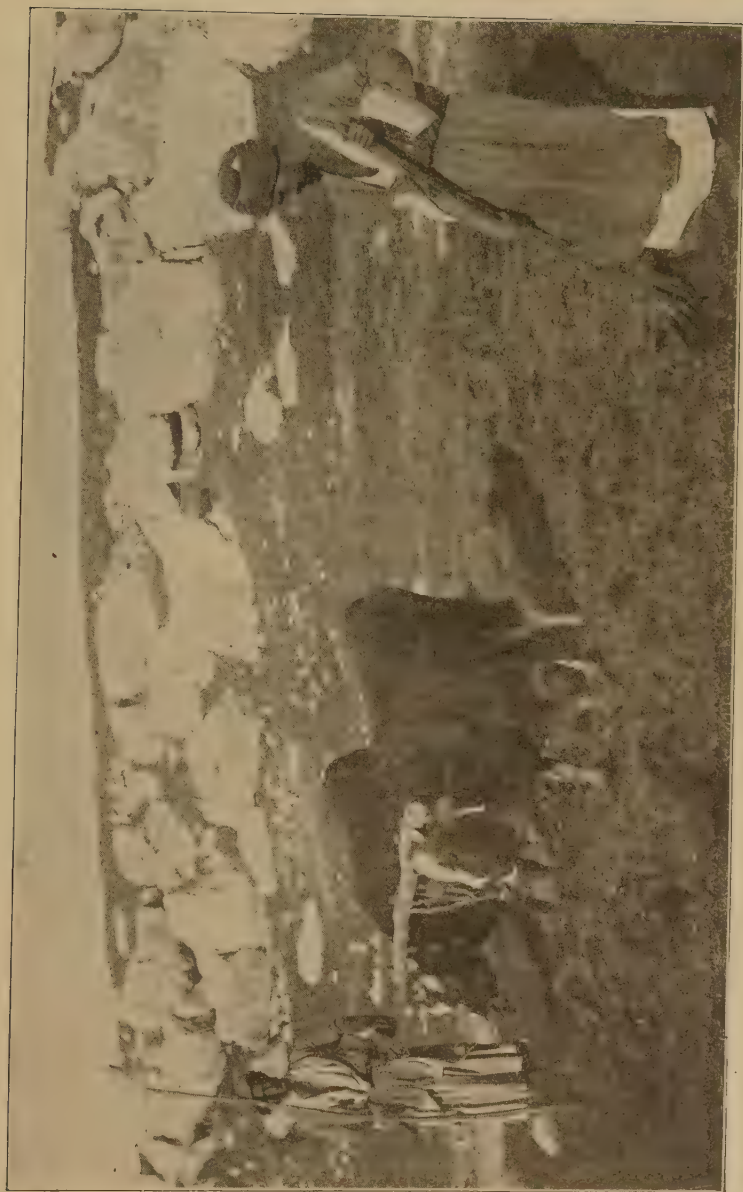
ly thanked God for his wonderful goodness to us. We said, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and surely we may trust him for all that is to come to us; whether it be prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, life or death, all will be well, for his mercy endureth forever.

The changes which have taken place in Palestine since we visited it the first time are many and marked. This is true not only of Jaffa, but of Jerusalem, and many other places, as well. Indeed, the old Palestine with its ancient Bible customs is rapidly passing away, and before many more years shall come and go the Holy Land will be modernized. One of the important factors in these changes is the introduction of the railway. Already two lines are in operation,—one from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the other from Beirut to Damascus,—while a third has been partially constructed from Caifa, at the foot of Carmel, to Nazareth. When the contemplated lines are completed, Jerusalem will be in direct railway communication with Damascus. As these changes take place, Palestine loses more and more its chief charm. This is to be regretted in one way, yet it brings joy to the Christian heart when he remembers that all these changes are in the line of the fulfillment of prophecy; and in these are to be found evidences that the coming of the Lord is near at hand. Even now we may "learn a parable of the fig tree; when its branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that the summer is nigh."

The chief means of conveyance between Jaffa and Jerusalem, in years gone by, were horses, camels and donkeys. Then a guard of soldiers was necessary, for the road was infested with robbers, and many a pilgrim was stripped and left wounded by the way. Later a wagon road was constructed, and the journey of forty-one miles could be made

with **some** degree of comfort. Now all this is **changed**. You take your seat in comfortable cars at Jaffa, drawn by American locomotives, and are whirled over the plain of Sharon, across the valley of Ajalon and up the hills of Judea, and in four hours you have traveled the entire length of the railway, fifty-two miles, and are in Jerusalem.

Leaving Jaffa the road crosses the plain of Sharon, now brown and sere, for no rain has fallen for six or seven months. We notice a number of village threshing floors as we pass along. The oxen move lazily around the floor treading out the grain. The farmer with his fork manipulates the mass, and the tramping process continues until the straw is broken quite fine. The oxen, we observe, are unmuzzled and help themselves to the grain when they will. The Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," still holds among most of the farmers in Palestine. There are enough exceptions to the rule to give the Scripture force. Some farmers there are who are mean enough to muzzle the ox so that he may eat none of the corn. It is remarkable that these old customs continue so long. I suppose that in the days of Abraham the threshing floor was used in Palestine as it is to-day. Our photogravure, taken especially for this work, gives us a good view of the threshing floor, with the oxen treading out the corn and the farmer with his fork superintending the work. When the threshing is completed the farmer comes with his fan (shovel) in his hand, thoroughly cleans his floor and gathers his wheat into his garner, burning the chaff, which is not only useless to the farmer but hurtful as well, as it contains the seeds of the tares and other noxious weeds. One is reminded of the words of John the Baptist when he says of Jesus, "He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. . . Whose



THE THRESHING FLOOR.

fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.”*

Here is another threshing floor. It is close by the way-side and very small, not large enough for oxen. It is where the gleaners have threshed their scanty store. They have toiled all the long day in gleaning the fallen heads and even the single grains of wheat that have been shattered out. There is but little left in the field for them, for there are no generous hearted Boazes in Palestine to-day. As soon as the last sheaf is gathered, the field is free for the gleaners, and as in the day of Boaz and Ruth, so now the gleaners gather up what is left by the reapers.

The train now stops at Lydda, the first station after leaving Jaffa. The place is noted for its large olive orchards, the finest in Palestine. Here it was that Peter healed the palsy-stricken Æneas, and was then called in great haste to comfort saints at Jaffa who were in deep mourning on account of the death of Dorcas.

At Lydda a Turkish Effendi (an officer of rank) brought his harem, or family, on board the cars. There were four wives and a number of small children. The women were all closely veiled and were after much confusion placed in a compartment designed for them. The car is divided into four compartments, opening into each other by doors, and through the center there is an aisle. We were seated in the compartment next to that occupied by the ladies of the harem. When the conductor came through for the tickets he gave a signal by pounding on the door with his ticket punch. After waiting a few moments he opened the door to pass through, when there was a general scream among the Turkish women, and the door was

* Matt. 3: 11, 12.

closed with much violence. The women had uncovered their faces and felt greatly outraged to be seen by the conductor; he was compelled to wait in our compartment until the women had adjusted their veils, and was then admitted. Ibrahim, the husband, to whom we were introduced by Mr. Heilpern, sat in the compartment with his male friends and spent the time in smoking.

Leaving Lydda, the road passes by Gezer, which still retains its ancient name. It was a wedding present to king Solomon's Egyptian wife from her father.* She brought the wise king not only many rich presents, but idolatry as well, and was the primary cause of his fall and the loss of the kingdom to his family. Both before and since the days of Solomon men and women have been led into sin by being unequally yoked together with unbelievers.

We are now at the village of Ramleh, the traditional home of the rich counselor, Joseph of Arimathea, who begged the body of Jesus. Here in 1884 we saw the dread disease of leprosy for the first time. Since then we have seen hundreds of people afflicted with this loathsome malady, but never without a feeling of pity for the poor unfortunates. The group of lepers so faithfully photographed for this book will give the reader a correct idea of the appearance of these poor outcasts. It is a pitiful sight, and would move a heart of stone to sympathy. What I wrote of the leprosy in 1884, and again in 1893, is true to-day. I then said:

At Ramleh we saw, for the first time, a company of lepers—a horrible sight, with which we were destined to become more familiar before finishing our journey in Palestine. There were ten or twelve of them sitting by the way-side, at the entrance of the town. As we approached them

* 1 Kings 9:16.



A GROUP OF LEPERS.

they all got up and crowded around us, holding their arms and hands up, so that we could see their terrible condition, at the same time uttering the most mournful and beseeching cries for help. Nothing can be more deplorable than their condition; and their agonizing cries and the sight of their wretched state would bring pity to the hardest heart. In some the disease had gone so far that only the stump of a hand was left; joint after joint of the fingers had decayed, shriveled and fallen away, until all were gone. In others the arms were a mass of sores to the elbows, and the face presented a most horrible and disgusting sight.

In the law of Moses very exact directions are given, first, for the detection of the disease, and, secondly, for the separation of the unclean people from the camp of Israel. It was by the means provided for in Leviticus, 13th and 14th chapters, that the dread disease was kept from spreading among the people. After being separated from the camp, the lepers were shunned and dreaded by all, and if they saw any one approach them they were compelled to cry out, "Unclean! unclean!" When the ten lepers met our Savior they lifted up their voices from afar in entreaty and supplication for help, perhaps with the thought that he would give them an alms; but he commanded them to go according to the law, and show themselves unto the priests; and lo, as they went, they were healed. As then, so now, the disease is incurable, except by the hand of the Almighty. As then, so now, the lepers raise their voices in entreaty as the traveler approaches them. As then, so now, they are shunned by all; they live apart, outside of the villages, in some old, ruined buildings, subsisting on the charity of the travelers and the villagers. They intermarry, and so the dread disease is propagated, for their offspring are always leprous.

It seems strange, indeed, that these wretched people are allowed to intermarry and thus propagate the horrible disease. But, under the Turkish government, little attention is paid to the welfare of the common people. Sanitary questions do not seem to concern the tyrants who rule and ruin the country. As a result, many children are born into the world—bright and healthy-looking at first—only to become the victims of this terrible and loathsome disease. According to the best medical authority, leprosy is incurable; and so it has been regarded in all ages of the world. No one afflicted with it has ever been healed, except by divine aid. God alone can heal and restore the flesh to the leper.

When Naaman came from Damascus to the king of Israel, and presented his letter, asking that he might be cured of the leprosy, the king was amazed beyond measure. He rent his clothes and cried, "Am I God, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send to me to recover a man from leprosy?" 2 Kings 5: 7. This strong language shows that the king of Israel regarded the healing of a leper as great a miracle as restoring a dead man to life. And when the Syrian had humbled himself enough to wash in the Jordan, and his flesh came upon him again, as the flesh of a child, he said, "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel." 2 Kings 5: 15.

At Damascus—where, singular to say, the disease is yet to be found, and there is no doubt that it has clung to the city ever since the days of Naaman—as well as at Jerusalem, there is a hospital for lepers, supported by charity. Here the sufferers have medical treatment, but most of them choose not to enter the hospital, as they are not allowed to marry when once they enter, and they prefer the liberty rather than the care afforded them in the hospitals.

Dr. Thomson gives a striking analogy between leprosy and sin, and it illustrates the character of both diseases so well that we quote it in full:

“There is nothing in the entire range of human phenomena which illustrates so impressively the divine power of the Redeemer, and the nature and extent of His work of mercy in man’s behalf, as this leprosy. There are many striking analogies between it and the more deadly leprosy of sin, which has involved our whole race in one common ruin. It is feared as contagious; it is certainly and inevitably hereditary; it is loathsome and polluting; its victim is shunned as unclean; it is most deceitful in its action. New-born children of leprous parents are often as pretty and as healthy in appearance as any others; but, by and by, its presence and workings become visible in some of the signs described in the 13th chapter of Leviticus. The scab comes on, by degrees, in different parts of the body; the hair falls from the head and eyebrows; the nails loosen, decay and fall off; joint after joint of the fingers and toes shrinks up, and slowly falls away; the gums are absorbed, the teeth disappear; the nose, the eyes, the tongue and the palate are slowly consumed, and, finally, the wretched victim sinks into the earth and disappears, while medicine has no power to stay the ravages of this fell disease, or even to mitigate sensibly its tortures.

“Who can fail to find, in all this, a most affecting type of man’s moral leprosy? Like it, this, too, is hereditary, and with infallible certainty. As surely as we have inherited it from our fathers, do we transmit it to our children. None escape. The infant, so lively with its cherub smile and innocent prattle, has imbibed the fatal poison. There are those, I know, who, as they gaze on the soft, clear heaven of infancy’s laughing eye, reject, with horror, the

thought that even here the leprosy of sin lies deep within. So any one might think and say who looked upon a beautiful babe in the arms of its leprous mother. But, alas! give but time enough, and the physical malady manifests its presence, and does its work of death. And so in the anti-type. If left unchecked by power divine, the leprosy of sin will eat into the very texture of the soul, and consume everything lovely and pure in human character, until the smiling babe becomes the traitor Iscariot, a Nero, a Cæsar Borgia, or a bloody Robespierre. They were all once smiling infants.

“Again, leprosy of the body none but God can cure. So, also, there is only one Physician who can cleanse the soul from the leprosy of sin. Medicines of man’s device are of no avail, but with Him, none are needed. He saw the ten lepers who stood afar off, and lifted up their voices and cried, ‘Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us. And when He saw them, He said unto them, Go, show yourselves unto the priests; and as they went, they were cleansed.’ And, with the same divine power, He says to many a moral leper, ‘Go in peace; thy sins be forgiven thee,’ and it happens, unto them according to their faith. To my mind, there is no conceivable manifestation of divine power more triumphantly confirmatory of Christ’s divinity than the cleansing of a leper with a word. When looking at these handleless, eyeless, tongueless wrecks of humanity, the unbelieving question starts unbidden, ‘Is it possible they can be restored?’ Yes, it is more than possible. It has been accomplished once and again by the mere volition of Him who spake, and it was done. And He who can cleanse the leper, can raise the dead and can also forgive sins and save the soul. I ask for no other evidence of the fact.”

Leaving Ramleh for Jerusalem, the road passes over a

portion of country rich in Bible associations. Yonder is Gimzo which the Philistines wrested from the weak, idolatrous king Ahaz. He put his trust in Tiglath-pileser, the Assyrian, but received no help from his father's ally. The Philistines took from him six cities and their villages located in the low country south of Judea, the plain over which the road passes, among which were Gimzo, Ajalon and Beth-shemesh.*

It was to the same Beth-shemesh that the Ark of the Covenant was taken by the kine. The ark, after its capture by the Philistines, had been carried to Ashdod. But it proved an unwelcome visitor, and much to the consternation of the inhabitants of Ekron† it was sent to them. This was all brought forcibly to mind as we passed by Ekron and read the account over again in the Bible. The railway follows the course taken by the two milch kine with the cart and the ark of the Lord, for they "went along the highway lowing as they went, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left,‡ until they came to Beth-shemesh." To the right of the road, as we go up to Jerusalem, is the site of the ancient city, and yonder in the valley is the very spot where "they of Beth-shemesh were reaping their wheat harvest . . . and they lifted up their eyes, and saw the ark, and rejoiced to see it."§ Their rejoicing, however, was of short duration. Curiosity led them to look into the sacred chest, and they paid dearly for their violation of the law. They were doubtless as glad to give the ark to the men of Kirjath-jearim as they had been in the first place to receive it from the Philistines.

The birthplace of Samson, Zorah, is passed to the left,

* 2 Chron. 28: 18.

† 1 Sam. 5: 10.

‡ 1 Sam. 6: 12.

§ 1 Sam. 6: 13.

now noticeable on account of the whitewashed tombs, visible from the railway as we pass by. We were informed that these tombs are carefully whitewashed every two or three years, and here we have a practical illustration of the Savior's words to the Pharisees: "Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."* But these are not the only whited tombs in Palestine. They are to be seen at many places. Still farther up the valley Etam is passed, and a cave in the top of the rock is pointed out where, tradition says, Samson hid from the Philistines after he "smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter." It is interesting to read these Bible events where they occurred so long ago. But while we have been reading and meditating, the train enters the valley of Rephaim, and we are at Jerusalem again. Mr. Gelat, our host of the New Hotel, meets us at the depot, and we are soon comfortably lodged at our Jerusalem home.

A subject of general interest is that of land tenure, and the question is often asked, "How are the lands held in Palestine, and what are the rights and privileges of the owners?" We are indebted to Mr. S. Berghman, who has spent ten years farming on the plains of Sharon near Ramleh, for reliable information as to the ownership of land.

The Fellahin or Arab farmers dwell in villages, and the village lands are divided into three classes:

I. The lands belonging to individuals in whom the title vests. The owner of such land may give away, sell, or bequeath his real estate, and if he owns any at his death it falls to his heirs. The owner of such land must pay an annual tax of from three to five per cent on the actual

* Matt. 23: 27.

valuation of the land. Such valuation is made every five years. Buildings may be erected at the pleasure of the owner but are subjected to a tax, in addition to that paid in on the land, based on their actual cost. Lands of this class are usually close to the village, and are almost always used for orchards and gardens.

II. The lands belonging to the State or Imperial Government, *i. e.*, the sultan at Constantinople. These are called the agricultural lands, and are farmed in common by the villagers, who raise wheat, barley, beans, lentils, millet, and at some places small quantities of tobacco. The right to cultivate these lands is held in common by all the members of the community. No individual can own any lot or parcel of the arable land, and his right begins only after an allotment has been made for the year. The title vests in the state, and no houses may be built or trees planted on lands of this class without a special permit from the highest officer of the treasury department. When such permit has been given, the houses and trees become freehold property, but the ground on which they stand still belongs to the state.

Each year the agricultural lands are apportioned for plowing and sowing to the members of the community who desire and are able to cultivate them. Each individual has by inheritance the right to plow and sow on the state land, and it is divided into equal portions, according to the number of yokes of oxen in the village; the man who runs two yokes of oxen gets twice as much to plow as he who owns but one, and two men owning an ox each, together get just as much as he who owns a yoke. These two work together, one day on the land allotted to the one and the next on that allotted to the other.

No stranger is allowed to cultivate any of the lands of

a village without the consent of the entire community, and no member of a community can let or rent his portion of land to a stranger. He may enter into partnership with one who will furnish seed and oxen, but this must be arranged before the allotment is made. Such a stranger then becomes a member of the community, subject to all its laws and regulations. The portion of land allotted to a villager is his from the time he begins to plow until he carries the last sheaf from his field to the village threshing floor. Then his individual right lapses, and the land reverts to the community.

The land is apportioned, as in Bible times, by lot. After the fields have been measured with a rope or line, each is named. Their names are given either accidentally or for some special reason. Thus, a field with a peculiar rock in it is called "the field of the rock," another, "the field of the trees," and others still "field of road," "field of the mound," "field of the fight," etc. One is here very forcibly reminded of the name given to the parcel of land bought with the thirty pieces of silver, "the field of blood."* The land has been previously laid out in four great divisions, eastern, western, northern and southern. The names of the fields of each of these divisions are then plainly written on small, smooth pebbles, and these are put into four small sacks, one for each great division of the land. The farmers then form themselves into a half circle, in the center of which is seated the *iman*, the head or chief man of the village. Two little boys, always under five years of age, so that they may be wholly unbiased, stand near him, one on each side.

They are now ready for the casting of lots. One of the small sacks is taken up, and one of the boys puts his

* Matt. 27: 5-8.

hand into it and takes a pebble or lot. The *iman* then asks the other boy, "Whose field is this?" and the boy either calls out the name, or points to one of the villagers, and the land is allotted to him and so recorded. There is no appeal from this lot, and each farmer must be satisfied with the field which has been assigned to him.

As the farmers stand around waiting for the lots that are to fall to them, each one exclaims, as the boy puts his hand in the sack, "God keep, maintain and uphold my lot," and David's words are brought to mind, "Thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."† Mr. Berghman is of the opinion that this passage would be more correctly rendered from the Hebrew text as follows, "Thou holdest or standest by the pebble of my lot. The dividing lines have been stretched out for me in pleasant places. Yea, a goodly inheritance by lot is given me." It is an interesting proceeding, and may not differ widely from that adopted by Joshua when he divided the land by lot among the Israelites more than three thousand years ago.

The land in this way is divided every year, and thus no member of the community receives the same portion of land every year. It may fall to him again by lot, and it may not; the chances are against its doing so.

The dividing lines between the fields are deep, double furrows, but as these disappear after heavy rains, stones are piled up at each end, and these are called the stones of the boundary. To remove such stones while the crop is growing, or before it is gathered in, is considered a great sin. He who does so robs his neighbor not of part of his land but of his crop, which is his living, and is sure to bring upon his head the malediction of all right-thinking

† Psa. 16: 5, 6.

men. As it was in the days of Joshua so it is now "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's land mark."* The curse is based on the older law, which says, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark which they of old time (*i. e.* chiefs or elders) have set up."†

Each village supports two public servants. The *iman*, who is a kind of preacher, leads in the prayers, performs whatever marriage ceremony is necessary, buries the dead, keeps all public accounts, such as taxes, repairs of the mosque, and expenses of the guest-chamber provided for strangers. The other is the *natoor* or watchman, whose duty it is to keep a lookout for strangers, invite them to the guest-chamber and provide them with food. He must take care that no cattle from a strange village stray upon the lands or graze on the pastures of the community. They receive their pay not in money, but in grain, each farmer contributing so many measures, according to the number of fields he cultivates. The chief and watchman also have a parcel of land allotted to them, which is usually plowed and sown for them by the farmers without charge.

Oxen are usually employed for plowing, but I have seen on the plains of Sharon an ox and an ass yoked together. This is considered unjust, and is done only when it cannot well be avoided. "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."§ I have also seen horses, mules, and camels drawing the plow, and Mr. B. tells us that on several occasions he has seen a man or a woman attached to a plow, pulling side by side with a donkey.

The agricultural lands pay two kinds of taxes; first, a

* Deut. 27: 17.

† Deut. 19: 14.

§ Deut. 22: 10.

money tax of from three to five per cent on the valuation of the land. The farmers pay in proportion to the amount of land they cultivate. If any of the land is not cultivated, the tax on it is collected from the male inhabitants of the village equally. The elder or chief man collects this tax and pays it to the government. Second, the tenth or tithe of all the land produces. This tax is based on the Bible, and is as old as the time when Jacob set up a pillar at Bethel, and made a vow unto the Lord, saying, "And of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."* And this vow of Jacob was afterward incorporated in the law by Moses: "And all the tithe of the land whether of the seed of the land or the fruit of the tree is the Lord's. . . . The tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord."†

The collection of the tenth is the source of much oppression, and the poor farmer is made to suffer. The tax is sold to the highest bidder, and the *ashar* or tax collector, in addition to the bribes he pays the officials to secure the purchase, has to pay a larger sum than the actual value of the tenth if it were honestly collected. The villagers are not allowed to begin harvesting until the *ashar* arrives. His whole object is to get as much out of the farmer as he possibly can, and this is done by a series of annoyances, until the farmers, out of sheer necessity, are obliged to compromise with the tax gatherer. Mr. B. gives it as his opinion, after ten years' experience among the Arab farmers, that instead of the tenth honestly due by law the *ashar* carries off at least one-third of the crop. These tax gatherers are hated by the people, and the term *ashar* is

* Gen. 28: 22.

† Deut. 27: 30-32.

always applied to extortionate, merciless men. They enjoy no better reputation than did the publicans in New Testament times.

III. The third class of lands are those set apart at various times for the maintenance of mosques and tombs, such as the Mosque of Omar and the tomb of David at



THE ONE-HANDLED PLOW.

Jerusalem, and the mosque over the tomb of Abraham at Hebron. These lands are held and taxed in the same way that the agricultural lands are managed. The tax, however, is paid into a special treasury.

A new law has been introduced within the last few years in reference to land tenure, which, if enforced, will change these old Bible customs. The lands of the second

class are to be divided by an imperial commissioner into various portions, and given to individual villagers. They receive title deeds and may sell their right to cultivate either to a villager or to a stranger. The taxes, of course, remain the same. It is said the law is to be strictly enforced, and if it is, a number of the ancient customs or landmarks of Bible times will entirely disappear. Gradually modern innovations are revolutionizing the Holy Land. Great changes have taken place since we first visited it in 1884. Present indications are that greater changes will take place in the years to come, and very soon a visit to Palestine will have lost its chief charm,—the ancient Bible customs.

CHAPTER VII.

Measuring Grain — Poverty of Jerusalem — Excavations — Gates Sunk in the Ground — Two Women Grinding at the Mill — The Shepherd and his Flock — Night on Olivet — A Jewish Funeral — The King's Wine Press — Eastward and Homeward — On to Egypt.

A MONTH and a half spent in the Holy City, after two previous visits, was none too long. There are many nooks and corners to be searched out, places of great interest to the Bible student, which are never seen by the hasty traveler. Make haste slowly, is a good rule in visiting Jerusalem. I had an illustration of this one day as I walked by the grain market and saw the merchant selling and measuring grain; something my two previous visits to the city had not revealed to me. The photogravure tells the whole story, but needs an explanation. The merchant takes the measure,—about the size of the old-fashioned, honest half bushels of my boyhood days,—and fills it with grain. He then seizes the measure with both hands, shaking it vigorously so that the grain is well shaken together. Adding more grain, he presses it down with both hands, seeming anxious to get all the grain possible into and on the measure. He heaps it up, pressing the grain on; and when you think it impossible for him to add any more, he makes a hole in the top of the heap, and then takes up a handful of grain and allows it to run from his hand into the hole until it fills up and then runs over the measure all around. Then the purchaser carefully puts the mouth of the sack over the measure, and thus secures every grain when it is emptied into his



MEASURING GRAIN.

sack. I watched the measuring intently for some time, and my mind naturally went back to the words of the Master, who, when he was in Palestine, witnessed many times just such measuring as is here described: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."*

I contrasted the measuring of the grainseller in Jerusalem with that with which I was familiar in my youth when I worked on the farm in Maryland and Pennsylvania, when grain was often sold by measure. How carefully the old half bushel was handled so that the grain was not shaken together, and then how evenly it was stroked with a straightedge so that the measure should be only level full. In those days it was even whispered that some farmers had a stroke slightly convex, so that after the stroking of the measure it was not even-full of grain. But the Jerusalem grainseller does not measure that way. He presses down, shakes together, heaps up and fills the measure to running over. The scene was of intense interest, and was worth a trip to Jerusalem to look upon. To see the very same way of measuring so graphically described by the Master, and to realize that the old Bible custom has continued here for at least two thousand years, is to give one a stronger faith in the Book and in God's providences.

Many persons who visit Jerusalem are seriously disappointed. Instead of the beautiful city pictured in their imaginations, which are no doubt assisted by the writings of some of the poetical dreamers and word painters who visit Palestine from time to time, they find houses without architectural beauty, streets poorly paved, narrow and dirty, des-

***Luke 6: 38.**

olation on all sides, obtrusive poverty that can be felt, filth and dirt everywhere, with tradesmen whose sole living depends upon the money they can get out of travelers, and this often without regard to adequate return. Add to all this the barren, desolate hills around the city, which at this season are without a spear of grass, and the picture of desolation is quite complete, and it is no wonder that the traveler is not favorably impressed. But to us all these things are full of interest, because they are the fulfillment of prophecy, and bear testimony to the truth of the Bible. Keeping in mind the filthy streets, the poverty and desolation of the city, read these words spoken by God's prophets twenty-five hundred years ago, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people, how is she become as a widow. . . The ways of Zion do mourn, her gates are desolate. . . All her beauty is departed. . . All that honored her despised her. . . Her filthiness is in her skirts. . . Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her." And those bitter, sad words, uttered by the greatest of all the prophets, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate." If the prophets lived to-day, and were to describe Jerusalem, they could not write in more expressive language than they used so many centuries ago. Their words became history, for history is prophecy fulfilled,

One of our company expressed his feelings about Jerusalem in this way: "Take out of the city a few of the families who live there, and I should say it is the meanest city I have ever seen." The very statement is in harmony with the predictions of the prophets. "All her beauty is departed. . . All that honored her despised her." Despised and spoken against as she is, sitting in solitude and weeping, yet the day will come when Jerusalem shall rejoice as a regal queen. As the days of her desolation have been fore-



WOMEN GRINDING AT THE MILL.

told, so, also, has the glad day of her restoration been proclaimed.

We were much interested in the work of excavating the ancient walls, now being carried on by Dr. Bliss, for the Palestine Exploration Fund. We visited the excavations a number of times, climbing down shafts and exploring dark tunnels. At some future time a synopsis of the work done may be given. Here space is taken for only one discovery.

At one point an ancient gate was discovered, and on excavating about it they found that it occupied the site of not only one, but of two earlier gates. These three gates, one built above the other, are to be seen very plainly. The first thrown down "*sank into the ground*," as it were, and then a second was built above the first, and so also the third. We examined all this very carefully and saw the sockets in which the gates swung. The most striking fact about it is that the prophet Jeremiah, speaking of the desolation of Jerusalem, uses this language: "The Lord hath proposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of Zion. . . *Her gates are sunk in the ground*; he hath destroyed and broken her bars." The sunken gates of the wall of Zion bear testimony in these last days to the truth of the Book of God.

But while Jerusalem and Palestine are desolate,—and never so desolate looking as at this season of the year, just before the early rains fall,—yet the city and country are so full and rich in Bible associations, and existing conditions agree so exactly with God's Book, that he who is interested in Bible study forgets the desolation and enjoys a rich feast in visiting the Holy Land. The agreement between the Land and the Book settles beyond all question of doubt the historical accuracy of the Bible. In the measuring of grain, already referred to, there could be no closer agreement with the words of Christ; and instances of this kind might be

multiplied many times. It would be a pleasant and profitable theme for investigation, but in girdling the globe I cannot enter largely into this interesting subject. I must be content with referring to but two ancient Bible customs still retained in Palestine. Our artist has well and faithfully photographed both of these and rendered valuable assistance to both writer and reader. One picture is of "two women grinding at the mill," the other is of a shepherd leading his flock out of the sheepfold to the pastures.

The Master, referring to the coming of the Son of Man and the judgment day, says: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."* The photogravure on page 185 reproduces just what Jesus saw many, many times when he walked through Palestine. Study the picture, for you have before you the scene from which he drew the illustration in the language quoted, and by which he taught a great truth; and then reflect that eighteen hundred and sixty-four years passed from the time Jesus saw the women grinding at the mill till the taking of the photograph. Through all these centuries the custom has not ceased, and who will say that the Lord, when he comes again, will not find women grinding just as he said he would?

And here is the shepherd leading his flock out of the sheepfold. Along the valleys and on the hillsides—wherever the grass grows—he leads his sheep. One cannot look upon a scene of this kind without calling to mind numerous scriptural allusions to the shepherd and his flock. As in the days of the Shepherd King who said, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," and in the days when our Lord, the great SHEPHERD, led his sheep about Palestine, so to-day the shepherds in the Holy Land lead their

* Matt. 24: 41.



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

sheep and call them by name. Our Lord said: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine;" and again: "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."* How many times in Palestine have I seen the shepherds lead their flocks. Among the hills which encompass Jerusalem on every side, on the plains about Bethlehem, in the valley of the Jordan, along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, over Hermon and Lebanon and by the waters of Abana and Pharpar, have I witnessed the shepherd going before his flock and calling his sheep by name, and the sheep following their leader. Once in the valley south of Jerusalem I saw a shepherd leading his flock, and called to the sheep, but they knew not the voice of the stranger and fled away affrighted. Often in the evening you may hear a shepherd calling from a hilltop to a companion in the valley below, asking whether there are any stray sheep in his flock. The answer is: "Call, and I will see." The shepherd whose sheep have gone astray then gives a peculiar call with which his sheep are familiar, and his stray sheep lift up their heads, while the rest of the flock go on grazing as if nothing had happened. The sheep know their shepherd's voice.

There is something strikingly beautiful and assuring in the language of the first verses of the twenty-third Psalm, and it is not a fancy of the imagination; but it is a simple fact, both as to the custom to which David alludes and the care of the Lord for his people: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green

* John 10: 3-5.

pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."* Could language be more tender or beautiful? Then to see the shepherd leading his flock with tender care to the pastures and the water brooks, makes the language all the more real and gives the entire figure an intensified meaning.



ABANA, DAMASCUS.

Isaiah also refers to the Good Shepherd in this beautiful language: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."† And Micah says: "Feed thy people with thy rod, and the flock of thine heritage."‡ As a rule the shepherd

* Psalms 23: 1, 2.

† Isa. 40: 11.

‡ Micah 7: 14.

does not need to feed his flock; but late in the fall, when the pastures are dried up, this becomes necessary. The shepherd carries a rod or staff when he leads his flock forth to the pastures to feed them. With it he guides his sheep and defends them from their enemies. The rod and staff are referred to in the twenty-third Psalm: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Thomson says of the shepherds of Palestine that they are armed in order to defend their charges and are very courageous. Many adventures with wild beasts, not unlike that recounted by David, occur; and though there are now no lions here, wolves, leopards and panthers still prowl about these wild valleys.* They not infrequently attack the flock in the presence of the shepherd. I have listened with interest to their descriptions of desperate fights with the savage beasts. And when the thief and robber come—and come they do—the faithful shepherd has often to defend his flock at the hazard of his life. "The shepherd giveth his life for his sheep."†

And now we are made glad by the coming of our fellow pilgrims, who left us some weeks ago at Beirut. They report an exceedingly interesting but tiresome and somewhat dangerous journey from Damascus to Jerusalem. In northern Syria, at Hermon and Banias they were in peril by robbers and lawless inhabitants, and it was only after reaching Galilee that they felt comparatively safe. Here they enjoyed fishing in the Sea of Galilee and our picture shows them as spectators at the interesting scene.

After their arrival the days went by more rapidly still. There were journeys to Hebron, to the Jordan, to the home of the prophet Samuel, to Bethlehem and Bethany. Jerusalem and the hills and valleys round about occupied days of

*1 Sam. 17: 34-37.

†John 10: 11.

walking and donkey riding, and by the time the work was done we were a weary band of pilgrims. In these walks and rides we saw much of interest, but here we have space for but a moonlight night partly spent on Olivet. This



FISHING IN GALILEE.

from my notes: Saturday, Nov. 2. At eight o'clock in the evening we left our hotel, passing through the streets of Jerusalem and going out at St. Stephen's gate, which pierces the eastern wall of the city. As we descended the hillside, going down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, I spoke to the pilgrims about the probability of Christ having gone down this same steep hillside after the last supper. The full moon shone with a wonderful brightness from a clear sky. The hills and valleys were shown in clear outline, and the

shadows fell deeply in the valley of Kidron. The subdued light of the moon brought out the beauty of the scene without the barrenness so apparent in the bright sunlight. From the valley we climbed up Olivet, passing Gethsemane on the way, until we reached a level platform, and there under an old olive tree we sat down and sang together:



ISHMAELITES.

"Alas! and did my Savior Bleed?" "Have you ever heard the Story of the Babe of Bethlehem?" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It was a solemn, but at the same time an enjoyable prayer meeting, held at a sacred place—Gethsemane at our feet, Jerusalem quiet and peaceful lying over yonder in the bright moonlight.

Then we moved farther up the mountain, and there

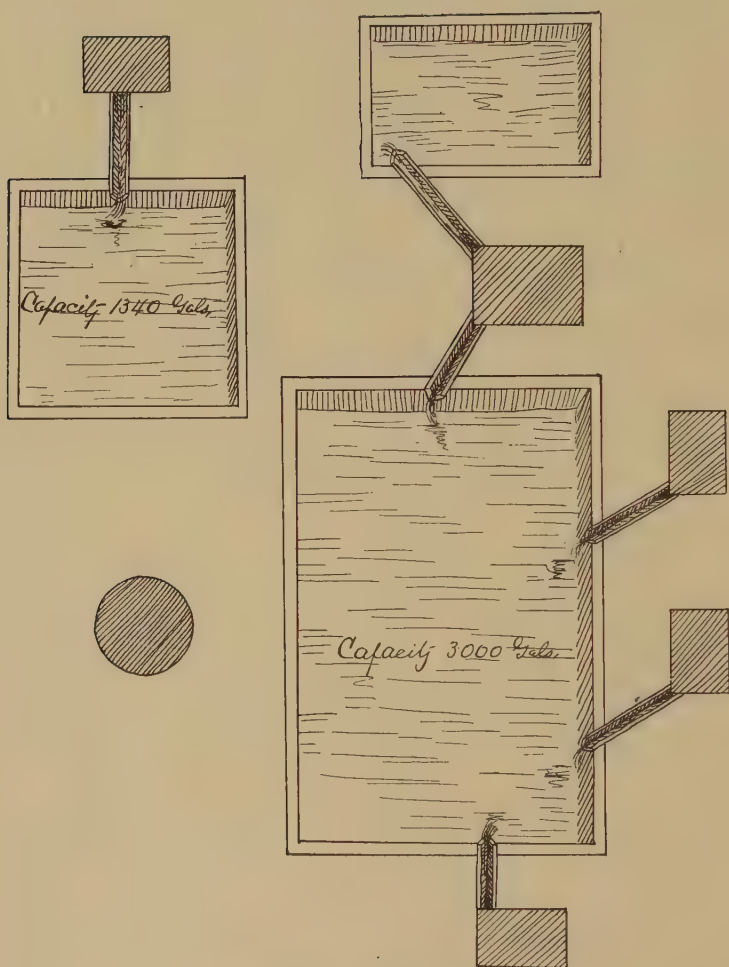
came to our ears the low, moaning sound of solemn chanting. It was not far from the hour of midnight. Looking across the valley from where the moaning came, a procession was seen coming down into the valley of Jehoshaphat from the southeast corner of the city wall. The lanterns and torches were dimly visible in the bright moonlight. As it crossed the valley and ascended Olivet we ascertained that it was a funeral procession on the way to the Jewish burial ground on the slope of the mountain. The body of the dead was carried on a stretcher made by uniting two strong poles with a number of chains. On the chains the body was laid and covered with a white cloth, and carried on the shoulders of four men who frequently changed places with others who walked by their side. The body was that of an elderly woman, and the procession was made up of about fifty of the sons of Abraham. As it passed where we were standing we joined the procession and followed the body to the grave. The stretcher with its silent burden was laid down on a flat tombstone at the side of the open grave. A man laid aside his outer robe and got down into the grave. Others removed the white cloth from the dead. The body was closely wrapped in black cloth. Two men, one at the head, the other at the feet, took the body and lowered it to the man in the tomb. The man took it in his arms and laid it in the grave, and then with flat stones built a box over it. First stones were set up on edge at both sides of the body, with one at the head and another at the feet. Then flat stones were laid on these, covering the body in a coffin of stone. The grave was then hastily filled by scraping in the earth. When it was level with the top of the ground a stone wall about a foot in height was built around the grave and the inside was filled with earth. A psalm was read, a prayer for the soul of the

dead was offered by the attending priest, the funeral party dispersed, and we turned away from the Jewish necropolis on the western side of Olivet.

After the burial I conversed with an intelligent German Jew, one of those who attended the funeral. He said: "When death occurs the body is at once prepared for the tomb, and is buried within a few hours." I was informed that as soon as God takes the soul out of the body a poisonous emanation arises from it; hence the desire to bury as quickly as possible. If death occurs on a feast or sabbath day the burial is deferred until after sunset, which closes the Jewish day. Hence the burial on Olivet by moonlight, of which we had been interested witnesses.

On our return to the city we walked around to the Jaffa gate and found it open after the hour of midnight. As a matter of fact the gates of Jerusalem stand open day and night.

In our walks about Jerusalem we revisited what are now called the "king's wine presses," or, more properly speaking, wine vats. The outline sketch made after my own measurement will assist the reader in getting a correct idea of the wine vats in use in Palestine in Bible times. A series of vats is hewn into the solid rock on the slope of the hill. In the sketch two vats are shown; the smaller one has a capacity of thirteen hundred and forty gallons, while the larger would hold three thousand gallons. It will be observed that the upper has a smaller one connected with it by means of a gutter or trough cut in the rock. The smaller vat is the real wine press; into this, and the five smaller vats connected with the lower and larger receptacle, the grapes were thrown and the treading process took place. Men, barefoot, trod upon the grapes until the entire mass was reduced to pulp and juice. Then more grapes were thrown in



KING'S WINEPRESS.

and the treading went on, the juice flowing through the gutters into the larger vats below.

Referring to the wine vats, I repeat the observations made in a previous volume.* Treading the wine press was hard and wearisome labor, and as the red grape, with juice red as blood, was grown in Palestine, the raiment of those who trod in the vats became red, and from this fact Isaiah drew one of his most vivid figures of speech: "Wherefore *art thou* red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people *there was* none with me."† Some of the treading vats or presses were large enough for several men to stand in them and crush grapes at the same time. Others were so small that but one could stand in each of them, and he "trod the winepress alone." The treading out of the blood-red juice of the grape is referred to by St. John in the Apocalypse when he speaks of the "great winepress of the wrath of God," and of the wicked who are cast into "the great winepress of the wrath of God. And the winepress was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles."‡

Near the winepress is a great cistern or cellar hewn into the rock, in which it is more than likely the wine was stored in skin bottles. After the wine had fermented in the large vats it was put into the skins and then stored away in the cellars. The one here is forty-six feet deep and, it has been estimated, would hold fifty thousand wine skins, or about half a million gallons of wine. The king's wine cellar

* "Wanderings in Bible Lands."

† Isa. 63: 2, 3.

‡ Rev. 14: 19, 20.

was of such importance that an overseer was appointed "over the increase of the vineyards for the wine cellar."*

How rapid is time in its flight, and doubly rapid it is when we are busily engaged in an enjoyable work. To us no other days and weeks ever went by so quickly as did those spent in the Holy City. And now the time comes to move on again. Eastward and homeward, thank God! we turn our faces. The weeks spent at Jerusalem were full of interest and of profit. Much of the time was spent in walks about the city and in making short tours to places of biblical interest in the neighborhood of the city. With the Bible as a guidebook, and with the knowledge gained on previous visits, we went about from place to place without a dragoman. In this way the time passed quickly, and not a single day dragged heavily on our hands. We saw much and learned much, and we were glad for the opportunity to gain a better and more intimate personal knowledge of the city of the great King and its close relation to the old, old Bible story.

While the time passed quickly and pleasantly, there was also some anxiety connected with our sojourn in Palestine. The cholera broke out in Egypt, and at one time it was reported that it also prevailed at Damascus. This rumor, however, proved, much to our relief, to be without foundation. But the political situation gave us the most concern. Rumors of war were rife, and during the last week of our stay the Turkish authorities suppressed all newspapers. These were burned at Jaffa by the postoffice officials, and we were left without news from the outside world. Toward the last scarcely a day passed that did not witness the arrival of recruits for the army. These passed through the streets singing war songs, the burden of which,

* 1 Chron. 27: 27.



NATIVES BY THE WAYSIDE.

we were informed, at some places at least, was, "Long live the sultan and death to the Christian heretics." Under these circumstances we were not sorry to get away from Palestine. We learned afterwards that, the evening before we left, the mission at Shechem was attacked by Moham-medans, and some of those connected with the work were severely wounded.

We left Jerusalem Nov. 11 to go down into Egypt. From the Holy City to Jaffa we journeyed by rail, and thence by steamer to Port Said. Although the long summer drouth of seven months was broken two weeks before by a grateful fall of the early rain, the mountains, valleys, and plains were still barren. A few months later and they would be covered with verdure, and beautiful flowers would bloom by the wayside. At Jaffa we enjoyed the novelty of a smooth, calm sea when we embarked,—something so unusual in our experience that we make a note of it. The voyage on the "Vorwärts" was delightfully pleasant. In the evening, as the shades of night came down upon the hills of Judea and the plains of Sharon, shutting off the Holy Land from our sight, we sailed away from Jaffa, and early next morning cast anchor at Port Said and were again in the land of the Pharaohs.

Since the writer visited Egypt in 1891-2, in company with Brother Lahman, a railway has been constructed on the right bank of the Suez Canal to Ismailia, so that the former port is now connected with Cairo by rail. A fresh-water canal has also been completed, and Port Said now has a plentiful supply of Nile water. Such is the fertilizing power of the water of the river of Egypt that it rapidly turns the desert into a garden, and the city can now boast of beautiful gardens and umbrageous groves of palm, acacia, and pepper trees.

CHAPTER VIII.

Port Said — Railway to Cairo — To the Pyramids — Camel Train — Farmers at Work — Casting Seed Upon the Water — A Monopolistic Sheik — A Hard Climb — On the Summit — Smelling Salts and the Arabs — The Shame of Cairo — A Street Sleeper — On to India — The Red Sea — Aden and the Divers — The Arabian Sea — The Harbor of Bombay.

PORT SAID, according to the verdict of Rudyard Kipling, is the wickedest town in the world. "There is wickedness in many parts of the world, and vice in all, but the concentrated essence of all the iniquities and all the vices in all the continents finds itself at Port Said." What Dodge City was as the terminus of the Santa Fé railroad on our western plain, Port Said was, and more, during the construction of the Suez Canal. Both places have changed for the better, and Port Said now puts on airs of semirespectability, and is perhaps not beyond Paris in vice and iniquity.

The railway from Port Said to Ismailia is built on the African side of the canal. To the west are the sand-bordered lakes of Bittir, where all the day long, over desert sand and salt water, play the most beautiful mirages in the world. At Ismailia the train stops for lunch, and then a long, dusty ride in a rumbling train,—over a hot, sandy desert, past Tel-el-Kebir, where the British army surprised the forces of Arabi and ended the war in Egypt, and where the Elder and I found ourselves after being lost on the desert and wading the salt marsh near the town,—brings us to the borders of the land of Goshen. How beautiful are the

green fields after the desert. We enjoy things in this life by contrast, and if you want to enjoy the verdure of nature to the full, cross a desert first. At six in the evening the train rumbles into the station at Cairo, and after running the gauntlet of donkey boys and cabs we are again comfortably lodged in the Khedival Hotel, with the windows of our rooms facing the Ezbekiyeh gardens.

Our second visit to Cairo, the one oriental capital of the world, enabled us to revisit with increased interest and profit many places of such importance that thousands of travelers from all parts of the world annually flock to Egypt to see and admire them. We saw again with renewed interest the great pyramids of Gizeh, the sphinx and its ancient temple but recently recovered from its sandy tomb, Heliopolis with its lone obelisk marking the site of the City of the Sun where Joseph married his wife, the isle of Rhoda between the two banks of the Nile where Pharaoh's daughter found and loved and saved the infant Moses, the ancient tree under which Joseph and Mary rested with the "Babe of Bethlehem" when they fled from the wrath of Herod to the land of Egypt, the Egyptian Museum founded by Marietta Bey where lie in state the royal mummies of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the oppression, his father Seti I., and his grandfather Rameses I., and mosques howling dervishes, streets and bazaars.

A day was spent very pleasantly in an excursion to the great pyramids. I went along, for the more one sees of the pyramids the more he wants to see of them. Not that I cared to climb to the top of Cheops again, for one ascent is about all any one cares to make, but I wanted to look upon the great, dignified structure again and wonder, and admire. Hassan, the faithful coachman who took us out two years ago, was ready in the early morning with carriages, and our

host of the Khedival stocked the lunch basket with abundant store of appetizing food. A delightful drive of seven miles through the streets of Cairo, across the great Nile bridge and thence over an excellent road, as level as a floor and densely shaded with acacia trees, brought us to the desert; then a strong pull up a steep, sandy road, and we are at the base of Cheops.



A CAMEL TRAIN.

On the way out we met long strings of camels, heavily burdened, making their way solemnly and silently toward the city. The animals walk single file and from ten to twenty are tied together with ropes. As we were passing one of these heavy-laden camel trains, the last camel, a

frisky youngster, became frightened and ran around one of the trees on the border of the road. The train moved on and the rope around the neck of the young camel drew it tight against the trunk of the tree. For a brief moment it was a question as to whether the trunk of the tree, the rope or the camel's neck would be broken. The rope gave way and the problem was solved.

The farming land, on both sides of the road, was nearly all covered with the overflowing water of the Nile, which was now rapidly receding. The higher ground was already above the water, and on this the Egyptian farmers were busily engaged in sowing wheat. The seed was scattered broadcast on the soft mud and was covered by dragging over it a pole to which were attached branches from the palm tree. Ropes were attached to the pole and two men did the dragging. The seed was covered by smearing the mud over it. Treated in this way the grain sprouts quickly in the hot sun, and in an incredibly short time the field is carpeted with verdure. At several places I saw men sowing the seed in the shallow water. In a few days the water recedes and the seed is covered by a deposit left upon it by the muddy water. It grows quickly and produces an abundant crop. From this custom, as old as the days of Moses, of sowing seed on the water is drawn the beautiful words of the wise man: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return unto thee."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply,
Angel eyes will watch above it;
You shall find it by and by!
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh,
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store,
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you."



FARMERS AT WORK IN EGYPT.

At some places, where it was highest, the ground had already become dry and hard, and it was necessary to turn it over before sowing the seed. Instead of using plows a number of Arabs armed with hoes were at work digging up and turning over the soil. Then the seed was sown and covered with the drag.

Upon arrival at the base of Cheops you must deal with the sheik of the pyramids, who has a monopoly of the business. He furnishes you guides, for which service he charges you twenty-five cents. He will send two or three light-footed Arabs with you, and you are expected to give each of these as much as the sheik received, of which, it is said,



A HARD CLIMB.—PYRAMID IN EGYPT.

he exacts a large percentage. He receives quite an income from the toll he gathers from those who climb Cheops. Our pilgrims prepared to make the ascent, and after much noise and confusion among the would-be guides and assistants they set off for the top, each accompanied by two nimble-footed Arabs. Having made the ascent once, we two remained comfortably seated in our carriage watching our

companions toiling upward until they were lost to sight on the summit. The camera caught a picture of one of the pilgrims on the upward climb, and it is here reproduced so that my readers may know that pyramid climbing is hard work.

The sellers of "antikas" are numerous at the pyramids, and you are importuned in the most persistent way to buy relics, which you are solemnly and positively assured were taken from the tombs of the Pharaohs. Here are scarabs, lamps, beads, small images of the ancient gods, and a hundred other things offered at prices to suit purchasers. The prices are fixed on a sliding scale, and are subject to violent fluctuations, depending upon the merchant's notion of your ignorance of the real value of the object offered for sale. He will offer you a scarab for ten dollars, assuring you that it is four thousand years old. If you show no disposition to buy he comes sliding down the scale until you are at last induced to take the thing for fifty cents, only to learn afterwards that you can buy all the scarabs of the same kind you want in Cairo at from five to ten cents each. These articles are manufactured and offered for sale, in these degenerate days, by a degenerate race, as real objects of antiquity, and so skillfully are they made that only an expert can detect the fraud. I bought a scarab for twenty-five cents and afterwards compared it with one that cost ten dollars, and it was impossible for me to detect any difference between the two.

Our carriage was the center of a crowd of merchants and curious Arabs, who came to sell and to see. My wife had with her a bottle of smelling salts. It had been purchased but recently, and emitted strong fumes of ammonia. She was using it cautiously for a slight headache. The descendants of Ishmael are exceedingly inquisitive and

superstitious, and those who stood about us got the idea that the little bottle contained a charm against the cholera, which was raging in some parts of Egypt, and of which the natives are in mortal dread. They wanted to try the remedy, but at first none were bold enough to make the experiment. At length a fine-looking fellow, Ahmed by name,



THE PILGRIMS ON TOP OF CHEOPS.

came forward and took a strong, deep sniff at the bottle. The result was a surprise to Ahmed and bordered on the ridiculous. The Arab's head was thrown back, his eyes filled with tears, and there was a look of surprise on his face that always comes with the first unexpected experience. For a moment he was at a loss to know what had happened,

and then recovering himself he warmly recommended the wonderful cholera cure to others with such success that a score or more were not satisfied until they took the medicine. It was an amusing incident and it is to be hoped had the desired effect.

We walked around the pyramids and realized again something of their magnitude and dignity, and by the time



MOUNTED PILGRIMS.

our companions came down from the summit and explored the King's Chamber it was high noon. We ate our lunch in the shade of Cheops, grateful for the shadow of the great pile in a weary land. Then we looked at the Sphinx again, and the great granite temple between its paws. The pilgrims mounted the pyramid camels for the regulation ride

over the sands of the desert and then, when the sun was sinking in the west and the shades of evening were coming down, we drove back to Cairo well pleased with the day's outing.

Cairo is a great winter resort for Europe. It is said that not less than twenty-five thousand people from the North spend their winter here, and among this number are many Americans. The fashionable hotels, notably Shepherd's and the New Grand, where the charges range from four to twelve dollars per day, are crowded during the winter months with wealthy pleasure seekers, and immense sums of money are left in the city by her winter guests.

The natives of Cairo, never noted for their good morals, are not, as one might suppose they would be, made better by this great annual influx of northern civilization. It might and ought to be otherwise. Is not northern Europe Christianized, and are not the most of these pleasure seekers professed followers of Christ? One would naturally suppose, at the point of contact between Islamism and Christianity, that a marked improvement would result. And this is true when the Christianity is real and the Spirit of Christ pervades, but this is not, as a rule, the kind that comes to Cairo with millions of wealth on pleasure bent. The coffers of the hotelkeepers and merchants are filled, but resultant immorality and vice are the shame of the fair city. The harlot waits not for the darkness of night to cover her shame, but in the open daylight follows her vocation, soliciting patronage in the streets of the city. Girls of twelve, mere children in age, but old in sin and settled and fixed in a life of sin and shame, accost you on the thoroughfares of the city, and many there are who go after the ways of strange women. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will

the eagles be gathered together." The carrion and the vultures both abound in Cairo.

Here is work for the earnest Christian missionary, and Dr. Watson and his noble band of workers are doing all they can to stem the tide of evil. But it is hard work. They must labor not only against the Moslem faith, but



IN THE EZBEKIYEH GARDENS, CAIRO.

against the immorality and sin of professed Christians. The task seems almost a hopeless one. And yet, in the end, the religion of Jesus must prevail.

The condition of woman in Egypt is pitiable. She is as much a slave as ever were the negroes of our South. She has no rights that man is bound to respect, and is classed as an animal without a soul. Harlotry is semi-

respectable. The first thing to be done to better the condition of Egypt is to free the women. When the mothers and daughters are free, the first step toward the regeneration of Egypt will have been taken. No country can prosper and rise to true greatness when women are held in bondage and are without voice, influence and respect.



A STREET SLEEPER.

In front of our hotel is the park known as the Ezbeki-yeh gardens, containing a variety of rare and beautiful trees and shrubs and flowers. In the center of the garden is a beautiful lake. It is much frequented by invalids who spend the winter in Cairo for the sake of their health. The garden is surrounded by an iron fence and an ample side-

walk borders the broad street. In the afternoon the place is thronged with visitors and the sidewalk outside presents a busy scene. Passing along one afternoon we noticed a bundle lying on the walk. Closer inspection revealed the fact that there was a man in it. He had laid his bed and himself down on the sidewalk, and using his mantle for a covering was enjoying an after dinner nap. His bed was a thin mattress composed of a couple of narrow quilts. This is a common sight in Cairo, for many people of the lower class sleep on the streets. Upon waking they take up their bed and go their way. Not only in Cairo, but in Jerusalem as well, have I seen men carrying their beds about the streets; and one is forcibly reminded of the Master's command to the palsied man, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk."*

A visit to the bazaars in Cairo is always full of interest. The bargaining, the buying and selling and manufacturing are carried on in the open street, and one may see and admire as one passes along. The conflict between seller and buyer waxes furious, and you expect to see them come to blows, but it all ends peaceably. But the old, old custom of the buyer saying: "It is naught, it is naught; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth,"† is as common in all the Bible lands to-day as it was when the wise man wrote. I am of the impression that this habit of saying, "It is naught, it is naught," is not confined alone to the Orient. At one of the bazaars we witnessed the process of putting on a girl's arms rings which she had purchased from the dealer. One of the pilgrims gave his impression of the scene in these words:

"While passing along the street we came in front of

* Matt. 9: 6.

† Prov. 20: 14.

one of the stores where the salesman was putting wristlets over a young girl's hand. As they were solid rings, the wonder to us was how he would get them over the hand, and yet fit tightly after they were on, so we halted to see the operation. Two were already on and he was placing the third one. This he did by squeezing the hand so hard that we thought he would unjoint the bones and smash the flesh. Then placing the ring over the fingers and thumb, he poured oil over the hand, after which he caught the fingers with his one hand and with the other forced the ring over the bulk of the hand, and it was to its place. The operation must have been very painful, as her facial expression indicated most excruciating suffering. We tarried until five rings were placed on her one wrist, and we were made to think, What a terrible tyrant 'Madam Fashion' is, and what willing slaves the human kind are. How much sacrifice and suffering for sin, —how little for Christ! Yes, you say, but these are heathen. Perhaps so, but we know and have seen professing Christians do more hurtful, silly and sinful things than these poor, untutored heathen do."*

Donkey riding is one of the enjoyable pastimes in Cairo. The donkey boy, bright and shrewd, with his patient little animal, is everywhere present and always at your service. He will follow you for hours, driving the donkey at a gallop and never seems to tire. The donkey and the donkey boy are an institution of Cairo and nowhere will you find better donkeys or better boys to drive them. I spent many hours threading the narrow streets of the city on the back of one of these faithful little animals.

Our fourteen days in Cairo were gone, and our pilgrim band was to be broken. Six months we had journeyed together in three continents. Now brethren Brumbaugh,

*Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh in *Gospel Messenger*.

Myers and Bingaman were to turn their faces homeward, going by way of Alexandria and Naples to New York. Parting with friends is, under the most favorable circumstances, not pleasant. When the separation comes in a strange land among strangers it is a most trying experience, and I thus characterize our parting at Cairo. In the early



DONKEY RIDING IN CAIRO.

morning we met in our room in the hotel. Brother Myers read the ninety-first Psalm, and then we all knelt down and in prayer commended ourselves to the keeping power of God. It was a sacred, solemn season, and while the tears would flow, we rose from our knees comforted and made stronger for what was pointed out as the path of duty.

Then the farewells were said, and we parted, possibly to meet no more in this world.

From Cairo we recrossed the land of Goshen passing through the cholera-infected city of Zagazig. The railway runs along the great fresh-water canal used for irrigating the land. At many places the water wheels, with the ox supplying the motive power, were in operation, lifting the



WATER WHEEL, EGYPT.

water to the level of the fields. In the evening we reached Ismailia where a day's wait was made for the arrival of the steamer for India. Here the unexpected happened—a heavy rainstorm in Egypt, and that too on the desert. It is such an unusual thing to have rain here that the houses are

not built for such a contingency. The water came through the roof of the hotel, and we were compelled to change quarters a number of times in order to keep dry. The Suez and the fresh-water canals, furnishing abundant water for evaporation, have changed the climatic conditions on the desert. Where formerly rainfall was unknown it now occasionally occurs, and when it does rain it comes in torrents. At nine P. M. the steamer arrived, and we were soon on board and *en route* for India and home.

The traveler who crosses the Atlantic Ocean at this season of the year (December) supplies himself with heavy winter clothing and makes every preparation to keep warm. He who journeys southward on the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, bearing close down upon the equator, and continues his journey to India, desires the best methods to keep cool. In the midst of winter it seems odd enough to have a sweat pad under your hand to keep the perspiration off your paper while you write. Such was our experience on our southward journey.

On the morning of Nov. 28, 1895, the "Caledonia," with nearly five hundred passengers, steamed out of the southern end of the Suez Canal and entered one of the notable seas of the Bible, whose waters opened for the safe passage of God's people, and closed as quickly upon their cruel taskmasters and pursuers, overthrowing and destroying the host of the King of Egypt. From the entrance of the sea at Suez, to the Straits of Babelmandeb at Aden, where we enter the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean, the distance is in round numbers fourteen hundred miles. This is the greatest length of the Red Sea, whilst its extreme width does not exceed two hundred miles. This body of water is the division line between Asia and Africa, and, lying between two great deserts, the temperature is very high.

It is the hottest zone of sea and land on the globe, excepting the Persian Gulf and the coast of Senegambia. Even in the winter months the mercury ranges as high as 100 degrees in the shade. In midsummer the heat is simply frightful, and many who undertake the voyage at that season of the year are overcome by the intense heat, and are buried beneath the waves of the sea. Just a few months ago a shipload of French soldiers was returning home from Madagascar by this route, and some thirty of the poor fellows were overcome by the heat and were buried at sea.

At Suez we have the place where the Israelites passed through the sea, and not far away are the fountains, or wells, of Moses. I visited this place three years ago in company with Brother Lahman. It is supposed by some to be the bitter water of Marah where the Jews murmured, and they longed for the waters and fleshpots of Egypt. It is not a difficult matter to go back in the imagination thirty-three hundred years, and people these shores with the escaping Israelites. Their slavery had been long continued and grievous to be borne, but at last their groanings and cries, forced from them by the severity of their bondage and burdens, came up before God and were heard, and the time of their deliverance had come. In the full hope of blessed freedom, six hundred thousand men, able-bodied and strong, besides the old and young, the women and children, stood on yonder shore. They had thus far escaped from the land of bondage, and now they were shut in by mountain and sea. The Egyptian host pressed hard upon them, determined to recover their escaping slaves and take them into bondage again. To the sons of Jacob came quick despondency, superseding their high hopes. When all human help failed the Lord opened the waters of the

sea, and his people passed through. The way of escape became the way of destruction to their pursuers. How these now silent shores and this dark, silent sea must have resounded on that spring day, so long ago, to the glad shouts of the victors, intermingled with the dying groans and curses of the drowning host! How the song of Moses, and the loud sounding timbrel in the hands of Miriam rang out over "Egypt's dark sea," for "Jehovah' had triumphed, and his people were free."

But while we meditate on these scenes the ship passes on, and Suez, the wells of Moses, and the place of crossing are left far behind. Before midday we pass the insignificant port of Tor, to which a line of small Egyptian steamers carry passengers who wish to visit Mt. Sinai and do not care to make the desert trip. From Tor Mt. Sinai can be reached with camels in two days, and the dangers and fatigue of the long desert route may be, in part, avoided. The Sinaitic range of mountains is in full sight from the ship, but the Mountain of the Law, which is thirty-seven miles away, is hid from view by the intervening hills. But it is interesting to have a close view of the range of mountains from one of the peaks of which, amidst fire and smoke, and thunders and lightnings, the law of God was given to Moses. It has long been one of our desires to visit Mt. Sinai, but it is not likely that we shall ever see more of it than was visible from the deck of the "Caledonia" as we steamed down the Red Sea.

The only other place of general interest on the Red Sea is the port of Jiddah. Here the Mohammedans land on their great annual pilgrimages to Mecca, the birthplace of the false prophet, which is sixty miles east. Jiddah has a population, including the small villages surrounding it, of about forty thousand. It has an interest peculiar to itself

because it is one of the breeding places of the Asiatic cholera. Shipload after shipload of pilgrims is landed here from India and other parts of Asia. They bring with them the germs of the disease, and at Jiddah and Mecca it becomes epidemic. The returning pilgrims carry with them the cholera germs to Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey in Europe, and as a result an outbreak of the scourge occurs on the continent. It would be a good thing if the pilgrimages were either entirely prohibited, or else placed under such sanitary regulations as would prevent the cholera from being carried to all parts of the world.

As we continue our journey southward, nearing the equator, the heat becomes intense, the mercury ranging from 85 degrees to 95 degrees in our staterooms. It is a difficult matter to keep cool. In the diningroom great fans or punkahs, as they are called, are swinging back and forth, making it more comfortable than it otherwise would be. We are now some two thousand miles south and eight thousand miles east of Chicago, and realize more than ever before that our planet is very large. I thought of the boy who had left his home for the first time and had traveled a hundred miles westward. When he came home he had much to say about what he had seen, but was most impressed with the bigness of the earth. One day he expressed himself in these words, "I tell you, father, if the world is as large the other way as it is this, it's awful big." We have something of the same feeling; having traveled, at this writing, something like sixteen thousand miles since we left home, and having nearly as many more miles to travel before getting home again, we are impressed with the thought that the world is big. With the sense of the magnitude of the globe comes increased

reverence for the Almighty Creator who made the heavens and the earth, and holds them in the hollow of his hand.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 1, we cast anchor at Aden, the coaling station for steamers going to India. No sooner is the ship at rest than it is surrounded with small boats filled with men and boys whose only clothing is a piece of white cloth wrapped about the loins. These are the professional divers of Aden. A dozen of them sprang into the water shouting, "Hab a dive, sir, hab a dive, sir? Throw in money, you plenty, me none." A dozen black heads are bobbing about in the water when a passenger throws a silver coin into the sea. At once the heads disappear and twenty-four feet flash upward in the air and then go down after the heads. For what seems a long time, all is silent, then one by one the divers come to the surface, while one, more fortunate than his fellows, holds the coveted piece of silver in his hand, shouting in triumph, "Me hab him, sir." Then the shouting is renewed and the same scene is enacted over and over again. The divers climb up the ropes and clamber over the rail of the ship, and then, like a shot, go down into the water thirty feet below. They dive down on one side of the ship and come up on the other, and as the "Caledonia" draws twenty-four feet of water and is about sixty feet wide, it is not an easy feat to accomplish,

The merchants of the town came on board the ship, offering for sale ostrich feathers and plumes, tiger and leopard skins, baskets filled with the most beautiful sea shells, Arab spears and swords, with numberless trinkets of curious make and fine workmanship. These were pressed upon the passengers in the most persistent manner. The merchants were for the most part Jews, and they made every effort to sell their wares. The descendants of Jacob are scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth, and we never meet them in

our travels without thinking how wonderfully the Lord has dealt with them, and how, in their dispersion, the Scriptures are so literally fulfilled.

In a few hours we are off from Aden and passing through the straits. We took our course a little north of east for Bombay. A stiff breeze, known to seamen as the northwest monsoon, was blowing, but this made the voyage very pleasant. Indeed the entire journey from Ismailia to Bombay, with the exception of the hot days and nights on the Red Sea, was all that could be desired. A good ship, smooth seas, a balmy breeze and good companionship fell to our lot all the way.

The "Caledonia" is the largest and best ship of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The ventilation is as nearly perfect as it is possible to be made. Great funnels attached to pipes and portholes force the fresh air into all parts of the boat, and there is none of the peculiar bilge-water smell so common on many of the Atlantic steamers. The staterooms and cabins are large and handsomely furnished. Instead of the box bunk, iron bedsteads with wire mattresses are used, and they are very comfortable. The appointments of the ship are in every respect most excellent. In a word, the "Caledonia" is a perfect model of all that modern skill and money can do in shipbuilding.

We secured second-class cabins and found them most comfortable, while the food was all that could be desired. At half past six in the morning coffee, or tea, as you preferred, was brought to the staterooms. At half past eight we had breakfast in the large dining-saloon. The dinner hour was fixed at one o'clock. Then at four P. M. there was tea and biscuits for those who desired them, and at half past six came the supper hour. An abundance of well-

cooked and most excellent food was served, while fruit was to be had at all of the meals.

We found in the second cabin a very respectable and congenial class of people. They were exceedingly well behaved and very kind and sociable. Indeed, from our own personal experience, we do not hesitate to say that, as a rule, much more sociability is manifested among the second-cabin passengers than those of the first. Of course, in the first cabin, on board an East India steamer, will be found more of the aristocracy of wealth and title than on the Atlantic, and people of this class are exclusive. At our end of the ship there was a social, friendly feeling among the passengers that helped to make the time pass pleasantly. Several of the first-cabin passengers spent a good deal of time with us, and one of them expressed her pleasure and said, "You do enjoy yourself here. At the other end of the ship we all try to see who can dress the finest and appear the grandest."

The expense of traveling in the East is much higher than in the West. From New York to Bremen, by the best steamers of the North German Lloyd, second-cabin passage cost us sixty dollars, and the distance is three thousand, five hundred miles, whilst our tickets from Ismailia to Bombay, the distance being a trifle less, were one hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece.

We had in our company some thirty missionaries, all of them on their way to India to labor among the heathen. Some of them had spent many years in India and had been at home on furloughs, and were now returning to their work again. Others had left home and friends for the first time, and were going into untried fields to labor for the uplifting of a nation of idolaters. We formed the acquaintance of a number of missionaries who had worked in India many

years. We made the best of our opportunities and learned some things about mission work among the heathen that may be helpful to us in our fields of labor in the future. And those with whom we talked very kindly gave us much valuable information of a practical kind, which we prize very highly indeed.

The same evening we went on board the steamer at Ismailia one of the passengers approached us and asked whether we were not members of the Society of Friends. We soon learned that he was a Quaker missionary, Mr. T. by name, sent out by the Friends of England. He and his wife had been in India six years, and were returning from their first furlough. He told us of the successes and the failures, of the encouragements and discouragements of the missionary. He also gave us an insight into the life and character of the people of India, which we very much appreciated. We also met Miss Carroll, of Joliet, Illinois. She had spent a year and a half at home, and was returning to her work among the women in Bombay where she had spent five years. She had been reading about our travels, and said she thought she knew us when we came aboard the ship. We felt quite at home with each other at once, and formed a very pleasant acquaintance with her and her traveling companion, Miss Dart, of Kansas City, who was going to India as a medical missionary.

At ten in the morning some forty of the passengers met in the lower dining-saloon where an hour was spent in Bible readings. To us these exercises were always enjoyable and profitable. They were opened and closed with singing and prayer. On the great deep it was good to study God's Book, and to commit and commend our all to the keeping power of him who holdeth the winds and sea in his hands.

We had in our Bible class Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, Salvation Army officers, and those of our own faith. While these different denominations were all represented there was no clashing of opinion. In one thing they had a common bond of union. They had all left their homes to labor among the heathen, and for the time they were thrown together on board the ship they made the most of their agreements and the least of their differences.

Among the second-cabin passengers was Booth Tucker, of the Salvation Army, Gen. Booth's son-in-law. He at one time had a lucrative position as India Commissioner under the British government. He resigned his place and began preaching to the natives. Ten years ago he was arrested for marching and preaching in the streets of Bombay. The judges sentenced him to a term of imprisonment at hard labor, and then called him before them and said they would commute his sentence if he would promise to give up preaching on the streets. His answer was characteristic of the man: "If you were to put a rope about my neck and threaten to hang me the next minute I would not give up my work." He served out his sentence and then went to preaching again. He tramped through the country barefoot, dressed in native costume, and told the people the story of the Cross. He speaks twelve languages and has gone all over India, east and west, north and south, and is perhaps better known among the natives than any other man in the country. As a result of his persistent labors, thousands of the heathens gave up idol worship and accepted his teaching. Zeal, earnestness, and self-sacrifice are characteristic of the man, and without these qualities no one can succeed in mission work.

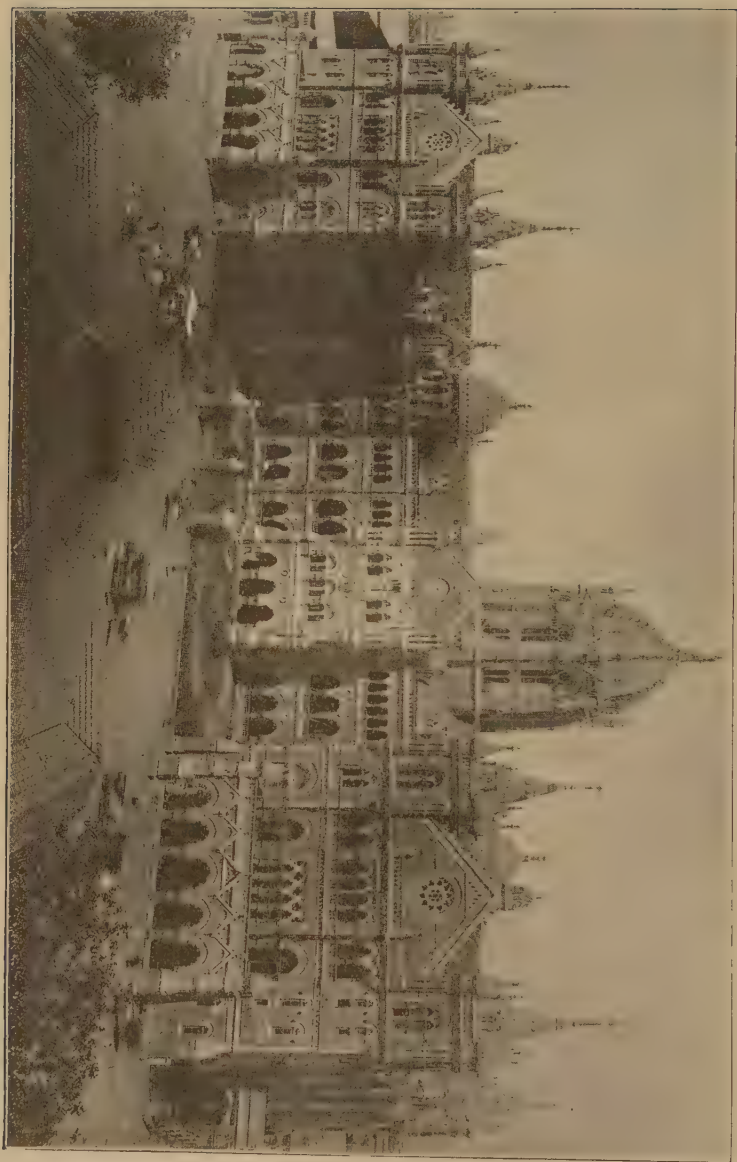
As already stated, we had much conversation with Mr.

T., the Quaker missionary, not only in regard to missionary work, but as to the progress being made by the Society of Friends. As we hold alike to peace principles, plain dressing and some other points, we had some things in common to draw us together. I noticed that Mr. and Mrs. T. did not wear the well-known Quaker form of dress, and he informed me that the English Friends had entirely given up the form, but insisted very strongly on plain dressing, plain speech and plain living as Bible principles. In answer to the question, "Since you have given up the Quaker form of dress, how has your society succeeded in maintaining plain dressing?" he said, "The question is somewhat difficult to answer; there are always some who go to extremes, and we can hardly restrain them." It was apparent that in giving up the form the principle went with it.

At this juncture of the conversation the wife of the missionary came up and joined us. She was dressed quite as fashionably as any of the lady missionaries on board the steamer and wore three gold rings, one of them with a small diamond set. Further talk on the subject I found was embarrassing to them, but Mr. T. explained that the rings were gifts from very dear friends and were worn as keepsakes. On another part of the deck some of the young people were dancing, and a young man came to where we were and invited Mrs. T. to join them. She declined, and when he had gone away she said rather indignantly, "What did he mean by asking me to dance? What does he take me for?" Then after a moment's thought she said, "Well, I am very sure of one thing; if I had been dressed in the good old Quaker garb I should not have been asked to join the dancers." And here our conversation closed.

The days of our voyage on the Arabian Sea passed

away like a dream. The weather was fine, the ship one of the best, the company agreeable, the days clear and bright and the nights delightfully cool and pleasant. And now, on the morning of Dec. 5, in the distance is to be discerned the dim outline of the coast of India. At 11 A. M. we cast anchor in the harbor of Bombay and another of our long sea voyages is ended, as is also this chapter.



DEPOT, BOMBAY.

CHAPTER IX.

A Welcome to Bombay — A Modern City — The Parsis — Fireworshippers — "The Restaurant of the Vultures" — Towers of Silence — Old Bombay — The Bazaars — Full Jeweled Women — Excessive Jewelry — Rings in the Ears and Nose — Rings on Fingers and Toes — Pan Chewing Versus Tobacco.

WE were not to land at Bombay without first having a warm greeting and a hearty welcome to the land of Hinduism. Brother W. B. Stover, in charge of the mission at Bulsar, bronzed by the heat of India's sun came on board the "Caledonia" and bade us welcome. We were rejoiced to see him. When last heard from he was lying in the hospital sick with a fever. His illness was of a very serious character, and as we had not heard from him for a month we were all the more anxious to see him. As may be imagined, our meeting was a pleasant one. The Lord had raised our brother up, and we rejoiced and gave God thanks. Brother Stover took charge of us. Entering a steam launch, we were taken ashore. With a mere formal examination our baggage was released by the custom house officers, and we were taken to Mrs. Brigg's Temperance Hotel, where we spent several weeks very pleasantly.

The traveler who comes to Bombay for the first time is sure to be surprised. He has read of the city and knows that not far from a million souls dwell within its borders, and that in some respects it equals some of the more pretentious capitals of Europe and the United States. But somehow in his mind he associates Bombay with India, and India with heathendom, and he is not prepared for the fine

modern city—more English than oriental—which he enters upon landing from the steamer.

This was our experience. We had in mind the straw-covered mud huts of the natives, and the lack of civilization among the people of which we had so often read. These things are so largely dwelt upon by imaginative writers that we were not prepared for what we saw. We landed on a handsomely constructed stone pier, with custom house arrangements almost perfect and much more convenient than we have in New York. The native officers speak English fluently, and are polite and accommodating. In a very short time we are through the customs and on our way to our hotel. We pass through broad, shaded avenues and streets with handsome buildings on both sides, and with a street railway system equal to the best at home, for it is owned and operated by an American company. Then there are beautiful architectural designs in which is found a pleasant mixture of the Swiss and Hindu style. Among the larger buildings are the magnificent railway station—the pride of India, and well it may be, for one sees nothing to excel it either at home or abroad,—the university, with its great clock tower, the courts of justice, the town hall, the general postoffice, the government buildings, and scores of other structures with a happy blending of different styles of architecture. Revisiting India after many years' absence, Sir Edwin Arnold said, "I left Bombay a town of warehouses and offices; I find her a city of parks and palaces." This of the New Bombay, for there is the older native city where the tide of "Asiatic humanity ebbs and flows" day by day, which we hope to visit and describe hereafter.

Bombay, as already intimated, contains a population of nearly a million, and these are divided as to religious belief about as follows:



A GROUP OF PARSIS.

Hindus,.....	560,000	Christians,.....	50,000
Mohammedans,.....	60,000	Jains,.....	30,000
Parsis,.....	50,000	Jews,.....	6,000

The rest of the population is composed of Buddhists, Brahmans and smaller subdivisions of the Indian family. Placing the population in round numbers at one million, it will be noticed that only one in twenty is set down as a Christian, and we are told by the missionaries that many of these are Christians only in name. How apparent it is from these facts that but little has as yet been done toward the conversion of this great gateway to India, and that many years must elapse before the three hundred million heathen in this land will accept the "Light of the World" as their Savior!

As a rule one is apt to speak first of what impresses him most, and so first of all I give an account of what most impressed me in Bombay, —the people known as the Parsis. It is always difficult to write of a people with whom we have but slight acquaintance, and especially is this true when the writer is wholly unacquainted with their language. Generalizing from a few facts is not safe. It does well enough when it hits the truth, but it so often misses that the careful writer hesitates to use it too freely. Fortunately for me, the Parsis speak English fluently and are always ready to speak of their belief. Then I have had some opportunity to study their peculiar belief, having read years ago the Sacred Books of the East.

Among the various classes of native people one meets on the streets of Bombay the Parsis are by all odds the most interesting. They dress better, are better educated, are well to do, many of them being very wealthy, speak English fluently; and it may be said that they are the peers of any class in India. The men wear clothing, made

somewhat after the prevailing European styles, over which is put on the sadora, or sacred shirt, of white cotton gauze.

The head is covered with a peculiar shaped stiff hat, or cap, without brim or rim. The women are dressed in flowing robes, with the bright colored sari, a strip of cloth a yard wide and six yards long, thrown over the head and shoulders. These are of all the colors of the rainbow, with rose, saffron, olive, seagreen, sapphire, and many other bright tints added. A group of Parsi ladies presents a gorgeous picture on the streets. Their glossy black hair, literally as black as the raven's wing, covered in part with a close fitting white cloth, their fair complexion,—they are as white as many of the Caucasian race,—and their finely-cut features, make them a handsome people.

The Parsis formerly inhabited Persia, and are the modern followers of Zoroaster. They are commonly known as fireworshippers and hold to one of the ancient religions that have come down to modern times. The Zend-Avesta, their sacred book, is traced back to 600 B. C., and Zoroaster is believed to have lived about the same time that Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. His followers hold the four elements—fire, air, earth and water—sacred, but fire is the most sacred of all. The sacred "fire is never to be allowed to go out. Its altar must be kept pure; it is a heinous sin to pollute the sacred element in any way whatever." Everything good is to be worshiped, and prayers are offered to human souls, animals, vegetables, springs of water, rivers, mountains, the earth, the sun, the sky, the moon and stars, and other things without number. Evil prevails, but finally it shall be overcome and slain. "Then comes the perpetuation of life. The fair creation that had been slain by the fiend revives; the good live in a renovated world; and everlasting joy prevails.'



PARSI GIRLS.

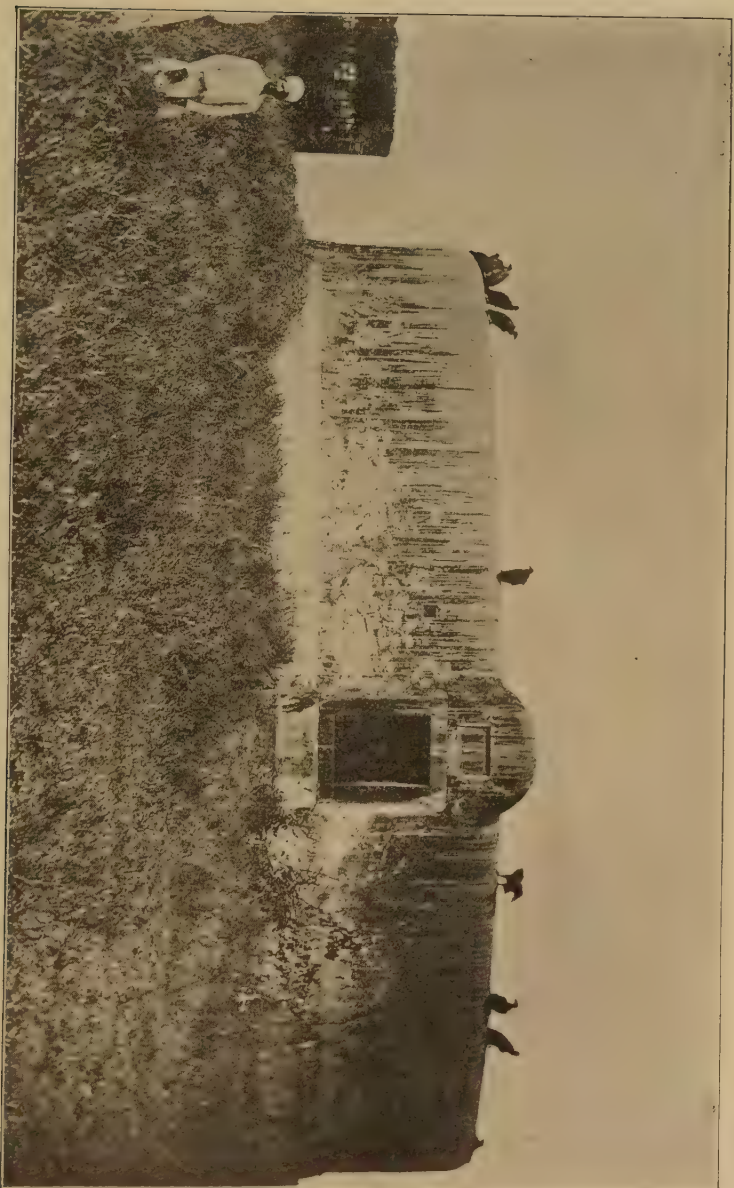
When the Persian empire was overthrown by the Saracens, A. D. 650, the Zoroastrians were persecuted and a number of them fled to India, where they found protection, but were more or less persecuted until the English occupation. The British government protects all religions alike. It may be stated as a curious fact that the Queen of England has more Mohammedan subjects than the sultan of Turkey. The fireworshippers number now about sixty thousand and form an important factor in Bombay.

The Parsis' belief that fire, earth and water are sacred elements, leads them to a peculiar method of disposing of their dead. As soon as the spirit has fled, the body is considered unclean, so unclean indeed that to burn it would render the fire impure, and to bury it would pollute the earth. They therefore expose the bodies of their dead to be devoured by birds of prey. To us the very thought seemed disgusting, even horrible, but long usage makes it all right to the Parsis.

In the environs of Bombay is an eminence known as Malabar Hill. The wealthy Parsis of Bombay own several hundred acres of land on the summit of the hill. It is a garden-like park and is open only to the Parsis and to those who can secure admittance from them. It is green with ferns, and the palm and other tropical vegetation grow luxuriantly. In this park are the Towers of Silence, "the restaurants of the vultures," as Hawthorne calls them. Having received permission to visit the park, Brother Stover and Miss Carroll accompanied us. While we waited at the entrance a funeral arrived. The dead was laid upon a stretcher, covered with a white cloth, and borne on the shoulders of four men, known as the "carriers of the dead," their sole business in life being their present occupation. After the bier came a number of Parsi men, al-

dressed in white, walking in procession, each pair holding a white handkerchief between them. A flight of eighty stone steps ascends the hilltop. As the procession slowly wended its way upward, the vultures, anticipating their horrid feast, flapped their broad wings and sailed overhead. The body was taken to one of the towers and laid on the iron grating prepared for it. The procession turned away to worship at the fire temple near by, and the vultures began their work. In half an hour it was done. The bones, entirely bare, are left to lie in the sun a few days, when the "carriers" with gloved hands take iron tongs and throw the bones into the deep well in the center of the tower. The carriers are a peculiar class; they are unclean and do not mix with other Parsis in social intercourse. After touching the bones, even with iron tongs, they must purify themselves and cast away their garments.

We were not allowed to enter the place until the procession came out. The Parsis do not want the shadow of an unbeliever in their religion to fall upon their dead. At the upper gateway we were met by an attendant who walked with us about the grounds. We found beautiful gardens full of flowers, with shaded walks, quiet retreats and pleasant nooks where one might sit in quiet solitude and meditate without a single reminder of the close proximity of the grim towers. Coming to within thirty feet of the largest tower the attendant stopped and said, "No one goes nearer except the carriers of the dead." We learned that the largest tower is two hundred and seventy-six feet in diameter and thirty feet high. Eight feet from the ground is a doorway to which the carriers ascend by a flight of steps, and then they go to the top by other steps on the inside. On the edge of the wall of the tower were a score or more huge vultures resting in expectation of the



TOWERS OF SILENCE.

next procession, while at least a hundred of these same foul birds of prey were perched on the tops of the palm and tamarind trees within the enclosure. We turned away from the sight with a sickening feeling, and went toward the fire temple and funeral buildings. We were not allowed to enter, but could see the inner altar upon which the sacred fire was burning,—the fire which every faithful Parsi believes was brought down from heaven by Zoroaster himself. It is watched day and night by priests, and is fed with sandal wood. The buildings are of stone with low roof. The interior is provided with seats. There are also metal vessels containing water for the washing of the mourners before prayer, and for the cleansing of the carriers of the dead. Gongs are used to give the signal for the various parts of the ceremony, which are said to be very elaborate. As only Parsis are admitted to these last rites of the dead, we saw nothing of them.

Our aged attendant very kindly explained to us everything connected with the place. He showed us a small wooden model of the largest tower. The inside plan of the building resembles a gridiron, sloping inward and downward to the pit or well in the center, which is five feet in diameter. Between the circular wall, which encloses the well, and the outer wall of the tower are two other circular walls at equal distances from the inner and outer walls. From the center are radiating walls dividing the space into compartments. The outer and larger receptacles are used for men, the second for women and the inner or smaller for children. The well in the center into which the dry bones are thrown, is connected with four deep drains at the bottom of the tower. Through these the rain water collected in the center escapes, carrying with it the bones as they rapidly crumble to dust. The fluid passes

through charcoal and is disinfected before it runs into the sea. A ladder affords a means for the carriers of the dead to go down and remove obstructions from the opening to the drains, if it becomes necessary. The dust in the well, it is said, accumulates very slowly. In forty years it rose only five feet. In this way the Parsis dispose of their dead, as they believe, without contaminating the earth, fire or water.

Just before we entered the grounds in which stand the grim, gloomy and silent towers, there came a carriage in which were two Parsi women. They came by where we were sitting, and the broken sobs spoke of a broken-hearted wife or mother who had come to weep in solitude for the loved and lost. We could not keep back the thought that there must be but little consolation to come to a place like this to weep, and we were not surprised to learn that the Parsi women very rarely come to the silent towers to shed tears. In our beautiful cemeteries we can sit by the graves of our sainted dead, and while we weep we have the glad consolation that Jesus, our Savior, was laid in the tomb, that he burst the bars of death and came forth victorious over death and the grave; and that we, with our sleeping dead, shall come forth in like manner in the glad resurrection morning with a glorified body, and so dwell with the Lord forever. But what sentiment but that of horror can the Parsi wife or mother feel in the presence of these gloomy towers where their loved ones are torn by foul birds of prey?

Thus are we impressed by the vultures gorging themselves to stupor on human flesh and whitening the walls of the tower with droppings of digested humanity. But how do the Parsis feel about it? They have a precept which says, "The rich and the poor must meet in death," and they literally carry this out in their method of disposing of their

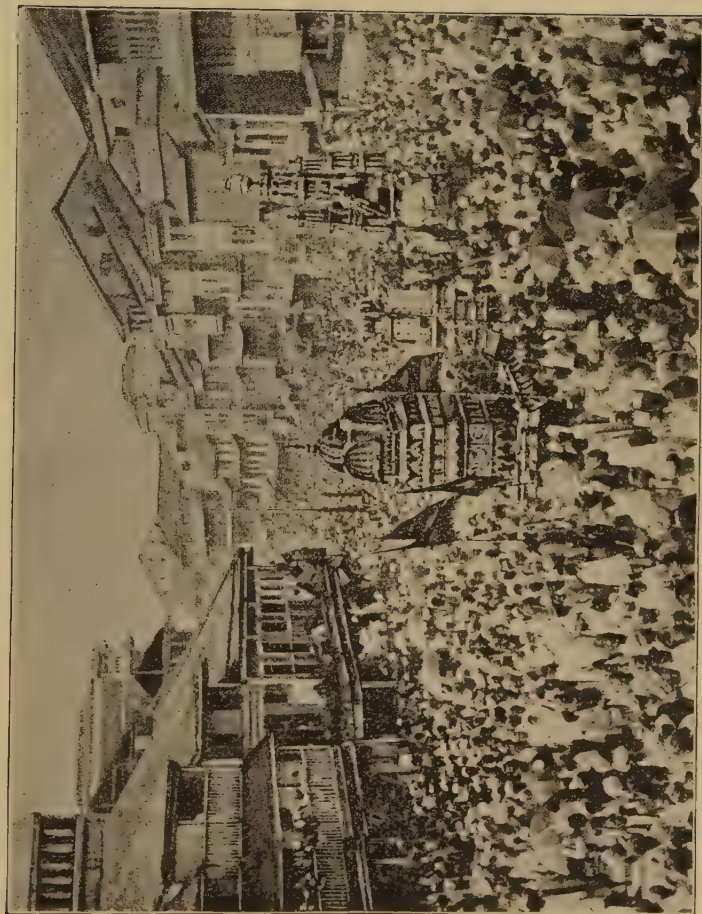
dead. The dust of the millionaire cotton manufacturer of Bombay, who lives surrounded by all the luxury that wealth can afford, and that of the poor inmates of the Parsi asylum, dependent upon the charity of others, here find a common receptacle. The Parsis also believe in the resurrection and that the bodies here dispersed will come forth again. In the arrangement of the park nothing has been left undone which would induce calm and quiet meditation. Shade trees abound, and flowers bloom everywhere. The height of the hill and the proximity of the sea insure a cool, pleasant breeze. Here the relatives of the deceased may sit and meditate upon the certainty of death. After looking at all these pleasant surroundings the horrible thought of the vultures tearing the flesh from the bones of the dead comes back, and we dismiss the subject, thanking God for the humanizing influence of the religion of Jesus Christ.

The native city, or Old Bombay, as it may be very appropriately called, is in striking contrast with the new town briefly described above. It has the characteristics of all oriental cities, but, with wider, better, cleaner streets, and more orderly people, it is in advance of the native portion of the most Eastern capitals. The natives are kindly disposed, gentle in demeanor and respectful to strangers. They have the reputation of being quiet, peaceable and orderly, except when aroused by race or religious prejudice. Between them and the quarrelsome, yelling, fanatical Turk and Arab, found in many parts of Asia Minor, there is a striking contrast, with the advantage all in favor of the gentle Hindu.

To me it was a source of constant interest and pleasure to wander about the streets of the native city and visit, with the missionaries, the homes of the people. Thus, by com-

ing in contact with the Hindus in their home and street life, in three weeks more was learned of their mode of living and habits of life than could have been ascertained in any other way.

In the bazaars, —the streets on which all kinds of goods are sold,—one never tires of wandering about and seeing sights strange to the Western eye. Here are flashes of brilliant color, and scenes of lively animation, to be witnessed nowhere but in India. The little, den-like shops on both sides of the street, with the dealer sitting in the midst of his curious merchandise, patiently but anxiously awaiting a customer, are always a sight worth seeing. Then there are crowds and crowds of Asiatic humanity, especially after the heat of the day has passed, when everybody seems to be out of doors. People, young and old, great and small, men, women and children, some in gay-colored dresses, “but most with next to none at all,” are coming and going in constant streams. I said to Brother Stover, “Surely the people of Old Bombay all live on the streets,” and the remark was quite in line with the truth. Here, in open shop and veranda, on sidewalk and street, the native Indian does a hundred things openly that we do indoors in the United States. The carpenter, the chair-maker, the furniture-maker and the shoemaker all have their shops in the open air. The gold and silversmith, who fashions the ornaments so dear to the hearts of the barbarous and half-civilized people,—with shame it must be added, and many professing Christians,—skillfully plies his trade before the multitude. You may see him making chains for the head and neck, bracelets for the arms and ankles, and rings for the toes, ears and nose. The barber shaves and shampoos his customer on the sidewalk, the baker mixes his flour and bakes his bread in full sight of his customers, the weaver throws



A FESTIVAL IN BOMBAY, NATIVE STREET.

Reproduced from
Cosmopolitan Magazine.

his shuttle and rolls up his web of cloth in the broad glare of sunlight, and so the work and the crowd move on until night, with but brief twilight, falls quickly upon the city. Then thousands of the moving mass, covering themselves with their loin-cloths, lie down on the street to rest and sleep away dull care. Passing through these same streets in the early morning one may see the people making their simple toilet in the open air and getting ready for their day's work.

"This is indeed India. The land of dreams and romance, of fabulous wealth and fabulous poverty, of splendor and rags, of palaces and hovels, of famine and pestilence, of genii and giants and Aladdin's lamps, of tigers and elephants, the cobra and the jungle, the country of a hundred nations and a hundred tongues, of a thousand religions and two million gods, cradle of the human race, birthplace of human speech, mother of History, grandmother of Legend, great-grandmother of Tradition, whose yesterdays bear date with the mouldering antiquities of the nations--the one sole country under the sun that is endowed with an imperishable interest for alien prince and alien peasant, for lettered and ignorant, wise and fool, rich and poor, bond and free, the one land that 'all' men desire to see, and, having seen once by even a glimpse, would not give that glimpse for the shows of all the rest of the globe combined."*

In hot climates where winter is unknown, the natives wear but scanty clothing, and this is true of central and southern India. Even the common demands of decency are often neglected, and in many places one of the first cares of the missionary is to get the people to wear a proper amount of clothing. It is not so much a question of

*Clemens.

kind as of quantity. Children until they are six or seven are commonly seen without clothing; a cord or sometimes a white metal chain, with a charm attached, is fastened about the waist. When they are older clothing is worn, but this is only a cloth for the loins, and among the very poor little more is ever worn, even in coldest weather. As the mercury rarely falls below sixty-five degrees, they do not suffer. The wealthy class wear very thin and often very rich clothing.

Shoes and stockings are never worn by the common people. Sandals are sometimes used, but the rule is to go without cover for the feet or the lower limbs, except among the females, who wear many rings. It is not an uncommon sight to see women with the lower limbs literally covered with rings or bands from the ankle to the knee. Among the poor the ankle rings are made of brass, and, taken together, those worn by one woman weigh from eight to ten pounds. The bands do not fit tightly, but rest loosely one on top of the other. I have often seen women stop by the wayside, gather a few leaves and tuck them under the lower ring where it rested on the foot, to keep it from cutting into the flesh. It is, of course, a great inconvenience, but it's the fashion, and she only does what millions of her more enlightened sisters do in Europe and America,—suffers the inconvenience for the sake of being in the fashion. The arms, from elbow to wrist, are in like manner covered with bracelets or bands of metal, glass and ivory. Then the ears are pierced all around the outer rim and half a dozen rings are worn in each. The nose, too, must bear its burden of ornament. Great rings, dangling over the mouth, hang from the nasal organ. The completion of bodily ornamentation is only reached when each of the fingers and the thumbs and the ten toes are all supplied with rings. This

may all seem like exaggeration, but it is only a plain statement of facts witnessed a thousand times and more since I have been in India. If further proof is desired, turn to the photogravure on page 255. The camera has reproduced for us two full-jeweled Indian maidens. The *Sari* thrown over the head covers the ears so that the rings are not in sight.



GOLDSMITH AT BOMBAY.

A close inspection will reveal two of the ear jewels on the figure to the left. The bangles are on the forehead, the earrings and the nose rings are in place. About the neck and throat are the beads and the silver and gold necklaces. The fingers, the wrists and the arms come in for their full share of ornamentation, and the ankles and toes are made to bear a burden of silver rings, bands and chains that must

be a great inconvenience to the dusky daughters of India. But it is the fashion, and the matter of inconvenience is never questioned either in India or in America when fashion's mandates go forth. What a tyrant fashion is and how it has enslaved the whole world!

The love for ornaments reaches its highest limit among the lower classes and the ignorant idol worshipers. The educated and wealthy wear jewelry in great profusion and of immense value, but are more moderate as to quantity. Indeed such is the love of display along this line that political economists give, as the main cause of the poverty existing in India, *money spent for jewelry*. Speaking on this subject one authority says: "India has been called the grave of the precious metals. It now absorbs about one-fourth of the gold and one-third of the silver produced throughout the world." According to the last census there were four hundred and one thousand, five hundred and eighty-two goldsmiths in India. This vast army of workmen are constantly engaged in melting gold coins and shaping them into curious ornaments for their customers. The only gold coins I have seen in India were those I brought with me and these, after being exchanged for silver rupees, went into the goldsmith's pot.

In view of this inordinate desire among the people all over the world for ornaments, it is no wonder that the Holy Scriptures contain a positive injunction against wearing gold and pearls for bodily adornment. And yet how many professing Christians there are who pay no heed to this plain, sensible commandment! Even missionaries who are sent out to lead these people to the lowly Man of Sorrows come wearing jewelry. What an example they give to their poor, heathen sisters! If this letter comes to the notice of any of these jewelry-loving missionaries I beseech them by



FULL JEWELLED.

the mercies of God to lay aside their rings and jewels, that they may the better lead the heathen away from idolatry. One said to me not long ago: "The reason why Christianity is not more readily accepted here is because so many Christians give such bad examples."

Speaking of customs brings us to another very peculiar habit seen all over India. Walking through the streets I noticed that many of those whom I met had their lips and teeth colored as with blood. I soon learned that this was caused by chewing pan, which answers to the opium habit of China and the tobacco habit in the United States, though it is but fair to say for the heathen that pan is not so injurious as either opium or tobacco.

I stop at one of the little, box-like shops where the dealer is busily engaged in serving his numerous customers with a "chew." He has by his side a large quantity of green pan leaves about the size of the leaf of the oak. Taking one of these in his hand, he places in the center of it a small quantity of slaked lime from a tin can at his side. Then he puts on the lime a small portion of the betel nut with cinnamon, cardamus and other spices. The leaf is then carefully folded over these ingredients. The folds are held together on top by a clove inserted like a pin. The little package, about the size of a large fig, is taken from the dealer and goes into the mouth of the chewer. The saliva at once becomes red, and gives the chewer's lips and teeth the repulsive and frightful appearance of a blood-drinker. When I first saw them I felt sure that each one had taken a mouthful of blood. It is said pan is a tonic and hence good for the health. The spices make it aromatic and slightly astringent to the taste, while the lime mixed with the juice of the pan leaf and betel nut turns it to the color of blood. Great splotches of red saliva from the

mouths of the chewers are to be seen on the sidewalks and about their houses, reminding one of our tobacco chewers at home. The fact is that in a choice between the two, tobacco or pan, I should prefer the latter, even if it is a heathen custom. It gives the breath a pleasant odor, and is not nearly so filthy as tobacco. Then, too, the heathen can excuse its use on the ground that it is healthful, while tobacco is known to destroy the nerves and to produce evil effects. Yes, we turn away from the Christian (?) tobacco chewer to the heathen pan muncher.

Pan chewing is a national custom in India, and everywhere among the natives it is offered to guests, and it is considered rude not to accept it. Europeans and Americans are excused on the ground of nationality. During our first week in Bombay, wife visited some Hindu ladies, and she brought home with her the pan which she could not, according to the rules of politeness, refuse to take. Neither of us felt like chewing it. Bishop Heber, the Indian missionary, tried pan chewing. In his diary, June 24, 1824, is found this entry: "I tried chewing pan to-day and thought it not unpleasant; at least I can easily believe that where it is fashionable people may soon grow very fond of it. It is warm and pungent. My servants fancy it is good for the teeth; but they do not all take it. I see about half the crew without the stain on their lips; but I do not think the teeth of others are better."

Americans and Europeans rarely, if ever, acquire the habit of chewing pan. They regard it disgusting to appear with lips and teeth stained red. This appears, after all, to be simply a difference of taste as to color. We know many Americans who do not object in the least to having their lips and teeth stained yellow with tobacco juice, and their breath made offensive by the noxious weed. Surely great is the god of habit!

CHAPTER X.

Stability of Customs in India—The Sacred Animals—Worshipping the Cow—Bathing—The Hindus' Love for Animals—To Bulsar—The Cocoanut Toddy—Monkeys by the Way—Our Mission Here—A Good Work by a Noble Band of Workers—Hinduism—Caste—The Rajah and his Cabinet—High Caste Woman—Low Caste Woman—The Degradation of Idolaters.

To the westerner the land of the Orient is not only a source of great interest but of surprises as well. Here he comes in contact with an entirely new, or, rather, an old world, for he is surrounded by a semi-civilization, the foundations of which are rooted in the Aryan invasion of India, which took place three thousand years before the discovery of America. He realizes at once that he is among a people whose traditions, activities and lines of thought are wholly different from his own. He is quite at a loss—unless he has made himself acquainted with the history and religious thought of the people—to account for the strange scenes about him. If he has traveled in Palestine and Egypt before coming to India, he is somewhat prepared for the striking contrasts that meet him. But western enterprise is changing the aspect of the former countries. The populations are small, hence easily affected. But India, with her three hundred million, does not change, and, practically speaking, western influence, aided by the missionaries, has made but little impression upon her population.

Animal life is held sacred by the Hindus, hence they are vegetarians. They believe in transmigration, or that after they leave the body they now live in they will be

transferred to that of some animal. This belief makes them especially kind to all animals, for they say, "How do we know but that some of our ancestors, even our father or mother, may now be living in the body before me." But of all animals the cow is held to be the most sacred, and is actually worshiped by all orthodox Hindus. They teach that, when the class known as the Brahmins was created, the cow was also made to supply sustenance to man by her milk and butter for the burnt offerings to the Creator. It is also claimed that the cow is the mother of the gods. Her five products—milk, butter, curds, and the excreta—are held in high veneration and even worshiped.

I have seen a Hindu, when meeting a cow in the morning, which is always regarded as a sign of the very highest good fortune, place both hands upon her back with much apparent affection and reverence, and then rub them over his face and breast. After putting the palms of his hands together and bringing them with the thumbs touching the forehead, he would bow the head reverently and repeat one of the mantras or prayers, of which Arnold's translation is given: "Hail, O cow! Mother of Rudra, daughter of Vasu, sister of the Aditya, thou who art the source of Ambrosia." Indeed so sacred have cows become in the eyes of the orthodox Hindu that to kill one is considered a greater crime than for one to slay his own father or brother, and some years ago an offense of this kind was punished by death.

As an illustration of the worship of this animal, the following incident is given: The widow of the last ruler of Nagpore spent twelve hours daily in the adoration of cows the tulsi plant, the sun, and her idols. When her end was at hand, five cows, in order to be bestowed on the priests, were introduced into the room where she lay. The gift of the

animals was accompanied by a further donation of money, and as the cows one after another passed onward from the bedside, they were supposed to help the dying woman forward on her way to heaven. Among the last acts of her life was that of calling for a cow and falling at its feet. As far as her waning strength would allow her, she offered it grass to eat and addressed it by the venerated name of mother.

Some years ago, when reading the Zend-Avesta, the Vedas, and other so-called sacred books, or bibles of the East, it seemed impossible for the mind to accept the extravagant statements made in them with reference to the worship of the cow and the veneration accorded to her excreta. Now these very things are seen every day, and many of them are so revolting in their nature that they cannot be described here. And yet there are some writers who would have us believe that Hinduism is to be compared with the Christian religion. Something more will be said on this subject of comparative religion later on. Now we can only say, God pity these ignorant idolaters, and put it into the hearts of his people to help lift them out of their ignorance and bring them to embrace the religion of Jesus Christ.

Several conditions, resulting from animal worship, are to be spoken of in words of commendation. The Hindus are very kind to animals and take good care of them. The cows that are driven about the streets and milked at the doors of customers are regularly bathed. In Bombay I watched with interest the process of bathing. About fifty of the animals had been gathered at a large tank full of clear water, and the herdsmen bathed them with as much care as a mother would bathe her child at home. The head, the ears, the nose, the mouth, the legs and feet all came in

for a due share of careful attention. After much rubbing and scrubbing and washing, a great quantity of water was poured over the animals, and the bath was completed. In this way they are kept scrupulously clean, and being well fed are sleek and fat. They present an inviting appearance, and one in striking contrast with the way some of our dairy cows are kept at home. In this warm climate the bath must be very grateful to them. At least they take it with patience and evident comfort.

Space is taken for but one more pleasing phase of the Hindus' love for animals. They provide homes for them, where they are fed and cared for when they are injured or become old and worn out. While in Bombay, at a later date, we visited a place of this kind and found a remarkable collection of lame, blind, wornout animals of various kinds—cows, oxen, sheep, goats, dogs, cats, monkeys, etc., etc. There were also many feathered fowls, some with broken wings and legs, wounded presumably by some Christian (?) sportsman and left to suffer and die until found by a humane Hindu and brought to this place to be fed and cared for. I thought of the cruelty practiced by some of our friends at home in pigeon shooting and wished they might learn a lesson from these heathen. The attendant who showed us around the place was intelligent and polite, and, after asking us to register our names, did not fail to point out a strong box with a slot in the top where contributions might be placed.

But the time has come to leave Bombay. We might stay here longer, and write and write, but we have not yet met sisters Stover and Ryan, and they are anxiously awaiting our coming. We therefore arranged to go to Bulsar on the 16th day of December. The latter place is located on the Bombay and Baroda railway, one hundred and twenty-

five miles north of Bombay. Leaving the city, the line passes for some distance along the seashore and close by the "burning ghaut," the place where the Hindus burn the bodies of their dead, a description of which must be given in another chapter. We also pass Malabar Hill, and we think again and again of the gloomy "towers of silence," with great vultures perched about them awaiting in silence their awful meal.

After leaving the city the general aspect of the country is flat and level, with low hills in the far distance. In some respects it reminds us of our western prairies, but the similarity embraces only the level surface. The plain is dotted here and there with native villages composed of very low mud huts, covered with rice straw. The land is laid out in numberless squares and irregular shapes, varying in size from about an eighth of an acre to a small plat but a few feet square. These are separated by narrow ridges a foot and a half high. In these little plats the farmer plants his rice when the rains come, and it grows for some time in the water. The ridges keep the water on each patch separate and also prevent the washing of the ground.

Then there are the cocoanut, the date and the palmyra palms, with their long, slender trunks and crowns of feathery foliage waving gracefully in the balmy air. Cocoanuts in various stages of development are to be seen on the trees, while the palmyra palms are marked and numbered and taxed by the government like our distilleries at home. Each tree produces every day about three quarts of a white liquid, resembling in taste and appearance the milk in the cocoanut. It is quite sweet when first taken from the trees, but in a few days it ferments and becomes a very strong intoxicant. Great quantities of "toddy," as it is called, are drunk by all classes of the natives, and drunkenness is quite

common. But this is not to be wondered at, for many of their gods are represented as being addicted to strong drink, and by some it is held that indulging in intoxicants to excess is pleasing to them. How a belief of this kind would gladden the hearts of Christian (?) distillers and brewers and saloonkeepers in Europe and the United States!

As we continue our journey northward, occasionally a monkey may be seen by the roadside, and farther north still, at Ahmedabad, as Arnold says, troops of them are visible, as they scamper from the track on both sides of the train. At a short distance they stop and curiously scrutinize the passing cars. There are hundreds of them, and they may be observed from the windows of the train, walking meditatively ahead on the rails, jumping over the cactus fences, perching with long drooping tails upon the branches of the trees, or solemnly assembled on some open field in a grave congress, discussing the next plundering expedition. They steal and destroy much fruit and grain, but the natives rarely ever molest them, for they worship the monkey god Hanuman, and to them these great apes are sacred.

At 9:30 P. M. we reached Bulsar and had a joyful meeting with our dear missionaries. Doubtless no one of the five of us who were present at that meeting will ever forget it. Tears of joy were shed and grateful hearts thanked the dear Lord that we were thus brought together in far-away India. A number of the friends of our missionaries came with them to meet us, and as it was night we formed a kind of procession with lanterns and torches, and so walked together to the mission home.

Bulsar, the location selected by our missionaries for their work, is a city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, situated in the Bombay Presidency, one hundred and twen-

ty miles north of the capital of the district. The language spoken is the Gujarati. We are of the opinion that, when all the conditions are considered, a good selection of territory was made. The climate for at least one-half of the year is delightfully pleasant. During the day we sit on the open veranda and read and write. At night it is cool enough to make light blankets comfortable. This is all the more pleasant as we read letters from home telling of snow and snowdrifts and of zero weather. In a location free from malaria Bulsar may be called a healthy place, and after those who come here are acclimated they enjoy as good health as at home. Were it not for some home interests that demand our personal attention we should very much like to remain here.

In the mission home we spent six weeks most pleasantly and happily. It was a real joy to be with this devoted band of Christian workers. The days passed away all too soon for us. They are now a memory, but are always recalled with much pleasure and satisfaction.

I was deeply impressed with the great importance of our mission work in India. The conviction that the church will not be held blameless if she neglects her part in the great work of rescuing India from idolatry and winning her for Christ, has grown many times stronger since I have seen the people bow down to images made of wood, clay and stone. I am especially pleased to say that our missionaries are doing well. They have won the love and esteem of all with whom they have come in contact, and this promises well for their success when they are ready to preach Christ to the people. They are studying hard and are making rapid progress in acquiring the language.

Many important problems will have to be met and solved as the work progresses in India, but these will be

met and solved as they arise. The religion of Jesus Christ is not local in its character, but is adapted to meet the wants of the whole world. National characteristics and customs, dependent upon climatic conditions, so long as they are not in conflict with the Gospel, should not be interfered with. It may even be necessary to modify to some slight extent our church government, to meet the exigencies of the case. Those who are converted from idol worship cannot, until they are educated and lifted out of their ignorance, intelligently exercise the right to vote in the congregations. But, as already intimated, these various conditions will be met and settled in accordance with the Gospel as they arise.

Our mission in India gives us an increased interest in the people whom we are assisting in leading away from idolatry, and its consequent degradation, to the worship of the true and living God. Many of my readers do not have access to books containing information about India and its people, and therefore the rest of this chapter will be devoted to the subject of "The People of India, their Beliefs and Form of Worship." The Hindu comes first in the list.

Of India's three hundred million* souls, by far the largest number are worshipers of the gods of Hinduism; and so numerous are their gods that Umbalal Desai, a high-caste Brahman and teacher of the high school at Bulsar, said to us: "There are three hundred million people in India, and there is a god for each." Before speaking of their gods, however, we refer to the curse of India, Hindu caste.

The word "caste," meaning "race," was used by the Portuguese, who were the first Europeans to trade with India, to denote the classes into which the people were di-

* In the absence of exact statistics these figures are given approximately.



THE RAJAH AND HIS CABINET.

vided. The word was changed by English writers into caste, and this term is now universally used when referring to Hinduism. Caste is so closely bound up with the religion of India that it seems impossible to separate them.

There are four great castes or divisions of the people in India, and these again are subdivided into numerous smaller classes. The great castes are

1. The Brahmans, or priest class, who are said to have issued from the mouth of Brahma, the Hindu god, at the moment of creation. Their business is to read and teach the sacred books, and to offer sacrifices for themselves and others. They are held to be the chief of all created beings, and it is claimed that the lower castes enjoy life through them. From this caste came the rulers of the land, the petty kings, rajahs and princes. Their power is now very much circumscribed by the English, but at one time they ruled according to their own will. A picture of one of the rajahs and his cabinet is given, and they make up a group of fine-looking men.

2. The soldier class are said to have sprung from the arms of the god. They bear arms and administer the laws made by the Brahmans. The executive government is vested in the soldier caste alone.

3. The merchant caste came from the thighs of Brahma. They are to engage in trade, keep cattle, cultivate the soil and loan money at interest. They are the Hindu business men.

4. The Sudra, or servant class, are believed to have come from the feet of Brahma. They are not to be held as slaves, but as servants of servants. They are to serve the classes above them, and especially the higher caste. They cannot accumulate or own property, and their condition cannot be changed or improved. The Sudra women do all

kinds of manual labor, and are to be pitied. I have seen them in groups on the streets with irons in their hands, hard at work tamping the fine stone and clay so as to make the street solid and firm. It is hard work. See page 275.

From the Rig Veda, the book the Hindus call their bible, the following quotation is made, showing the origin of caste. Speaking of Brahma it says,

“What were his arms, and what his thighs and feet?
The Brahma was his mouth, the kingly soldier
Was made his arms, the husbandman his thighs,
The servile Sudra issued from his feet.”

There is still another class, known as Pariahs, or outcasts, that is without caste. They are the most degraded of all the people in India. None of the four castes will hold any communication with them. Food is defiled if the shadow of a Pariah falls upon it. All those who violate their caste fall into the low class, which the Hindu mind regards as the depth of vileness. If a man and woman of two different castes should marry, they may under severe penalties hold their caste, but their children are doomed to become outcast Pariahs.

As before noted, these classes are again subdivided into numerous castes. The British census report for 1881 gave no less than nineteen thousand and forty-four caste names, and these were entered in the order of their relative importance, beginning with the Brahmans and ending with the Pariahs or outcasts. Were it not for the fact that these figures are taken from the official report, one might doubt their being correct. As it stands, it shows how hopelessly India is divided by caste.

One cannot remain long in India without seeing the effects of caste. It is one of the great hindrances to mission work. It builds a wall of separation between the different



HINDU GIRL.

classes that keeps them from all social intercourse. It dries up all human sympathy, and is directly in opposition to the great Christ-given doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. At home we have some idea of caste as it exists between the white and black races in the South, but that is but a shadow of the power of castes as it is felt in India. Here it is observed with the strictness of a religious rite and enforced by the severest penalties. It determines, with all the power of an unreasoning tyrant, every Hindu movement, from the day of his birth until he is laid on his funeral pyre, and even here it reigns, for the burning of his body and the disposition of his ashes are subject to the iron rule of casté.

The statement of Dr. Wilson, an authority on this subject, will give our readers an idea of how the laws of caste regulate all the actions of life among the Hindus. Caste has ordained for infancy, youth and manhood methods of "sipping, drinking and eating; of washing and anointing; of clothing and ornamenting the body; of sitting, rising, reclining; of moving, visiting, traveling; of speaking, reading, listening and reciting; and of meditating, singing, working and fighting. It has its laws for social and religious rites, privileges and occupations; for education, duty, religious service; for errors, sins, transgressions; for intercommunion, avoidance and excommunication; for defilement and purification; for fines and punishments. It unfolds the ways of committing what it calls sins, accumulating sin and putting away sin; of acquiring, dispensing and losing merit. It treats of inheritance, possession and disposition of property; and of bargains, gains, loss and ruin. It deals with death, burial and burning; and with commemoration, assistance and injury after death. It interferes, in short, with all the relations and events of life, and with what precedes and fol-

lows or what is supposed to precede and follow life. It reigns supreme in the innumerable classes and divisions of the Hindus, whether they originate in family descent, in religious opinions, in civil or sacred occupations, or in local residences; and it professes to regulate all their interests, affairs and relationships. Caste is the guiding principle of each of the classes and divisions of the Hindus, viewed in their distinct and associated capacity."

Whilst the rules of caste thus enter into all the simplest and most minute details of life, there are four general rules that are held more important than others, and these have all the force and power of a sacred law, and may be classed as follows:

1. Intermarriage between persons of different castes is strictly prohibited. This rule also enforces child marriage and prohibits widows from remarriage. A man may marry as many times as he likes, a woman but once.

2. Restrictions as to the kind of food to be eaten, and its preparation by cooks who must be of a caste not lower than those for whom they cook. Dry food and fruits may be eaten together; but if these be cooked they come under caste rules. Brahmans, being the highest caste, may cook for all others.

3. Those of different castes must not eat together, neither must water be accepted by a high from a low caste person. Pariahs or outcasts are excluded from eating except among themselves.

4. The castes are prohibited from engaging in any occupation except that which falls to the different classes. The sons follow the occupation of their fathers and are not allowed to change at will.

These iron rules fix a man's lot in life in India, and he is absolutely helpless to change or alter it. It destroys all



TAMPING THE STREETS.

hope and ambition to better the condition in life, and it divides the people into so many classes, and separates them so completely that there is but little unity of action among them. England, with her sea-girt islands and comparatively small population, rules India's three hundred millions to-day, because caste makes unity impossible. Were it not for this pernicious system, with its twin sister idolatry, India, with her vast population and her infinite resources, might be, and would be, one of the leading nations of the world. As it is, she is ruled by a handful of men who are not always alert for her best interests.

Well might Bishop Heber say, "The caste system tends, more than anything else the devil has yet invented, to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and to make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder."

An English author* of note and authority recognizes the fact that the British rule in India depends upon caste. He says: "Its action tends to arrest progress, to paralyze energy, to crush manly independence, to stifle healthy public opinion, to make nationality, patriotism, and true liberty almost impossible. . . . And certainly the antagonism of these caste associations has helped us to *govern the country by making political combinations impracticable.*"

But worse than all these, caste distinction alienates men from the true God and makes the task of lifting them out of ignorance and idolatry, and leading them to Christ, a most difficult one.

It would be but an easy matter to fill a volume with incidents showing to what extent caste controls the Hindus in their relation to each other and in their dealing with strangers. Only a very few instances can be given in the

*Sir Monier Williams.

space allotted. When making purchases at the shops, the Hindu tradesman, instead of handing you the money that is due you in change, drops it into your hand. If the high-caste shopkeeper should but touch the hand of a customer of a lower caste he would at once become impure and unclean. I noticed this peculiarity many times in dealing with the natives.

In drinking from a vessel the liquid is poured into the mouth in a constant stream, so that the lips do not become polluted by coming in contact with a cup, bowl, or glass, that may have been touched in manufacture, or sale, by one of a lower caste than the drinker. If you would know how difficult it is to take water in this way, try it as we did, and you will learn that drinking from a vessel is much more desirable than pouring.

In the home men and women of different castes must be engaged to do different kinds of work. At Bombay the men who made the beds and swept the rooms and cleaned the shoes could not be induced, by any means, to empty the jar into which the wash water had been thrown. This was the work of a lower caste man, and this work he did every morning. It required four different persons to do the chamber work. As a result of this senseless system of caste there is a small army of servants about the hotels.

One of the missionaries relates an amusing phase of caste rules. His Hindu servant would carry tea and toast to him in the morning when he was sick, but when a boiled egg was wanted some one else was required to bring it. The boiling and eating of an egg implied to the Hindu the premature death of a prospective chicken, and to him that would have been a most serious offense. He drew the caste line, and, as a result, the Hindu brought the tea and toast, followed solemnly by another servant with the egg.

At one of the missions, during a heavy rainstorm, the roof of one of the houses fell in and covered up a number of low caste men. The missionary plead all in vain for help from those who passed by. No one would lend a hand to help the poor fellows out. "We cannot without violating our caste," they said, and went their way, wholly indifferent to the sufferings of their fellows; and so the poor men remained under the roof at least an hour before low-caste men could be secured to help them out of the wreck. It must not be thought that the Hindus are not hospitable. So far as the rules allow they are exceedingly kind and generous. But caste is a sufficient excuse for not giving help to a lower or an unknown caste.

Bishop Heber gives the following illustration: A traveler falls down sick in the street of a village,—a real occurrence,—nobody knows to what caste he belongs, therefore nobody goes near him, lest they should become polluted. He wastes to death before the eyes of the whole community, unless the jackals take courage from his helpless state to finish him a little sooner, and, perhaps, as happened in the case here alluded to, the children are allowed to pelt the poor fellow with stones and mud.

The extreme selfishness of caste, as here illustrated, is admitted freely by the Hindus themselves. Selfishness is made a kind of virtue. You may judge a people by their songs and proverbs. One of the many Hindu proverbs inculcates selfishness in this way:

"Preserve your wife, preserve your pelf,
But give them both to save yourself;
There's other wealth, another wife,
But where is there another life?"

How different is this from the teaching of our Savior, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," and, "If

any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." Surely we should thank God for the pure, holy, unselfish life and teachings of Jesus, our blessed Savior, and thank him, too, with full hearts, that the lines did not fall to us in this land of idols and caste distinctions.

One of the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of the missionary is the caste system. He finds it even more firmly fixed in the hearts and lives of the people than idolatry itself, and it may be said to be a great part of their religion. Some missionaries sought success by admitting caste into the congregations of their converts, but they signally failed.

It seems entirely unreasonable to us, but to the Hindu it is a great birthright, for caste depends upon birth alone. No possible condition of merit or true worth avails. One of a higher caste may be degraded and sink into a lower order, but there is no royal road for ascent. To be born a Sudra is to be a servant for life. The gods have so decreed, and so must it be. Between each caste in the ascending scale an impassable gulf is fixed. You might as well, and with far better hope of success, talk to an orthodox Brahman of changing his sacred cow into a horse or an elephant, as to speak of making a soldier or merchant of the servant class, or a Brahman priest of any one of a lower caste than himself. The educated Brahman may have a purpose in all this, for one of their own number who renounces Hinduism, says, "Caste is the bulwark of Hindu idolatry, and the safeguard of Brahmanical priesthood."

India caste is the logical result of such social and class distinctions—born of pride, rank, and wealth—as are so rapidly gaining ground in our own country. It is, after all, only a less exaggerated form of class division which to-day

separates and alienates people in Europe and America. The "Four Hundred" of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston, the aristocracy of wealth and accidental birth all over the country, with its exclusive social conditions, and its selfish, arrogant assumption, which says: "I am better than thou," and the race question in the South are all born of the caste principle. And these conditions need be carried only a little farther at home until an impassable gulf is fixed between the classes as in India, "so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

The important question is, How shall this great evil be met and overthrown? It will be a Herculean task, and it will take time. We believe the only antidote for the pernicious and poisonous system, as it exists in India and as it is growing at home, is the self-denying religion of Jesus Christ. His teachings, fully accepted and lived out in the lives of his followers, will most assuredly destroy all class distinctions except those based on true worth and merit. The Gospel teaches the common brotherhood of all men, that out of one blood God made "all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth," that we all are brethren, and that there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, high nor low, rich nor poor, "for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Caste distinction and all differences born of human pride have no place in the religion of Jesus Christ. On the contrary it forbids all such things and will overthrow caste and unite all peoples.

CHAPTER XI.

Idolatry in India—The Fascination of Idol Worship—The Degradation of the People—Different Sects—The Mark on the Forehead—Branding the Body—The Daily Service Rendered to the Idol—Saktism a Synonym for Sensuality—Animal Worship—The Hindus' Love for Animals—A Strange Case of Suicide—The Worship of Snakes—The Monkey God—Plant and Tree Worship.

IN closing the last chapter it is said that the religion of Jesus Christ will overthrow caste. It will do much more than this for India. It will not only destroy caste and unite the people on the plane of a common love for humanity, but it will make impossible the system which makes caste possible. The idolatry of India will disappear, the worship of the true God take its place, and the root of caste be destroyed.

Before coming to India I had heard much, and read more, about idols and the idolatry of the people; but the half has never yet been told. Neither can it be told. Such is the degradation to which idolatry has sunk many of the people of India that it cannot, for the sake of common decency, be put into print. It dazes the mind, and one is led to exclaim: "Is it possible that men and women can go down so low in degradation and depravity as these have gone?" They have "changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lust of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves." This strong language of Paul, with the verses

that follow, depicts the depraved state of idolatrous Rome, but the depth of degradation found here is not described by the inspired writer.

In the short time we have been in India we have seen much of the idolatry of the people. We have visited many of the temples where images of wood, clay and stone are worshipped. We have seen the Hindu prostrate himself before his gods and offer sacrifices to them. And we have seen some of the depravity and obscenity of idol worship, but we desire to call other witnesses to give testimony.

The eminent Sanscrit scholar and missionary to India, M. A. Sherring, who spent thirty years among the Hindus and knew their sacred books, the Vedas, well, says: "Idolatry is a charm, a fascination to the Hindu. It is, so to speak, the air he breathes. It is the food of his soul. He is subdued, enslaved, befooled by it. The nature of the Hindu partakes of the supposed nature of the gods whom he worships. And what is that nature? According to traditions handed about among the natives, and constantly dwelt upon in their conversation, and referred to in their popular songs,—which, perhaps, would be sufficient proof,—yet more especially according to the numberless statements and narratives found in their sacred writings, on which these traditions are based, it is, in many instances, vile and abominable to the last degree. Idolatry is a word denoting all that is wicked in imagination, and impure in practice. Idolatry is a demon—an incarnation of all evil—but nevertheless as bewitching and seductive as a siren. It ensnares the depraved heart, coils around it like a serpent, transfixes it with its deadly fangs, and finally stings it to death."

Another eminent authority on Hindu idol worship has these severe words upon the subject. His party was travelling in the Madras Presidency, and they came to a temple or

"pagoda whose high tower is a revolting sight. It is, in fact, a mass of obscenity cut in stone, such as one could hardly imagine depravity itself capable of inventing. Yet this is part and parcel of the religion of Brahma, that religion upon the excellency of which some Sanscrit professors expatiate! One sight of this temple at Cocanada would suffice to disabuse them of their fine pictures of Hinduism and of the elevating power of the Vedas. A few pet quotations are always at hand when one would praise Brahmanism. They are, in the oldest Vedas, grains of wheat in bushels of chaff. If we would learn what the Hindu religion really is, and what are its practical fruits, we must visit the temples of India."

To enter fully into the subject of Hinduism, with its innumerable idols and symbols, would be the work of years, and require volume upon volume of printed matter; and yet the missionary who would successfully meet and overthrow Hinduism must fully acquaint himself with its religious teachings and its philosophy. In a brief way it may be said the Hindus have three principal gods, known to them as Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. The last two, with their wives and sons, are the principal deities worshiped, and from these come all the gods of Hinduism.

In a general way Hindu worshipers may be divided into five classes or sects:

1. Those who worship Siva, classed under the general name of Saivas.
2. Worshipers of Vishnu, who are known as Vaishnavas.
3. Worshipers of the wives of the deities or female energy, called Saktas.



GANESA, THE ELEPHANT-HEADED GOD.

4. Worshipers of Ganesa or Gan-pati, designated by the name of Ganapatyas.

5. The sun worshipers or Sauras.*

These different sects use the same so-called sacred books, and from the foregoing list come the great multitude of gods and idols which hold India in a bondage of the worst possible description. It has been stated after a most careful estimate that there are three hundred and thirty million idols worshiped in India. This vast number seems quite incredible, but, after visiting the bazaars in different cities where idols made of brass and bronze of all sorts and sizes are exposed for sale, and having seen others made of clay, moulded by the potter's hand, and still others of wood and stone, we are ready to accept the statement.

We have in our possession a number of these idols or images. One of them, Ganesa, or Gan-pati, has a human body disfigured with the head of an elephant. The accepted history of how this strange thing occurred will show the character of the gods of the Hindus and also of the ignorance and superstition of the people who accept as inspired such silly stories. It is said that when Ganesa was born, his father, Siva, suspected the chastity of the goddess, his wife, and in his anger cut off the boy's head. Afterward, convinced of his spouse's innocence, he repented his rash act, and taking the head from an elephant placed it on his son.

Krishna is another popular god among the Hindus. His uncle cruelly slew all his brothers and sisters, and he was saved only by being exchanged by his mother for a shepherd's child. When the boy grew to manhood he slew his uncle. Such are the stories told and accepted in full faith by these simple-minded, ignorant, idol worshipers.

*Sir Monier Williams. "Brahmanism and Hinduism."

And these might be multiplied indefinitely. Many of the stories told are unfit for publication.

The Hindus have the curious custom of placing upon the forehead a distinguishing mark of their sect or of the god they worship. These marks are of different colors, bright red, yellow and white being oftenest used. Ashes are used, and the coloring matter is mixed with these. The marks are placed on the forehead in the morning after bathing, and remain there all through the day. The marks of the worshipers of Vishnu consist of an upright bar made with bright red and yellow colors, while that of the Saivas is three horizontal strokes made with white ashes. There are some seventy of these marks used, most of them, however, are placed on the arms and shoulders. "The face marks are the fewest and most striking. These consist of spots, circles, triangles, straight lines, curved lines, crescents, simple and in combination, and of varied colors."

In addition to the marks made with colored matter, many of the worshipers of Siva and Vishnu brand their breasts, arms, and other parts of their bodies with distinctive emblems of their sect. Such marks are burned in the flesh with red-hot stamps, sometimes made of gold. The symbols of Siva are the trident and linga; while those of Vishnu are the discus, the club and the conch-shell. The photogravure shows a group of high-caste Hindus, three men and their wives and a small boy. The face markings are plainly shown on the forehead, the women being marked as well as the men. It will be observed that they also wear the ear and nose jewels. It is an interesting picture, as it shows the costumes of this class of people.

The worship of Siva requires considerable work on the part of those who attend to it. Dr. Mitra, quoted by Williams, is authority for the following description of this kind



BRAHMAN FAMILY.

of worship. A slab or block of uncarved granite was used as the idol. Blocks of stone are set up and painted red and worshiped. We have seen hundreds of idols of this kind worshiped by the Hindus. The daily worship consists of no less than twenty-two ceremonial acts.

1. At the first appearance of dawn bells are rung to rouse the deity from his slumbers.

2. A lamp with many wicks is waved in front of the stone.

3. The god's teeth are cleansed by pouring water and rubbing a stick about a foot long on the stone.

4. The deity is washed and bathed by emptying several pitchers of water on the stone.

5. He is dressed by placing clothes on the stone.

6. The first breakfast is offered, consisting of grain, sweetmeats, curd and cocoanuts.

7. The god has his principal breakfast when cakes and more substantial viands are served.

8. A kind of a little lunch is served.

9. The god has his regular lunch.

10. The midday dinner is served, consisting of curry, rice, pastry, cakes, cream, etc., while a priest waves a many-flamed lamp and burns incense before a stone.

11. Strains of noisy, discordant music rouse the deity from his afternoon sleep at 4 P. M., the temple having been closed for the preceding four hours.

12. Sweetmeats are offered.

13. The afternoon bath is administered.

14. The god is dressed as in the morning.

15. Another meal is served.

16. Another bath is administered.

17. The full dress ceremony takes place, when fine, costly vestments, yellow flowers and perfumery are placed on the stone.

18. Another offering of food follows.
19. After an hour's interval the regular supper is served.
20. Five masks and a kind of musical instrument are brought in and oblations are made.
21. Waving of lights is performed before bedtime.
22. A bedstead is brought into the sanctuary and the god composed to sleep.

The Hindus do not starve their gods. Of course it is understood that the priests do the eating, and personal observation leads us to say that they are sleek and fat, and show evidence of having an abundance of good food. Any surplus is sold and the money belongs to the priests. Many of the priests do not believe in all this nonsense, but they say the people want it so, and they are willing to serve them; for in this way they get their living. Why should they not do it? There are some ministers of the Gospel who are treading dangerously near the path trodden by the Hindu priest—preaching to please the people.

But the worst features of Hinduism and idolatry are yet to be related; that is, so far as it is possible to relate them with due regard to the rules of propriety. The worship of the wives of Vishnu and Siva, or female energy, under the name of Saktism is so utterly degrading in its character as to more than deserve these strong words by a thoroughly reliable author: "In Saktism we were confronted with the worst results of the worst superstitious ideas that have ever disgraced and degraded the human race." Sensuality, drunkenness, carnal passion, licentiousness and all the grosser appetites are held to be forms of virtue. All social rules and restrictions are disregarded, and the vilest orgies are indulged in by those who seek in this way to gratify their deities. Prostitution is made a virtue and

adultery has the sanction of a religious rite. Thousands of innocent girls, even before their birth, are dedicated to the idol temple service, where, in the name and in the service of their gods they lead lives of shame. While it is claimed that they are married to the idol, they at once become the slaves of licentious priests who rule in the temples where they belong. All this but faintly describes the depth of the degradation to which idolatry has sunk these people. Depravity and sin seem to have no depth that has not been reached by them. Ignorance and superstition have bound them with error's chain, until they are led to commit all these excesses with the sanction of their idols, and in the belief that by them they will please their gods.

We have heard it said by those at home who are not favorable to sending the Gospel to the heathen, "We have the heathen at home, convert them first, and then it will be time to go to foreign lands." If the apostles had taken a course of this kind, the religion of Jesus Christ would have remained in Palestine for many centuries. It is true we have heathen at home, but they have access to the Bible, and we may thank God that to the enlightened conscience of our nation sin is sin, while here it is, even in its worst aspect, a form of righteousness. The people at home have the Gospel, here they sit in the deepest darkness of sin's darkest night.

We have asked ourselves over and over again—since coming into actual contact with idolatry, and coming to know by hearing and seeing the reality as it exists—how shall we, as a church, escape if we neglect to do our part in giving the Gospel of light to these people?

Probably many of us will go on, as we have been going in the past, building fine houses, costing from five to ten

thousand dollars, and furnishing them with costly carpets, rich furniture, expensive organs and pianos, and with pictures and bric-a-brac, because the love of the beautiful in us must be cultivated; probably many of us will go on loading our tables to groaning with delicacies and luxuries, eating to repletion, chewing and smoking tobacco, riding in fine carriages drawn by splendid horses in expensive harness and costly trappings, wearing gold and costly array, spending the Lord's money for that which is not bread and for that which satisfieth not, and letting these poor souls die in the depths of sin and idolatry.

We repeat again, this is what some of us are doing, and shall we go on in this way until some day God calls us as unfaithful stewards to give an account of our stewardship? *And then what?* Let each answer this question for himself, and answer it not as unto man, but as unto God!

And here is another question: How many missionaries could we support in India and in other parts of the world, if all the actual unnecessaries of life were cut off among us, such as tobacco, table delicacies, costly garments, useless photographs, unnecessarily expensive houses and furniture, and indulgences which only gratify a perverted taste and appetite? Would one hundred missionaries be too high an estimate?

It is not always easy to obtain reliable information in traveling through a country without a speaking knowledge of the language. Guides and even guidebooks are not always to be depended upon. The former are often given to exaggeration, and the latter are sometimes gotten up more for the money to be made in selling them than for giving reliable information. In these gleanings dependence has not been placed upon information picked up at random here and there, but the best authorities on India and Hinduism,



AN IDOL.

Brahmanism and Buddhism have been examined and used. It may be in point to state that the best books on India are sold at very high prices. Sir Monier Williams' books on Buddhism and Hinduism, although of only medium size, bound in cloth, cost about six dollars each. It is sometimes urged that our books at home are too high, but compared with the prices here and in England, they are very cheap.

Since the foregoing part of this chapter was written we have visited some temples, the stone carvings upon which are too obscene and degrading to even think about. If there is a depth of degradation and vileness that has not been reached by the Hindu Saktists in their idolatry, it has not been made known to humanity. It is really pleasant to turn away from the most revolting phase of idolatry to one at least less degrading in its tendencies, that is, animal worship.

Before giving a brief account of animal worship, it is only right to say that the educated Brahmans do not believe in idolatry. In conversation with them they have told us that there is nothing in the idols, but the people want them and worship them, and the priest gets his living and is satisfied to allow them ignorantly to worship stocks and stones. Ignorance is the devil's stronghold. In the days of slavery in the South, laws were enacted against educating the negro. So here the lower classes are kept in ignorance, the ready handmaid of tyranny and oppression. If the masses were educated the power of the Brahman priest would be shaken off and idolatry receive a deadly blow.

Animal worship as it is found in India has been common among idolatrous peoples in all ages of the world. The Egyptians, as is well known, worshiped many kinds of animals, including birds, reptiles, and even insect life. The

Israelites made their golden calf at Mt. Sinai, having received their idea of the idol from their taskmasters in Egypt, who worshiped Apis, or the White Ox. But history gives no record equaling the excess to which the worship of animals has been carried in India. According to a popular belief among the people, there are no less than eight million, four hundred thousand living creatures into which a man may pass before reaching a final resting place. And this belief, firmly held by the masses, has led them to worship everything in which there is life. This may, and does, seem quite absurd to us, but it has to the Hindu the reality of an unbounded faith. He firmly believes that not only his own soul, but even the soul of his god may pass into an animal form. Indeed, we need not go back very far in the history of our own ancestry until we find them worshipping animals and offering human sacrifices to their idols; and such would we be to-day, were it not for the religion of Jesus Christ.

This belief among the Hindus accounts for the fact that they rarely eat flesh and take no delight in killing animals. Hunting simply for sport is unknown among them. Many of the most radical of them will drink no water without straining it, lest they inadvertently destroy animal life. One necessary article to the so-called holy man's scanty outfit is a small water strainer. This belief also begets in the Hindu a strong love for all of God's creatures; and it is always a matter of great interest and curiosity to see how animals of almost every description live on terms of the very closest intimacy with human beings. We observed this relationship many times while in India. While we write these lines a crow sits within a few feet of us, eyeing the movement of the pen with much apparent interest. No fear is manifested, for even the birds trust their friends.



THE FOUR-HEADED BRAHMA.

And so here in India the feathered songsters build their nests and brood their young about the houses, by the way-side, and in the fields before the eyes of every passer-by, and within easy reach of every schoolboy, without the least fear of being molested. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field share a portion of the home and food of the farmer as a matter of right, without protest or grudging on his part. In the towns and cities the ox and the cow roam at their own will on sidewalk and pavement, and jostle you on the streets; monkeys make their homes on the housetop and amuse you with their playful antics, and annoy you with thieving propensities; squirrels frisk about the verandas and gladly share your meal on the slightest invitation; parrots in brilliant plumage of red, green and gold chatter about the windows and peer inquisitively into your chambers. Crows sit on your window sills and make themselves quite at home in your rooms, carrying off and hiding any small article that may please their fancy; sparrows come and go at their own sweet will, picking crumbs from the tablecloth or bread-plate, and resting complacently upon any projection on the wall; lizards chase each other up and down the walls of your sitting-room and hide themselves away in the folds of your bed-clothing; snakes, at some places during the rainy season, make themselves unpleasantly familiar with the interior of your home; and if your house be on the outskirts of the town, the jackals will give you a nightly serenade with almost human-like voice.

We confess that the Hindu love for animals touches a responsive chord in our heart, and while we would love to have them all embrace Christianity and worship the true and living God, we should not like to see them lose their sympathy for the lowest of God's creatures. We willingly admit that many professing Christians, who beat and abuse

their faithful animal servants, might well learn lessons of mercy from the Hindus. Let us remember that our Bible teaches that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," and that the Master said: "Be ye therefore merciful."

Of all animals worshiped by the Hindus, the cow and ox must be placed at the head of the list. In a preceding chapter attention was called to the worship of the cow. To a people who never kill animals for food, and who have no horses for their plows and carts, the value of the cow for nourishment and the ox for farming purposes cannot be overestimated. The cow is held in the highest veneration. Every part of its body is the supposed abode of some one of the Hindus' many deities. Every hair on its body is held sacred, and to the cow worshiper, its five products are of all things most holy.* The very ashes of her excreta, if applied to the person of a wicked man will, it is supposed, make a good man of him. Believing all this, it is not to be wondered at that the heaven of one of the Hindu gods,— "Krishna,"—is known as Go-loka or, literally, "cow world."

The Hindus also believe in a divine cow known as Surabhi or "cow of plenty," representations of which are to be seen in temples, and are also kept in houses for the purpose of domestic worship. The ox is dedicated to the god Siva, and in every temple where the symbols of this god are displayed is to be seen the stone image of the ox in a reclining posture facing the idol. Pious Hindus believe that they cannot attain higher merit than to brand an ox with Siva's trident and turn it loose to roam at full freedom about the city of Benares, or Gaya. At Benares we saw a number of these huge animals walking independently about

* Sir Monier Williams.

the streets. The gift and turning loose of such an animal is attended with much ceremony.

Cows are also kept in Hindu temples. We visited many of these temples, and we could see scores of cows stalled inside where the priests would not allow us to walk lest we should pollute the holy place. Even if we entered the outer court we were required to put off our shoes. The temples were, according to our notion, made filthy by being turned into cow stables, but to the Hindu this only purified and made them holy. How radically different are our views as to what is pure and cleanly!

To show to what excess cow worship has been carried, the following fact, related by Williams, is given: "At Ogra there is an image of a man named Mukunda. The Brahman, who was my guide when I visited this place, gravely informed me that it represented a celebrated saint, who felt himself compelled to commit suicide by jumping into a neighboring river, as a penalty for having accidentally swallowed the hair of a cow by drinking milk without straining it."

Snakes are the second class of animals to which divine honors are given in India. There is something about the very name itself that gives one an involuntary shudder, and how people can worship these reptiles is difficult to understand. It is probably due to the fact that they excite great fear among the people. Perhaps in no other country in the world are there so many poisonous snakes as are to be found in India. Some of them by merely pricking the skin cause almost instantaneous death. Among these is the well-known deadly black cobra, and the almost equally venomous rock snake. Death from the bite of the cobra usually occurs within a very few hours after the wound has been inflicted.

The habit of the natives in walking about barefoot with the lower limbs entirely unclad, exposes them to constant peril of being bitten by these deadly reptiles. Reliable authority places the number who die annually in India from this cause alone at twenty-five thousand. So great has been the destruction of human life from this source, that the British Government offered a small money reward for every poisonous snake killed. Very few of the native Hindus, however, could be induced to kill the reptiles, fearing, as they said, lest they might kill one of their gods. The English-speaking people with the missionaries and Moslems had no such scruples, and between the years 1875-80 over one million venomous snakes were killed, for which the government paid the stipulated reward. During the same period one hundred and three thousand persons died from snake bites. One of the missionaries, Mr. A. Haegart, told us at Calcutta that he had himself killed no less than three hundred snakes during his stay in India, over a hundred of them being deadly cobras.

Whether the motive be fear or something else, the ignorant Hindu is much given to serpent worship. It is stated that some years ago there were in Cashmere seven hundred temples for snake worship. At Benares we had pointed out to us, by our intelligent Hindu guide, a huge stone image of a cobra, to which offerings were being made. Our guide said, "We worship the image of the cobra, hoping that by so doing we shall be protected from being bitten by poisonous snakes." At the same place is a snake pool which is believed to possess great cleansing power. If a man bathes in it he is assured by the attendant priest, who receives a small gratuity, that any sin he may have committed will be washed away. Some draw the form of a serpent on their walls and do homage to it. Others go to the holes

where the snakes have their underground homes and place sticks in the ground, wrap cotton thread about them and make offerings of flowers and food to the reptiles.

Pool, in his work on India, gives the following quotation from a lecture by an educated native: "Though people die from their venomous bites, serpents are worshiped as living deities by many of my fellow-countrymen. Respectable citizens deem it a duty to set apart a cool patch in their gardens for the comfortable residence of snakes. Occasionally the reptiles creep out into the house itself, just by way of a little change. I have seen many title-deeds of estates in which the snakes are conveyed along with other rights to the purchaser. Cobras wander about freely and in broad daylight in certain of the famous pagodas. There is a temple dedicated to Krishna, which is particularly sacred to cobras. Every time I have visited the temple I have been greeted by one or more of these reptiles. Once I saw a huge cobra quietly passing a few yards off, followed by a train of worshipers with clasped hands. Suddenly it turned and began to crawl toward me, when I suddenly remembered that I had urgent business elsewhere and hurriedly left the sacred precincts."

The same author tells how the natives place offerings of sugar, butter, flour, milk and fruit near the holes where the reptiles have their homes. The women and children then join hands and circle five times round the place, and then lie down and watch anxiously to see if the snakes will come out of their holes and partake of the things presented to them. If so, which is usually the case, the foolish people are delighted, and go back to their homes believing that their god has heard their prayers and will give them a blessing.

It makes the heart sad to see and know that all these

things are terrible realities among India's millions of ignorant heathen. May the day speedily come when these people shall know and worship God, and learn that in the name of Jesus Christ there is pardon for all sins, for "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

But the depth of absurdity, it seems to us, is reached in Hindu animal worship when divine honors are paid to the monkey. That this mischievous, thieving, antic-loving little animal should be placed among the gods of India seems almost too ridiculous for belief. And yet, absurd as it may seem to us, it is too true. The Hindu is not at all particular in selecting his objects of worship, for the monkey is perhaps the most mischievous and ungodlike of all animals. Very often we are told a troop of them will appear in a village and out of mere love of mischief proceed to tear off the roof of a native house. The natives would never dream of killing one of them. He is to them an impersonation of one of their gods, and his sacred character shields him from all harm.

Brother Stover informed us that when the villagers quarrel, as they sometimes do, they throw handfuls of rice on each other's house roofs, and the monkeys assist them by tearing up the tiles in search for the food. He also related the following incident: "Mr. McDonald, an English engineer, spends his vacation in hunting. He was called upon at one time by a native, whose stock of patience had been entirely exhausted by the destruction of his crops by a lot of monkeys. He requested the hunter to come to the village and shoot some of them. Mr. McDonald went, but when about to begin the execution the native's heart failed him and he cried out, 'O Sahib, don't kill him, don't kill

him, he is our god.' Then Mr. McDonald argued the point with the Hindu in this way: 'You say the monkey is a god. I say he is not. You can't kill a god by shooting him. I will shoot the monkey, and if he dies then I am right; if he lives then he is a god and you are right.' To this very reasonable proposition the native agreed. Result—one less monkey god for India."

The name of the monkey god is Hanuman, and he is held in high esteem and is greatly revered by the ignorant worshipers of Vishnu. His images are often hideous caricatures of the human body with the head of a monkey. They are also sometimes seen in the form of a shapeless mass of stone or clay. They are painted, or rather daubed all over with red paint of the brightest hue, and then part of the oil that is given as an offering is poured over the idol. Nothing can be more disgusting in appearance than these hideous images painted red and reeking with oil, to which the dust adheres.

Brother Stover and myself, in our frequent walks about Bulsar, often saw people buying small quantities of oil and carrying it in brass vessels to the temples where it was handed to the priest as an offering to the idol. With a spoon the priest would pour a small portion on the image and then bless the donor and place a red mark on his forehead, using a little of the soft paint from the idol. Then, after prostrating himself before the idol and repeating a form of prayer—simply a repetition of the god's name—the worshiper would depart, doubtless feeling that he had served his god.

We saw many of these idols while in India, and we thought many times, How can people be so foolish as to bow down before these gods of clay and stone! Williams tells of an image of the monkey god which he came across

in Poonah. It was said to be over two hundred years old. At the time a man was in the act of painting it red, and another man was prostrating himself at full length on the ground before it. Offerings of oil are being constantly made to the images of Hanuman. Of course only a very small portion of the oil is poured on the idol, the rest being appropriated and sold by the priest. And this brings him a large income. It is authoritatively stated that a single offering, made by a wealthy worshiper to an image of Hanuman at Kaira, consisted of eight hundred gallons of oil. The accompanying photogravure shows a wealthy Hindu in the act of worshiping his god. The priest sits by with folded hands and solemn face. The crown of his head has been carefully shaved. Notice the three horizontal bars drawn on his forehead, marking him as a follower of Siva. He has the sacred cord thrown over his shoulder. He seems to be in deep meditation and is probably offering a prayer for the worshiper. His appearance shows that he has been well fed. Whoever else may starve and die of famine, the priest will not suffer for the want of food. The worshiper has before him a small dish in which is an image of his god. He has in his right hand a spoon and is pouring oil on the head of the image. He has a bright, intelligent face, and it always seemed incredible to me that men of the apparent intelligence of this one would worship an image made with men's hands.

We have space here for but one more illustration of the veneration in which monkeys are held. The account is given in Ward's "Hindus." To us it seems incredible, but in India it is not thought out of the way. A certain rich rajah (native prince) of Bengal spent about thirty thousand dollars in marrying a male and female monkey. The ceremonies lasted twelve days and were carried on with all the



OFFERING TO AN IDOL.

pomp, pageant and expense usual at the weddings of the rich. The male monkey was dressed in the richest robes with a crown fastened upon his head, and was borne along in a costly vehicle, with a whole array of servants to wait upon him. Money was lavishly spent, and there was much feasting and great rejoicing, the prince doubtless believing that in this way he was showing great honor to his god and securing a vast amount of merit for himself.

But space forbids that we should go further into the details of animal worship, as found throughout India. The subject is practicably inexhaustible. We may, in addition to the animals already named, say that elephants, lions, tigers, buffaloes, horses, sheep, dogs, cats, eagles, crows, peafowls, the tortoise, turtles, fish and alligators or crocodiles are worshiped by many Hindus. As is well known, at one time it was quite common for mothers to throw their infant girls into the jaws of the sacred crocodiles of the Ganges river as an offering to their god. Happily this terrible practice has been stamped out by British authority.

In addition to animal worship, the worship of trees and plants is also quite common in all parts of India. To the ignorant Hindu some of these are deities themselves, while others are believed to be permeated by the essence of certain deities. Among these are the pipal or bo tree, sacred to Hindu and Buddhist alike, the banyan tree and the soma and tulsi plants. To the latter plant the following prayer is offered: "I adore that tulsi in whose roots are all the sacred places of pilgrimage, in whose center are all the deities, and in whose upper branches are all the Vedas."

But the great estimation in which the tulsi is held is best indicated by the fact that it is to be found in almost every respectable Hindu household throughout India. It is a small shrub, not too big to be cultivated in a good-

sized flower pot, and is often placed in rooms. Generally, however, it is planted in the courtyard of a well-to-do man's house, with a space around it where the owner may reverently walk. In real fact, the tulsi is above all others a domestic or household divinity. As a rule the one daily religious rite among the Hindu women consists in walking round the tulsi plant, saying prayers to it, or in placing offerings of flowers and rice before it. It is also quite common to marry the tulsi plant to the image of Krishni. The idol is brought from one of the temples in procession to the residence where the tulsi is kept. The idol is placed in a palanquin and followed by a long train of attendants. Then the marriage festivities are celebrated, perhaps at the cost of several hundred dollars.*

We have entered at some length into the subject of idol worship in India, and some may conclude that too much has been given. But, as before intimated, we have merely glanced at the subject, gleanings a little here and there as we passed along. Volume upon volume might be written, and still much would remain to be told. It is hoped, however, that these brief and hastily-written "gleanings" may give the reader a general idea as to how wholly and how fully the Hindu mind is dominated by idolatry and idol worship. There is not even the ordinary excuse of image worship, that the Creator is worshiped through the idol. All the Hindus veritably believe that the very essence of the deity is in the wood, the clay, the stone, or the metal of which idols are made. It is also hoped that the thoughtful reader may be impressed with the great necessity of giving to these benighted heathen the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We have but recently ascertained, from reliable statistics, that Hinduism numbers not less than two hundred million souls

*"Brahmanism and Hinduism," pp. 334-35.

and that, by the natural preponderance of births over deaths, it is rapidly increasing in numbers. Whatever we do in this work, in our day and generation, must be done quickly. Here are millions upon millions of human beings, made in the image of God, who have never had the slightest opportunity to hear of Christ and his salvation. And these are fully embraced in one of the most positive commands in the New Testament, a command that comes to us in full force, because we strongly profess to obey *all* the commandments, "GO YE THEREFORE, AND TEACH ALL NATIONS." Will we obey the Master's last commandment?

CHAPTER XII.

Among the Common People—Manners and Customs—Burning the Dead—A Cremation at the Riverside—"Ram Ram"—Vain Repetitions—Sorrow Makes the World Akin—Burning of Widows—The Hindu Widow at the Judgment—Burning Ghat—Native Houses—Home Life of the Villagers—Daily Religious Service—Strict Observance of Rites and Ceremonies—The Parsi Offering his Evening Prayer—Woman Grinding at the Mill—Dress—Dhoti—Rings for the Arms and Legs—Untruthfulness of Natives.

THE manners, customs and home life of the people of India were of absorbing interest to me, and a description of them may be equally interesting to others. I give not only such incidents as came under my own observation, but glean from all available sources of information. By coming into personal contact with the people, going into their homes, meeting them in their villages, learning from the missionaries we met and from the books read, reliable information has been gained and is given to those who may care to read.

It must always be borne in mind, however, that India is a large country with a score of languages and as many different peoples, and that what is true of one part of the country may not be true of another. If a traveler from Europe should visit our country, landing at Charleston, South Carolina, and visit several of the Southern States, where the colored population equals or exceeds the white, and, trusting to appearances, should write that there are as many negroes in the United States as there are white people, he would make a very natural, but, at the same time, a very

great mistake. So, in writing about any country, one may easily fall into the very common error of generalizing from a few facts. It shall be our aim to avoid this as much as possible. It may be safely stated that while Hinduism is almost universally found in India, many of the manners and customs of the people are local in their character.

With the exception of small children under two or three years old, and of the so-called holy men who are buried at death, the Hindus burn the bodies of their dead. Small children are buried, except among those who live near the sacred river Ganges, into which the bodies are



FUNERAL PYRE.

thrown as soon as possible after life is extinct. The funeral rites and ceremonies attending the burning of a dead body are very expensive, ranging in cost from ten to fifteen dollars for the very poorest, to many thousands for the wealthy. Much of the money is spent in feasting relatives, paying priests, and giving gifts to religious beggars and vagabond holy men. It is authoritatively stated that some of the

wealthy rajahs of Bengal, of high princely family, have expended as much as a quarter of a million dollars at a single funeral. In this way many Hindus incur debts that burden them as long as they live, and are left as burdens upon their children; for in India a man's debts, as well as his property, if he has either, are inherited by his heirs, and they are bound to pay them.

When a Hindu becomes dangerously ill his relatives at once make arrangements for the disposal of his body. If he lives within ten or fifteen miles of the Ganges, or some other sacred stream, he is immediately placed upon a litter and carried by his eldest son and nearest relatives to the banks of the river, so that he may look upon its holy water and have its protection when he dies. Such a proceeding, it would seem to us, would have a tendency to hasten death, but the Hindu thinks this is the only proper thing to do.

As soon as death intervenes, the body is prepared for the burning. The eldest son, or his nearest representative, carefully shaves the body and bathes it with water from the sacred stream, and places upon it bits of sandal wood and flowers. It is then wrapped in a white cloth and laid upon the litter. A small ball made of rice flour is also laid with it as an offering to the deity of the soil. At the same time the dead man's name is called out by his son, while others of the relatives walk about the bier weeping and uttering loud lamentations. The litter is then taken upon the shoulders of four men, the eldest son being one of the number, and the body is borne rapidly to the burning ground, which, if possible, must be near a river. The next act in the drama is the burning of the body. Among the wealthy the funeral pile is made of sandal wood and of the sacred tulsi shrub to which reference was made in our last chapter. Others use the wood of the sacred pipal or bo tree. The

ground selected for the pyre must be purified by sprinkling holy water upon it. Five balls of rice flour are placed upon the body which is made to face the north, and its orifices are filled with ghee,—clarified butter. The eldest son applies the torch to the wood, saying: "May the guardian deity Pushan convey thee hence on thy distant road; may he deliver thee to the Fathers!"*

During our stay at the mission home at Bulsar we were awakened very early one morning by a chorus of voices crying out, "Ram-ram, Ram-ram." Brother Stover said it was a Hindu funeral, and going out upon the veranda we saw some twenty persons following the bearers of the dead. Two bamboo poles tied together with ropes formed the litter, and on this the body, wrapped in white cloth, was borne. The bearers, as they hurried along cried out, "Ram-Ram" with the falling inflection on the last syllable; but Sir Edwin Arnold is authority for the statement that the bearers cry out "*Ram-Ram such hai!*" (*i. e.*) "Rama is the true god!"—while those who follow, carrying the fire and clarified butter, used in the cremation, answered: "*Jo kaha bhas such hai!*" literally, "What you say is true, brothers!"†

Hastily getting ready, we followed after the procession, but as they went along at a half run they were soon out of sight; but we could hear the bearers calling out the name of their god, repeating the words "Ram-Ram" over again and again. It was an example of the vain repetition of the heathen to which our Savior referred when he taught his disciples how to pray. The river was a mile away, and when we reached the stream those who had charge of the ceremonies were preparing for the burning. The wood was

* "Brahmanism and Hinduism," p 290.

† Sir E. Arnold, "India Revisited," page 158.

thrown from the ox cart on which it had been brought to the place. Brother Stover asked if our being there was objectionable, and was assured that we were quite welcome to stay and witness the ceremony; and we at once became interested spectators. Nearly all present took some part in carrying the wood and building up the funeral pyre. The dry wood used was cut into pieces about five feet in length. Two heavy pieces were laid parallel on the ground, and upon these transversely the pile was built some three feet high. The body was then dipped into the water and carefully laid upon the funeral pyre, upon which a little water had been sprinkled. Several pieces of wood were laid upon the body, some clarified butter poured upon the head and breast, and five balls made of rice were laid by its side as an offering. The torch was now applied and slowly the wood ignited and began to burn.

Up to this time nothing in the manner of the natives present indicated any feeling of sadness. A short distance from the burning wood sat a little group watching the proceedings with apparent interest; but surely not with more interest than was manifested by the missionary and the traveler. While we looked the fire blazed up and enveloped the body, and then from the dusky group sitting near by broke forth a long, low wail of pent-up grief and sorrow, and floated out upon the cool morning air, over the bosom of the placid stream. Up to this moment we had been interested spectators, but the cry of grief from the crushed and sorrow-stricken hearts found and touched a responsive chord of sympathy. We were no longer mere spectators, but our deepest sympathies went out to these heart-sore, dusky children of India, and they were, for the time, our brethren; for had we not also learned the lesson of grief at the tomb of loved ones? So we found, not for the first

time, here in far-away India, that a touch of sorrow makes the whole world akin.

We left the burning pile, the body rapidly turning to ashes and dust, and the group of gentle, brown-skinned mourners by the side of the quiet river; but the scene, one of the acts in the drama of real life, we shall not easily forget. It occurred two months ago, but as we write it all comes back as vividly as it appeared on that bright December morning on the banks of the river at Bulsar.

After the body and wood have been consumed,—about five hours is usually required,—the ashes and bits of broken bones that have not been calcined are all carefully gathered up and thrown into the river. And so century after century have the rivers of India borne the ashes of her numberless millions of dead down to the sea. What a coming forth there will be here, when the rivers and the sea shall give up their dead!

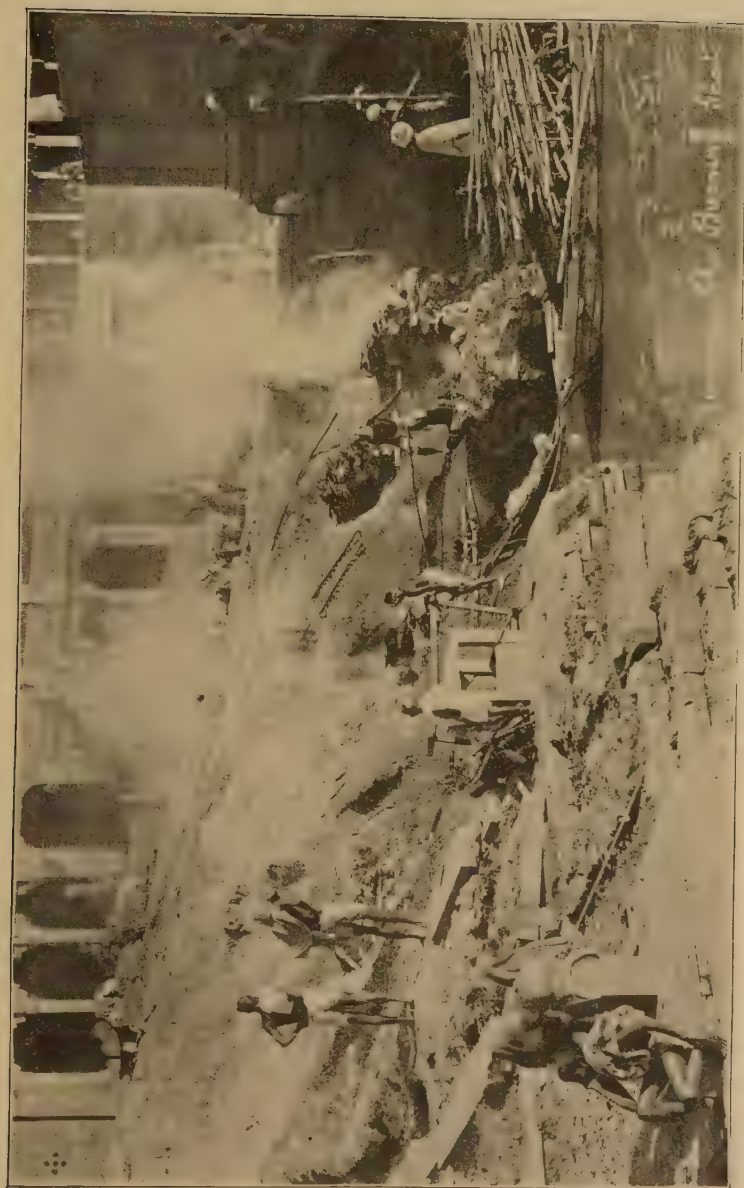
Years ago it was a custom, often observed, for a faithful Hindu wife to give proof of devotion to and her love for her dead husband by allowing her living body to be burned with his corpse. But in 1829 this terrible practice of self-immolation was happily prohibited by statute in British India. Since then it has been unknown save in a few isolated cases. According to the best authorities it never was compulsory, unless the unhappy lot of the Hindu widow made her choose this as the least of two evils. The teaching and faith of the Hindus was that the widow who thus sacrificed herself with her dead husband would cleanse him from all sin and make a saint of him, and that she would dwell in happy union with him in the other world as many hundred thousand years as there were hairs on his body. Part of this belief is embodied in an old verse. The translation is from Arnold:

'When the Hindu wife, embracing tenderly her husband dead,
Mounts the funeral pyre beside him, as it were a bridal bed; -
Though his sins were twenty thousand, twenty thousand times o'er told
She would bring his soul to Swarza* for that love so strong and bold."

With a faith of this kind firmly held by the widow, with her heart broken by the loss of her husband, with the terrible life of widowhood before her—which means more in India than anywhere else—it is not to be wondered at that she oftentimes chooses the terrible ordeal of being burned alive rather than to live the life of seclusion and privation that would inevitably fall to her lot.

This devotion all seems very strange to us, but we have asked ourselves the question many, many times, What of the future of these poor, ignorant people? In their blind faith, without a knowledge of the true God, or of his Son Jesus Christ who died to save them from all sin and to give them eternal life, many of these Hindu women were, and are still, willing to die a terrible death of agony to save their husbands and to enjoy, as they believe, unnumbered happy years with them. Will it not be more tolerable for these in the day of judgment than for those men and women in our Christian land, who have the Gospel preached to them and bear the name of Christian, and yet violate God's first law of marriage? The divorce courts are kept busy, that Christian (?) men and women may break the bond that unites them, and, for the gratification of sinful lust, marry again and again. The poor, ignorant, yet true, Hindu wife, heathen as she is, knows no divorce but death. If the Master were here, would he not say to those who thus trample the laws of God under their feet, "But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the Hindu widow at the day of judgment, than for you?"

* Hindu place of rest and happiness.



BURNING GHAT, BENARES.

From the burning ghats at Benares, a view of which may be had on page 321, the smoke of cremation constantly rises from the riverside and floats away over the city. We visited the place later in our travels, but refer to it here. In the picture a boatload of bamboo poles and wood, to be used in burning the dead, is seen at the shore. In the center, near the boat on a rude stretcher just touching the water's edge, lies a silent object, wrapped in a white cloth. The two men near by with backs toward us are arranging for the burning. To the right are two burning funeral pyres from which the smoke is ascending, and near by is a man who, with a long pole, is throwing together the remains of an almost consumed pile. At the lower left hand corner is a small monument marking the spot where some faithful Hindu wife and widow voluntarily placed herself on the pyre with her dead husband and was burned to death. On the banks of the Ganges, at Benares, there are a number of these burning places, but this description will suffice for all.

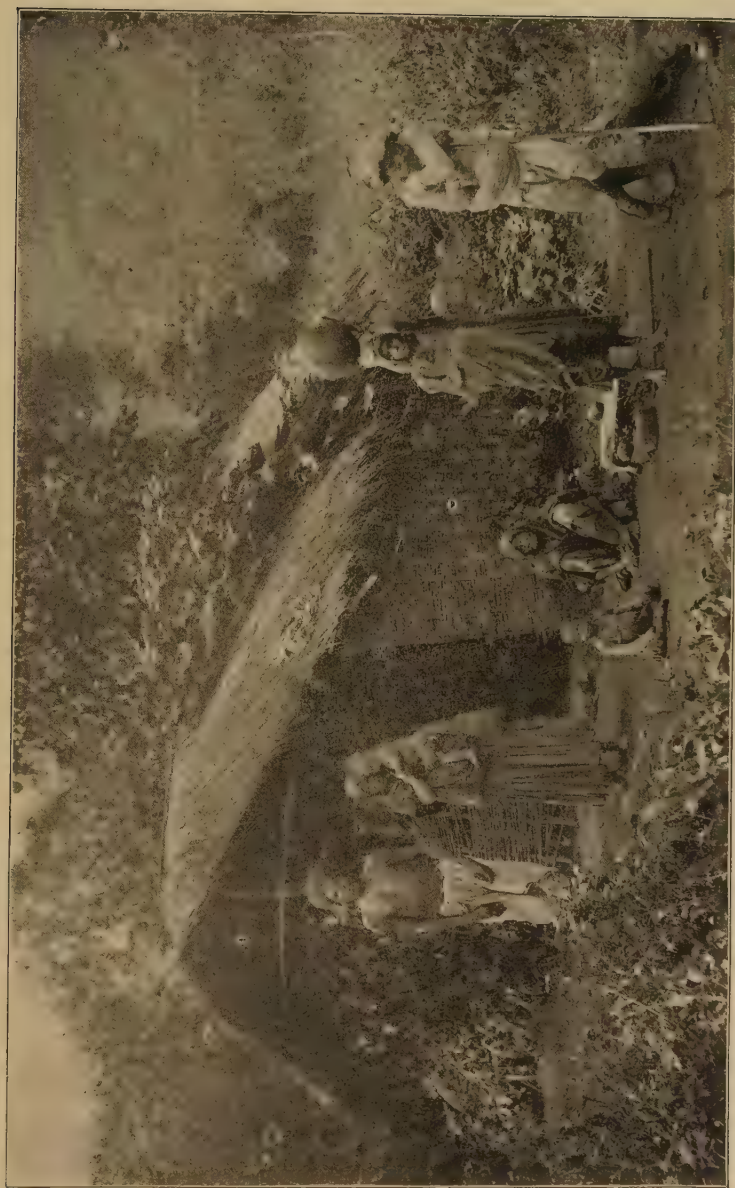
At Bulsar, and at other places, we went into the homes of the natives and saw something of their home-life, and to this we now direct attention. The houses of the poor in villages or in the native quarters of the large cities may be described as mere mud huts. Usually several of them are built together, with an open space or yard in front. The mud walls are very thick and the thatched roof made of rice straw is several feet in depth. Bamboo, which is very strong and tough, and grows abundantly in India, enters largely into the construction of the hut. A basket-like framework with heavy corner posts is first set up, and this is plastered over inside and out with mud, until the required thickness is obtained. The rafters and lathing for the straw roof are also of bamboo and are held firmly in place by being tied together with rope made of the fibre of the cocoa-

nut husk. The doors are low and narrow, and one must stoop to enter. The huts we entered were without windows. In central and southern India the houses are built, not as a protection from cold, but from heat and rain. In front the roof extends some five or six feet and is supported with posts. This extension forms the veranda. The floor of the hut is usually raised several feet above the level of the ground, and is made of earth tramped solid.

Generally the house is divided into three compartments—the veranda, which is sittingroom and parlor, and the interior sleeping and storerooms. The natives spend much of their time in the open air, and the veranda is a favorite place for sitting. Here visitors are received and entertained, the ground floor being provided with bamboo mats.

The better grade of houses are occasionally built of brick, are one story high, but usually have but two or three rooms in them. These may also have windows. The houses of the rich classes are well and substantially built, usually of brick, and are comfortably furnished.

Let us go into one of the houses belonging to the poorer classes. There is a group of them together. We enter the yard, which is shaded by a grove of cocoanut palms. From a large tree at one side a red flag is flying, marking the location of the family idol. The owner meets us, and, in answer to a question, says: "Yes, that is our god," pointing to an ugly caricature of the human face, painted red and reeking with oil and filth. We were shown through the house and found not a single piece of furniture in it. Bedsteads, chairs, stools, benches, tables or wardrobes were not to be seen. On a bamboo pole hung several cotton quilts which served as beds. A stone hand-mill, similar to those used in Palestine, and a number of earthen vessels stood in one corner. In several rude baskets were the poultry be-



A NATIVE HUT.

longing to the housekeeper. As it was evening the owner informed us that they were gathered in; otherwise they would fall a prey to the jackals. The householder led by the hand his oldest son, a bright little fellow about four. His dress was that provided by nature. A small silver coin brought a smile to his face as he placed his hand to his forehead, and said, "*Salaam, Sahib.*"

Chairs are never used by the poorer classes. The natives squat down, bringing the heels close up to the hips with the chin almost between the knees; others sit down flat, folding the lower limbs in front of them. In this way they rest. If you gave them a chair they would use it in one of the two ways here described. We have seen them many times sit in this way on the seats in the cars. We confess we often envied them the ability to sit down and rest quite independent of such modern inventions as chairs.

The food of the people is almost entirely vegetable. At some places the flesh of goats offered to idols is eaten, as it is not considered wrong to take life for this purpose. Fish are also eaten in some districts, but a strictly vegetable diet with milk and its products is the general rule. Among the masses of the laboring classes, rice of the poorest quality and pulse—a coarse, nutritious grain, similar to that eaten by Daniel and the Hebrew children at Babylon—with a little milk, a kind of butter and curds, are the staple articles of food. When it is remembered that many of these people work for four cents a day, and are often compelled to support a large family on from two to three dollars a month, it will be understood that the bill of fare cannot be an elaborate one.

Knives and forks, and, in many cases, even plates are not used. When the food has been prepared, each member of the family is served with a portion on a piece of plantain

or banana leaf, and the fingers are found to be much more convenient than forks. It is interesting to see how skillfully rice and pulse are taken up with the thumb and three fingers and thrown into the mouth. Flat cakes, called "*chupatties*"—baked of flour, made of pulse or wheat—are also eaten, but the poorer people seldom enjoy the luxury of wheat flour. A brass or earthen vessel containing drinking water is placed within reach of those eating, and from this the water is poured into the mouth, the lips not touching the vessel. At the close of the meal the hands are washed; the housewife has but little work to do in the way of dish-washing and clearing away what is left.

The houses of the wealthy are often two or three stories high and have an open court in the center. Furniture is not generally used. Bedsteads are to be found in the sleeping rooms, and in a secluded upper room is a strong box containing the family jewelry. The ground floor has a kitchen which is also used as a dining room. There are also storerooms for grain and fuel, and even stalls for cattle. In one of the lower rooms there is usually a reservoir or well for water. Here are also many brightly-scoured brass water vessels ready for use.

Another room on the ground floor is set apart for daily worship. There, in a small wooden temple, or sacred receptacle, are kept the household gods or idols, usually five in number; and here each member of every respectable Hindu family pays worship to the idols at least once every day. In this room is also retained the sacred fire which is still worshiped by a few orthodox Hindus. Especially is this true at Benares, where the sacred fire is daily worshiped. And here, too, or in the court, is kept the sacred tulsi plant to which the women of the family offer adoration.

The daily religious services of an orthodox pious Brahman are exceedingly irksome and tedious. We give a synopsis of these duties from Sir Monier Williams' work. A modern orthodox Brahman is fettered and bound to his idols and will often devote four or five hours a day to their worship. Every faculty and function of his nature is bound by an iron chain of traditional observances. For example, his daily duties now comprise (1) the morning bath, a religious observance. (2) Prayers and meditation, to be observed three times a day. (3) Worship by formally repeating the first word of each of the sacred books. (4) The threefold daily oblation of water to the secondary gods. (5) The sacrifice to fire by fuel, rice, clarified butter, etc., etc. (6) The daily worship of his idols or gods in the room set apart for that purpose in his house. (7) The solitary visit to the neighboring temple, not necessarily for prayer, but simply for bowing before the idol, or merely for looking at it after its decoration by the idol priest.

There are, in addition to these, other duties that he must not neglect. The service before the midday meal, with offerings of food, the daily homage of men by offering food to guests and beggars, the solemn fasts, to be observed twice a month and on special days, the reading of passages of the Puranas or sacred books, held to be an act of great merit, the pilgrimage to some sacred shrine or to the Ganges, and finally the last great sacrifice when the body ought to be burned by the same sacred fire which was originally kindled by husband and wife on their domestic hearth. This is an outline of an orthodox Brahman householder's life in modern times. It is to be noted that Hinduism does not enjoin assembling together for congregational worship.*

These duties seem to us so burdensome that we wonder

* "Brahmanism," pp. 393-394.



A BRAHMAN AT PRAYERS.

again and again, that such a vast number of people willingly submit to them. We ought to rejoice with exceeding gladness that the religion of the New Testament enjoins no such heavy burdens upon the followers of Jesus. The observances, so few in number, enjoined in the Gospel, ought to be gladly and gratefully accepted and carried out. But to some even the very few given are burdensome and are said to be useless and of none effect. Of some of them it is said, they applied to the time in which they were given, but are not applicable to this age; of others, that they were given to teach certain lessons, but this observance is not now necessary. How the faith of such people in the inspiration of God's Word and their devotion to it sinks down when compared with these heathen!

Others there are who seem anxious to obey Christ in all things, but who have not even erected a family altar, and who fail to give audible thanks to God for the food they eat. While we were at Bulsar, Sister Stover sent one of their helpers to a shop to make a purchase. In a short time the man returned without the required article, stating that the shopkeeper, a Parsi, was engaged in his morning devotions to the sun, and that he would be through in an hour, when the purchase might be made. We said, "Think of a shopkeeper at home, if such a thought is possible, closing his place of business each morning that he might devote an hour to worship!" Let those Christians who do not find time for family worship and prayers, or are too timid and backward to thus call upon the name of their God, take a lesson from the heathen. This is put down in all good conscience, free from personality, with the hope that it will do good.

In connection with the customs of the people a photogravure is given, which is exceedingly interesting, showing

as it does, the handmill, with a woman grinding at it. This mill, which has been in use in Palestine ever since the days of Abraham, is also in use in India. The lower millstone is imbedded in clay and has four short legs to raise it from the ground. A rim is raised around it far enough away to form a receptacle for the meal which is thrown out by centrifugal force. The upper millstone is of the pattern so often seen in Palestine. The long wooden handle upon which the woman has her hand is used to turn the upper stone. Two women do the grinding. It will be observed that the huts in the background, with their thatch of rice straw, are circular in form, a style of architecture often found among the lowly natives of India. Notice the heavy earrings worn by the women. I have seen them of such weight that the lobe of the ear was drawn down and greatly extended.

Clothing in India is limited in supply, and the poorer classes, especially, are never burdened with a superfluity of wearing apparel. The laborer who works in the fields and on the streets often satisfies his ideas of propriety by wearing the merest strip of cloth wrapped about his loins. Bare-headed, bare-backed and bare-limbed, he works for hours under the fierce, burning rays of a tropical sun without suffering inconvenience.

The better class of people are satisfied with two garments made of white cotton cloth. The lower one, called the dhoti or waist cloth, is simply a piece of white muslin three-quarters of a yard wide, and four yards in length. This is wrapped and tucked about the body just above the hips, one end being caught up between the lower limbs and tucked in at the back. The lower limbs below the knees are left bare. When running the garment is girded about the loins so as not to impede progress, so that the people here literally gird up their loins as was done in Bible times. One



NATIVES WITH MILL.

sees thousands of men in the cities, towns and villages, with no other garment save the dhoti.

An upper garment, called *uttariya*, is also worn by large numbers. It is made of white cotton, and is about the same size and shape as the dhoti. It is thrown over the shoulder and worn like the Roman toga, covering the upper part of the body except one arm and shoulder. These two garments constitute the clothing of the great majority of the men of India. There is neither needlework nor buttons about them. The good housewife never worries herself lest when her husband changes his garments there may be a button wanting.

By some a close-fitting vest or short coat is worn, called a body protector. It is cut and made to fit, and is worn under the upper garment.

The laboring man's working dress, or cloth, costs him but a few pennies. We purchased a dhoti, a *uttariya*, and a close-fitting jacket, such as are here described, for about four rupees, a little over one dollar of our money. It will be seen from this that clothing in India is very cheap; and it is well for the poor that this is the case. With the wages received, they cannot pay more.

As to headdress, the greater number of the people of central and southern India wear nothing on their heads. In cold weather they muffle their heads in the upper garment, and some carry a cloth on the arm for this purpose. The wealthy class wear turbans, some of them of permanent shape, but, for the most part, they consist of a long piece of cloth wrapped and folded about the head in conformity to the rule of the caste to which the wearer belongs.

It may be safely said that two-thirds of the people of India never wear shoes, and stockings are practically unknown among the natives. Some who have adopted the

English style of dress wear both shoes and stockings, but their number is very small. Leather is supposed to be unclean, and hence is not in favor. "It is common for the most dignified and refined gentlemen to come into one's presence with naked feet, leaving their shoes outside the room."

Women's dress consists ordinarily of a bodice and a long garment called a sari. The latter is a piece of cloth of various materials and colors, according to the wealth and taste of the wearer, about a yard wide and from eight to fifteen yards in length, so wrapped and folded about the body as to cover it, except one arm and shoulder. The fashions in India never change; indeed, such a thing as fashion in dress, as it is known in Europe and America, does not exist here. It may be safely said, that for three thousand years there has been but little change in wearing apparel.

In a preceding chapter I referred to the great love for jewelry innate in the women of India. There are eight principal kinds of ornaments worn. Nose-rings, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, armlets worn about the elbows, finger-rings, anklets and toe-rings. Finger-rings, earrings and nose-rings are also worn by men. The jewelry worn by one woman sometimes weighs as much as sixteen pounds. Among the rich, gold and silver, with pearls and precious stones, are worn. Others use ivory, plated metal, and glass, while the poor use brass and even bracelets made of wood. The ears, the nose, the fingers and toes, the arms, and the lower limbs, from ankle to knee, are often literally covered with jewelry.

At Bulsar I bought, for a couple of rupees, the brass arm-rings from the woman who served us as water carrier. She had twenty-two on each arm, and from wrist to elbow her arms were literally encased in brass. As she was quite

old, we had some hope that she might use the money for a better purpose, but in the afternoon she appeared with her arms covered with new brass rings. She was much pleased with her bargain, for she had secured new rings for her old ones, and had been able to add a few more to the number.

What did I want with this heathen woman's brass arm-rings, do you ask? To show some of our jewelry-loving people at home how their Indian sisters can excel them in display.

But little attention is given to the attire of small children. Until the offspring of the wealthy attain to their third or fourth year, they are entirely innocent of all clothing. A silver chain is sometimes fastened around the waist, to which a charm is attached to keep away the evil spirits; bracelets and anklets also encircle the tiny limbs at a very early age. The children of the poor go as do those of the rich, except that if a charm be worn, it is fastened to the body with a brass chain or string, and that the time when propriety demands that the small dhoti be worn is at the age of six or seven years.

The home-life of the people, so far as we are able to judge from our limited association with them, seems to be pleasant and happy. The children are light-hearted, play about their homes and appear to enjoy life. In many places kite-flying is a great source of amusement, among both boys and men. They are kind-hearted and gentle, and, except those who are degraded by the idolatry of the Saktists, it is a pleasure to meet them. The women are the most superstitious and fanatical concerning their religion, and it is hard to turn them away from their idols. They can be reached only by women, hence the importance of having women in the fields as missionaries. Zenana work, *i. e.*, work among the native women, is of the utmost impor-

tance. For, although she is not considered her husband's equal, she has a commanding influence in the home.

To illustrate this, Dr. Mansell, at Agra, told us that a native once came to him and asked to be baptized; during the interview the man's wife came and upbraided him for forsaking their gods, and ended by saying if he were baptized she would go home and jump into the well. In this way she succeeded in intimidating her husband, and he never was baptized. "Would she have carried out her threat if you had baptized the man?" we asked the doctor. "Yes! and that too, in the full belief that she would go directly to heaven because of her self-sacrifice," was the reply.

One lamentable failure among the people is their disregard for the truth. We know some people in the United States who are afflicted in this way, but here the failing is quite general. They do not seem to have any conscience in the matter, and the missionaries tell us that one of the greatest difficulties they have is to get those who unite with them to understand that it is wrong to tell an untruth, or to take things belonging to others. Mr. Taylor, the Quaker missionary, told us that this was the most trying thing he had to contend with among his people.

At Calcutta it was our good fortune to find a home with Mr. and Mrs. A. Jewson, Baptist missionaries. Mrs. J. has a large orphanage and is doing a good work among the children. While with them we had occasion to go to an office in a distant part of the city. A cab was called and Mrs. Jewson directed the driver in Bengali where to go, and then asked if he knew the place. "Yes, yes, quite well," was the reply. She turned to us and said, "He says he knows the place, but I am quite sure he is not telling the truth; you will have to inquire on the way." For the moment we felt that Mrs. Jewson was a little too severe, but it turned out

just as she said. The man didn't know the place, and we reached it only after considerable trouble. Our hostess knew the native characteristics much better than we.

Mr. Pool, who spent many years in India, says, "Untruthfulness and dishonesty are bad traits of eastern character. To tell a lie, seems, I am afraid, to many Hindus and Mohammedans, as natural as to tell the truth. I was fortunate in my servants in India; but still, every now and then something would disappear from the house. I would miss money from my pockets, and writing paper from my desk, and various curiosities I had collected would vanish, and no more be seen or heard of." Once he missed a valuable umbrella; he called his servants together to assist in finding it, but the search was in vain. At night he searched on his own account and found the missing article carefully hidden away behind a piece of furniture. He concluded to leave it there till morning and teach the servants a lesson. After breakfast he called them in, but the thief had been too sharp for him; the umbrella was no longer there. He concludes the incident by saying, "Words fail me to describe my chagrin as to the discovery. As for the servants, not a muscle of their countenances moved, though I could see from the sparkle in their eyes that they were enjoying my discomfiture. I had to buy another umbrella."

The untruthfulness and dishonesty among the people is not to be wondered at when the character of some of the gods they worship is known. A nation never rises above its highest ideals. The tendency is to come far below them. The Christian has the life and character and teaching of a perfect Savior to follow, and how far we fall below that life and character! The Hindu gods, especially Shiva and Krishna, two of the most popular deities, are credited with lying, stealing, adultery and many other wicked things.

It has been stated that the people are really better than the gods they worship, and after looking into the facts, we are prepared to say that many of them are far better than their religion or their gods.

We can never be too thankful for our pure and holy religion. We are only better than these people because we worship the true God and have his Son for our Savior. And it is only as we assimilate his holy life and pure character, and make him manifest in our daily living, that we show to the world that we are Christians in the true sense of the word. Obedience and conformity to his will and law there must be, but this is not enough. We must have the Christ-life in us.

CHAPTER XIII.

Interest in Indian People — Inquisitiveness — Cheap Labor — Brick-layers at Work — Human Sawmills — Marriage Ceremonies — Child Marriage — A Double Wedding — Pan and Flowers — The Bridegroom's Procession — Ceremonies — Large Sums of Money Expended — The Hindu Child — Namegiving Ceremony — Boring the Ears — A Visit to Col. Ansel — A Missionary Cocoanut Tree — Toddy — The Toddy Climber.

ONE might fill volume after volume with interesting observations on the peculiarities of the people of India, and not exhaust the subject. In the compass of this book space is not afforded to give a lengthy account of all that was seen, however interesting it might be. I was intensely interested along these lines of investigation, and am giving more space to this phase of Indian life than otherwise would have been done.

Both in thought and action the Oriental differs radically from us Westerners, and these differences are not, on his part, the result of accident, but are deeply wrought into the very life and nature of the people by custom and tradition thirty centuries old. Those over-sanguine people who come to India with a fixed determination to change the present status in a few months or years, will, if their lives be prolonged, grow gray and depart in ripe old age, and see the Orient as it was when they came. Verily the Oriental changes not hastily.

To us it seems as if the eastern people were doing everything backward. To them, however, it no doubt seems that we are the ones who do things the wrong way. Upon

entering a house, if they wear shoes at all, they take them off and keep their heads covered. We keep our shoes on our feet and consider it impolite to enter the house without removing our hats. Why? Simply because custom says we shall do so. And is our custom better than theirs? They carry no dirt into your house on their shoes. But the differences are legion. "Their saws have the teeth set towards the handle, and the carpenter pulls it towards him; their screws turn the wrong way; their writing begins at the wrong end; they beckon with their fingers downward; and, strangest of all, if a man wishes to spite his enemy he occasionally does so by hurting himself." This last method is so novel, and would be, in our judgment, such a good thing for those who are disposed to be quarrelsome at home that we venture to recommend that it be given a trial.

Another peculiarity of the native is his innate curiosity. At home there is a common saying that a woman's curiosity is limited only by her ability to find things out. Here the men excel the women in this trait, and, perhaps, if the truth were known, the same statement would fit among ourselves. This peculiarity is apparent on every hand. When at Bulsar, Brother Stover and the writer frequently walked about the town and country. Upon meeting an acquaintance, after the usual greetings had been exchanged, the following questions always followed: "Where are you going? What are you going for?" or "Where have you been and what did you go there for?" Among the house servants who are always men, the secrets of your home are known. What you eat, what you do, how you talk to your wife and children—if you are blessed with wife and children—is the common property of the neighborhood. Pool says "that the servants will obtain keys to open drawers and desks when the master's back is turned, and will count

money and read any correspondence they find, if they can. I have known a packet of love letters to disappear for a few days, and then be brought back again. In all probability the precious parcel was placed for a while in the hands of some one who could read English, and who, for a consideration, would tell the inquisitive servant what the contents were." At one of the hotels we noticed an officer's servant carefully examining the contents of his master's trunk, looking over papers, letters, etc. Of course the officer was absent.

A native, writing of this peculiarity, says: "I have observed there is a great difference between Hindus and Europeans in this respect. An Englishman is offended if you ask him where he is going, where he has come from, his object in coming, his profession, the amount of his salary and the like; whereas a Hindu regards such inquiries as an indication of polite and kindly interest in him. He will answer freely, though not always truthfully, all queries, and will, by magnifying his salary, seek to give you a high opinion of his importance." May it not be barely possible that while the Hindu is too inquisitive we have gone to the other extreme and do not take kindly and polite interest enough in each other's affairs?

The peculiar methods of doing work in India are also a source of interest. Labor is cheap because the supply is largely in excess of the demand. We have seen hundreds of men slowly and laboriously sawing great logs into boards by hand. A long saw, a platform on which the log is laid, one man above, another below to pull and push the saw, and you have an Indian sawmill. In Bombay we saw the harness-makers holding the leather firmly between the soles of their feet while they did the stitching with their hands.

The carpenter, in like manner, uses his feet as a kind of a vise while he makes the mortise.

By the side of our hotel a building is in course of construction. We have watched with interest the people at work. The bricklayer sits down, as described in a previous chapter, at his work, the mortar and brick are carried to him by women who bear their burdens on top of the head, one of them carrying fourteen large-sized bricks at one time. Here are a number of men and women digging a foundation. The men have heavy, broad hoes with which they loosen the earth and throw it out of the trench. Others, with similar hoes, scrape it into the conical-shaped baskets, each holding about half a bushel. Then the women carry it away on their heads. When the excavation becomes too deep for the workmen to throw the earth out with hoes it is scraped into baskets and lifted out by being handed from one workman to another until the top is reached. Shovels are not used and wheelbarrows are unknown. And it was a surprise to us to see how much they accomplished in their way of working.

And this brings me to consider the amount of wages paid for labor in India. But first a word about their money. The silver rupee, supposed to be worth fifty cents, is the unit of value. It is divided into sixteen annas, these into four pice, and these again into twelve pi. The cowry shell also circulates, as many as fifty-six of them being valued at one pice, or say one-fourth of one cent. The rupee, notwithstanding the fact that it bears the government stamp and, when at par, is worth fifty cents, is in fact worth only the market value of the silver it contains. When we landed at Bombay we received on our bills of exchange rupees at the rate of $28\frac{1}{2}$ cents each. It was like buying half dollar pieces for $28\frac{1}{2}$ cents. This depreciation in the unit of val-

ue bears heavily on all who work for wages. Wages remain the same while the purchasing power of the money they get grows less. That we may readily calculate the amount of wages received we place the rupee at 30 cents and the anna at two cents, which is a little more than their real value.

At Cawnpore Mr. Bond—a large manufacturer whom we met at Jerusalem, and at whose home in India we made a very pleasant visit—told me that he paid his head carpenter fifteen rupees, and those who worked under the foreman ten rupees per month. In Illinois, a few years ago, we paid as much per day to the carpenters who put up a small building for us. For ordinary labor he paid from six to eight rupees per month while field men received two annas per day.

The superintendent of one of the large tea farms in Bengal, whom we met on our way to Darjeeling, gave me the following rate of wages paid to workmen in the cultivation of tea: Men six to eight rupees per month, women four to six and children two to three rupees per month. Of course it must be understood that in all these cases the workmen find their own food and keep themselves.

On the railways native engineers receive from twelve to twenty-five rupees per month. At home I have heard of engineers receiving from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per month, and then striking for higher wages. The trackman gets six to ten rupees per month and feels that he is doing remarkably well.

How laborers can live on such wages is a mystery, but they succeed in doing it and look as if they were well fed, and appear to be happy. Their clothing costs but a trifle. They don't spend their substance for whiskey and beer. They don't waste their money in riotous living; and their wants are few and easily supplied. Some writer has said

that happiness consists in having but few wants. If this be a correct test, then the working people of India must be happy, for their wants are very few indeed.

For the social economist this cheap labor presents an important problem, especially since it is more than likely to come into active competition with our labor at home. Already its effect is being felt in Europe, and the British Government has raised a storm of indignation in India by taxing cotton cloth that is produced here, so that the product of Lancashire looms may be protected. It is not our province to enter into this question, but it will be well for our workmen at home to learn habits of economy and save their money against the day when competition with this cheap labor comes, for sooner or later it will come.

As already stated, the orthodox Hindu is bound by traditions and customs older than the Christian era, and these customs bind every operation of life in India. The able author of "Buddhism, Brahmanism and Hinduism," who spent many years in making a careful and exhaustive study of social life in India, tells us that each man finds himself cribbed and confined in all his movements, and fettered in all he does by the most minute traditional regulations. He sleeps and wakes, dresses and undresses, sits down and stands up, goes out and comes in, eats and drinks, speaks and is silent, acts and refrains from acting, according to ancient rule. And by this rule the intervention of the priestly caste begins with his first unconscious existence as a living organism. From that moment to death, and even long after death, every Hindu is held to be the lawful property of the priests, who exact fees for many offices performed on his behalf.

And here we may impress a lesson that will, if heeded, be helpful to us. Custom and tradition must always give

way to the truth; otherwise they bind upon the human race burdens that God never intended we should bear. There is always a present danger of placing undue importance upon any practice of the church simply because it has become a traditional custom. The Gospel of Jesus Christ must be our only standard, and as we receive the light and truth revealed in the "Perfect Law of Liberty" we shall be free from all customs based only upon ancient usage and tradition.

One of the chief concerns of the Hindu parents is to have their children suitably married, and this concern takes precedence of all others. The first thought is not for the child's health, "not for its wealth, not for its physical, mental or moral well being, but for its betrothal and marriage." When the boy has reached the age of five or six years a wife is usually selected for him, and this is sometimes done at even an earlier age. Of course in this important matter the children are never consulted. In making the arrangements, the services of a priest or professional matchmaker are required, and his fee depends upon the wealth of the parent. He looks about until he finds a little girl from two to four years old of the same caste as the boy, and reports to the prospective bridegroom's father. A meeting of the parents of both children is then arranged for, and when all is satisfactorily completed the betrothal takes place. This is the first of the three acts in the marriage drama.

It is but just to say that money is quite a secondary consideration in Hindu marriages. In some cases it is an operative element, but this is not the rule. Caste stands first and physical conditions next on the list of marriage requirements. Neither does love between the parties to the marriage have any consideration. This is supposed to come after marriage.

The second act in the drama takes place when the children have reached the respective ages of about seven and ten, and is of a religious character. Then, when the boy has reached his fifteenth or sixteenth year, and the girl her eleventh or twelfth, the final wedding ceremony is celebrated amid great festivities and rejoicing, and the children become husband and wife and set up housekeeping in the home of the bridegroom's father.

Child marriage is undoubtedly one of the great social evils in India to-day. In 1891 the government passed a law forbidding the actual marriage of girls under twelve years of age, but it is a difficult matter to enforce the law. Parents in their great anxiety to have their children married do not hesitate to tell an untruth as to their ages, and in this way the wise provision of the law is evaded. The entire question of child marriage with attendant evils is one that appeals strongly to the sympathy of those who are acquainted with all the facts.

One among the many sad features of child marriage is that if the boy husband dies after his betrothal, his child-wife is doomed to perpetual widowhood; so it often occurs that little girls three or four years old are widows. The lot of this unfortunate class is a sad one indeed. She must have her hair cut close to her head, and in India it is a shame for a woman to have her head shaven or shorn. She is allowed to eat but one meal a day and becomes a mere household drudge. This sad condition of widowhood doubtless was one of the causes that led some of them to prefer death by burning on the funeral pyre of the husband rather than face their lot in life.

On the subject of child marriage we glean some further thoughts from a tract on the subject published by the Christian Literature Society of Madras, India:

In most countries of the world, men do not marry till they are able to support a wife; but in India mere children are often thus united. The first marriage is properly a betrothal, a contract to marry at a future time. Practically, however, it has the force of marriage, for if the boy-husband dies the infant wife is condemned to perpetual widowhood. The age at which marriage takes place varies in different parts of the country, and among different castes. Certain classes betroth even infants. The last census of the small native state of Baroda shows that 132 males and 558 females were married before they had completed their first year!

Two of the causes which led to the modern custom of early marriage may be noticed:

1. During centuries of invasion and disorder, it was desirable that every Hindu woman should have a protector for life as early as possible.

2. The desire to have sons to perform certain ceremonies. A childless man who has no son to make offerings for him is said to fall into the hell called *put*. *Putra*, a son, is supposed to mean one who saves from hell.

It is justly claimed that the large proportion of widows in India is partly owing to early marriage. About one-third of all that are born die before they are five years of age. Others are cut off in youth. If mere girls are married, it is plain that a number of their husbands must die before they attain puberty. The unhappy girls are, according to Hindu usage, doomed to be widows for life.

In an earnest appeal against child marriage to the educated Hindus of India a native Christian writer says:

“Of course *you* may look upon such an occurrence as the death of a child-wife in this way as nothing, you before whom these wives must stand in silence, and who must worship you as gods. The traditions of ages have blinded you,

so that you cannot see this matter in its real nature. From the very nature of the relationship your forefathers have arrogated to themselves towards women and handed down to you, it is impossible that you could have a real conception of the heinousness of this custom. If your women are regarded by you as so inferior that you can only look upon yourselves as gods in comparison to them, if you look upon them merely as a means of raising children, to celebrate certain ceremonies over your remains when you condescend to die; or if you look upon them merely as cooks and drudges; if you not merely look upon them in these lights, but if your very nature is saturated with these ideas, and you regard them as founded on an inviolable religious foundation, I say, how could it be possible that you should seriously regard any treatment you might choose to mete out to your women as either harsh or cruel? You look upon your women as chattels, as 'your own' . . . your 'females' as you call them. It never occurs to you that they are, equally with you, citizens of the empire, so that no matter what your fantastic notions of your own importance may be, the rulers of this empire being bound to protect all the citizens, without distinction, from violence or insult are bound to come forward and teach you what, through no fault of yours, you do not seem to know, *viz.*, that this custom is a brutal one, and that as it interferes with the comfort and safety and imperils the lives of certain of Her Majesty's subjects in India, you must relinquish it."

We visited the school of Mr. Umbalal Desai at Bulsar, where a large number of boys—none apparently above sixteen years—were studying English. Judge our surprise when we were told that the most of them were married and some of them were fathers. A prominent teacher tells us that he has frequently examined the classes in the Indian

nigh schools, in which most of the boys were fathers. The girls, of course, receive but little education.

While we sojourned at the mission house at Bulsar we attended two weddings, one in company with our missionaries and some Parsi friends, and the other with Mr. La Personne, a warm personal friend of our missionaries. One of these was a double wedding, the father wisely choosing to have one series of ceremonies for both his boys at the same time. Perhaps it would be better to say that we attended a part of the ceremony, for the festivities continue sometimes for eight days, and large sums of money are spent. At those we attended, the bridegrooms were preparing to set out upon a visit to the homes of the brides. We reached the place about nine o'clock in the evening. Seats were given us on the veranda, and bouquets, garlands of flowers, and the inevitable "pan," were presented to us. We were received with much cordiality and made to feel welcome. The father of the boy said he was very glad, indeed, that we came to the wedding.

From our seats on the veranda we had a good view of the proceedings. The first thing that took place was the bathing of the bridegroom. A platform was placed on the street in front of the house, vessels of water were brought, and the bath completed, the boy was enveloped in a white robe, and carried into his dressing room. In the meantime a number of men were making night hideous with tom-toms, drums and cracked horns. Each one seemed intent upon making as much noise as possible, and this passed for music; the musicians were hired for the occasion. So far as noise was concerned they easily outdid the brass band at home. Torches flashed on every hand, and the house and surroundings were beautifully illuminated.

Presently the bridegroom appeared, adorned for his

bride. He was placed on a richly-caparisoned horse, glittering in gold and silver tinsel. After he was seated a veil of fragrant flowers was thrown over his head and he was literally covered with beautiful white blossoms, which also partly enveloped the horse. The procession now started, but it moved very slowly. In fact, after moving a few feet, it stopped and a collection was taken up for the bride. All were invited to give, and all did give. Then, amid the flashing torches and the loud, discordant music, the procession moved away and we retired. It reminded us somewhat of going out to meet the bridegroom, to which our Savior refers in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. In the procession we noticed many girls bearing lamps and torches.

Among the wealthy the marriage ceremonies are kept up for a number of days and the houses of both bridegroom and bride are decorated with flowers and paint, and at night are brilliantly illuminated with lamps and Chinese lanterns. The savings of a lifetime are often spent in wedding festivities. Custom, as some one says, compels the well-to-do parent to squander large sums of money on mere idlers and pleasure-seekers, instead of giving it to aid the newly-married pair in starting in life for themselves. If he were to practice economy in a wedding he would never be able to hold up his head among his neighbors. The more lavishly he spends money the more pride and satisfaction he has in looking back upon what he regards as the most meritorious act in his life.

We should not, however, judge the Hindu too severely. Our home papers bring us the account of a princely wedding in New York. Two hundred thousand dollars is the amount said to have been expended in decorations and lavish display. We are also forced to say that even among



TAMIL WOMAN.

our own professedly plain people weddings are sometimes made the occasion of spending money uselessly.

The final religious ceremony of an orthodox Hindu wedding takes place after the festivities. A priest fastens one end of a piece of consecrated cloth to the dress of the bride and the other end to that of the bridegroom. Their hands are joined under this cloth and sometimes their faces are marked with red paint. A sacred cord is wound about the necks of the pair by a priest who mutters a Vedic prayer. The placing of the bridegroom's hands in milk, the sprinkling of rice and cocoanut milk, eating together and sitting for some time face to face follow. Then the bride and bridegroom go to one of the temples and worship the idol, after which the bride goes to the house of her father-in-law and takes up her abode. The sacred fire which is kindled during the wedding festivities is taken to the home and is supposed to be kept burning continually.

From birth until it is betrothed and married, a child is subjected to many religious ceremonies. We have space for only a very few of these. When the child is only six days old it is believed that one of the gods writes its future destiny upon its forehead, and from the fate thus recorded, invisible to human eyes though it be, there is no escape. So, when the Hindu widow bewails her sad lot, her language is said to be, "Oh Parvati, why didst thou write all this suffering upon my forehead!"

At ten days the name-giving ceremony takes place. It is then for the first time fed solid food in the shape of a little boiled rice. Boys are often named after the favorite gods, and the names of Shiva, Rama, Krishna, Gopala and Ganesa are quite common. Of course the name-giving is a religious ceremony, and has its counterpart in the Roman Catholic and many of the Protestant churches in the rite

known as christening or infant baptism. A name is given to the child and a few drops of water are sprinkled upon the forehead.

The next ordeal to which the Hindu child is subjected is that of ear-boring, and this is also regarded as a religious rite. Both boys and girls have their ears bored, and the girls, and sometimes the boys, have the same operation performed on the nose. The rule is to make two or three holes in each ear and one in the nose, but we have seen many girls with no less than six holes in the outer rim of each ear, each large enough to insert a goose quill. Among the Tamil girls in southern India it is the custom to cut a large opening into the lower lobe of the ear. Heavy rings are worn, and the weight of these draws the lobe down until it almost touches the shoulder. We saw many Tamil girls and women in Ceylon with openings in the ears so large that two fingers could easily be inserted at the same time. A glance at the picture of the Tamil woman on page 353 will show how the weight of the heavy metal rings worn has drawn the ear down and disfigured it. The only reason assigned for this custom is that it is the fashion and it is presumable that the Tamil woman would as soon be out of the world as to be out of fashion.

The original scope of this work did not include a continuous record of our long journey around the world. To give such a record in detail would very far exceed the limits of our space. Not what to write, but what not to write, is the puzzling question amid the mass of rich material constantly coming under our observation as we journey through the wonderland of the Orient. We must be content to glean, and so pass over many things of much interest.

During our stay at Bulsar, in company with Brother Stover, we visited Col. Ansell at his cocoanut plantation on



INDIAN OX CART.

the seashore, not many miles away. The colonel played a prominent part on the losing side in the War of the Rebellion. He was taken prisoner, but escaped, leaving the country and coming to India where he has since resided. Here he turned his attention to the cultivation of the coconut palm and is now the owner of a large plantation. In order to reach his place we were driven across the country in a bullock cart,—a two-wheeled vehicle without springs, drawn by a pair of oxen. The box, fitted on the cart, is provided with bows over which is spread a white canvas cover to shelter the occupants from the rays of the sun. Rice straw is placed in the box and a quilt is spread over it, and upon this you are supposed to sit. This is all well enough for the natives who sit upon their feet, but for us the only thing was to lie down and take the jolting as it came. The driver sat on the tongue and kept the bullocks going at a dog trot. When a piece of rough road was passed over, the shaking can be better imagined than described.

Col. Ansell received us with genuine Southern hospitality and seemed greatly to enjoy talking of old times and of the homeland from which he has been a self-exile for nearly a third of a century. And we also enjoyed our stay very much, indeed, in his typical Indian home. A few years ago his wife died, of whom he spoke with much tenderness of feeling and not without tears, and since then he lives alone with his Hindu servants, the only white person on the plantation.

We rambled over the place in the cool of the day, the feathery crests of the palms affording a delightful shade and protection from the rays of the tropical sun. The colonel's Indian servant climbed nimbly up to the crown of the trees and brought down nuts full of sweet, fresh milk and

rich meat. We regaled ourselves with a draught of nature's refreshing beverage and ate of the fruit of the nut, and found both much better here where they are grown than the imported ones we get at home. Col. Ansell takes a special interest in our missionaries, and having read in the *Messenger* the proposition, made a year and a half ago by Bro. A. M. T. Miller, set apart a cocoanut tree for the missionary orchard. From the tree we have two cocoanuts in their original husks. If we reach home in safety, one will hang in the Secretary's office and the other in our own home.

The cocoanut palm is grown in India for the nuts and for the sap or milk that is drawn from it. This forms the well-known toddy, which is drunk all over India. It is sweet, refreshing and wholesome when first drawn, but it soon ferments and then becomes quite intoxicating. The tree begins bearing at ten years and as it increases in age and size produces a larger quantity of nuts, some of the best producing trees bearing from fifty to one hundred each year. These develop and ripen in one year, and are sold at about \$2.00 per 100.

Trees that are tapped for toddy do not bear fruit, as the sap is necessary to develop the nuts. The tap is made at the crown where the fronds, or limbs, as we should call them, are thrown out. Earthen vessels are hung to the tree, into which the milk falls and is gathered each day by men who are called "toddy climbers." These men climb up the trunk of the tree to a height of from forty to sixty feet, empty the sap from the smaller to a larger vessel fastened to the back and descend with great ease and dexterity. A full-grown tree produces twenty gallons of milk each year, and this is drawn in alternate weeks during three months of the year. For nine months the tree is allowed to rest and recuperate.



THE TODDY CLIMBERS.

Toddy is the one intoxicating drink of the natives of India, and the government licenses the sale of the liquor. Each tree tapped is numbered by the inspector and the owner must pay a tax of from forty-five to ninety cents, depending on the size of the tree. The owner gets about fifty cents per year for the milk of each tree in excess of the tax. Some idea of the amount of toddy consumed in India may be formed when it is stated that the men who control the sale of the intoxicant in Bulsar, a city of fifteen thousand souls, pay an annual license of three thousand dollars. For these figures we are indebted to Mr. Niswongee, General Inspector of the Bulsar district.

There are fifteen toddy-shops in Bulsar. These are open sheds under which the dealer sits with a large tub,—the one we saw was shaped like the half of a kerosene oil barrel,—filled with the liquor before him. In his hand he has a long-handled dipper. In the evening his customers crowd around him and he is kept busy dipping and filling the vessels of the thirsty natives. Sometimes a dozen vessels are held up at the same time to be filled. The dealer serves each in order from the small chattie that holds half a pint to the larger one with capacity for a gallon. After being served the natives squat in groups on the open space about the shop and drink and gossip. Men and women alike indulge. Near by is the pan seller and the rule is that after drinking a “chew” must be taken. Here, as at home, drinking, chewing and smoking seem to have a kind of affinity with each other. At least the first, as a rule, is associated with the second and third.

CHAPTER XIV.

Leaving Our Bulsar Home — Northward to Jeypore — Slaughter of Innocents — Man-Eating Tigers — The Sacred Crocodiles — The Idols in Jeypore — State Elephants — Agra — The Beautiful Taj Mahal — "An Elegy in Marble" — The Gateway — The Garden — The Marble Screen — Snake Charmers — Indian Jugglers — The Conjurer Khali Khan — Wonderful Feats — The Mango Tree — How the Trick is Performed — Claims to Supernatural Power Disproved.

FROM Bulsar and our mission home,—henceforth to be a green spot in our memories, an oasis in the desert of travel,—we journeyed northward and eastward, visiting a number of the most important cities in India. We left our India home with real and deep regret. How we missed the sweet, homelike atmosphere of Christian love that pervaded the place where we had so much enjoyed the Christian association of those we love. Then there was the social worship, the singing of Gujerati hymns, the public meetings and the quiet, peaceful, restful days—how we did enjoy them all! All too soon for us those bright days of glad sunshine passed away, and before we fully realized it the time for our departure was at hand. Those whom we had met but a short time before as strangers, we now bade farewell as warm-hearted friends, some of them even going with us to the station at two o'clock in the morning. Our missionaries, as in apostolic days, accompanied us on our journey as far as Calcutta. We said good-by to Bulsar, strong in the hope that in the years to come it will be one of the strongholds of primitive Christianity in India.

Journeying northward the air grows colder and more bracing, and in the evening and morning warm wraps added to our comfort. The country becomes less densely wooded, and the jungles less numerous, but still frequent enough to serve as hiding places for tigers and leopards. The man-eating tiger is a terror to the natives, who are ill prepared to contend with their powerful foe. At Jeypore eight of these animals are imprisoned as state captives. It is said that each of them has tasted human blood. They crouch at the bars of their cages and glare upon those who pass by. One of them has devoured seven, another ten human beings. In any other country these animals would have been shot. Here pitfalls were made for them, and after much patient waiting they were ensnared. They were allowed to remain in the pit until hunger had reduced them to the last extremity of weakness, when their captors managed to draw them forth and shut them up as lifelong prisoners.* From such prisons zoological gardens and menageries in other parts of the world are supplied with the royal denizens of India's jungles.

We pass through, with brief stop, the Mohammedan city of Ahmedabad, with one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It was founded A. D. 1411 by the Sultan Ahmed I., whose name in part it bears. Here are a number of old Mohammedan mosques, noted for their architectural beauty and for the marvelous delicacy of the carvings in stone. They are the boast of the city, and are always shown to visitors. We hurried on, however, without visiting the mosques, having in mind a visit to the architectural pearl of all India, the Taj Mahal at Agra.

From Ahmedabad, continuing our journey northward, we traverse the large district of Rajpunata, containing a

* Arnold.

population of about ten million. Here the sin of female infanticide was once so common that more than half the little girls born were put to death by their parents. In 1871 the census showed, in the Rajput population of Oudh, 250,849 males living above ten years of age, to only 184,623 females. It is claimed that the destruction of the innocents has ceased, but these figures show how countless were the murders of their offspring by these heathen idolaters.

At Jeypore, the capital of Rajputana, a city with a population bordering on a hundred and fifty thousand, we spent a short time in visiting places of interest. It is the seat of the rajah, or king, who, as a vassal of England, still enjoys the empty title of ruler, with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty so dear to the oriental heart. We visited the palace and the gardens, and saw something of the eastern notion of splendor. The large audience room is richly furnished and decorated in the highest style of Indian art. Marble floors, magnificent chandeliers and costly furniture give the room a fine appearance. Strange to say, pigeons are allowed to roost on the chandeliers befouling the marble floor beneath.

In a small lake within the palace garden are kept a score of sacred crocodiles. Entering a low doorway we found ourselves on a small platform overlooking the lake. On the gravelly bank a dozen or more of the huge saurians lay basking and sleeping in the hot sun. The attendant had a piece of raw meat tied to the end of a rope. This he splashed in the water and called out in a loud voice, "Hai, Hai." Presently two or three of the monsters moved lazily into the water and swam to the platform where we stood. There they lay with extended jaws viciously snapping at the meat. Between those jaws a man's head would have been crushed as an eggshell. The crocodile is sacred to the

Hindu, and the bodies of thousands of children have been thrown to them in the Ganges. Looking into the open jaws of the reptiles I marveled at the faith of the mother who could tear from her bosom her darling child and throw it into those cruel jaws to be crushed to death. This she did for her religion. Ignorance and superstition are the devil's strongest powers over the human race. I am always afraid of ignorance.

In no other town or city visited in India, up to this time, have we seen so many idols as in Jeypore. The city is wholly given to idolatry. Temples there are by the score where the idols are worshiped with great ceremony by attendant priests; and no one is allowed to enter the sacred portals. Even if you would walk in the outer court, close enough to see the stone god, you must take off your shoes. But these larger temples do not satisfy the demand of the people for idols. In the squares, on street corners, inside and outside the city gates, and even in the middle of some of the wider streets are shrines, in each of which sits enthroned a wooden, a clay, a stone, or a brass god. The features of these are all hideous, and when, in addition to their distorted faces, they are daubed over with red paint and smeared with dirty oil, they are the very personification of ugliness. How people can be induced to worship such objects seems strange indeed, but one need spend but a short time in India to learn how thoroughly idolatry degrades a people.

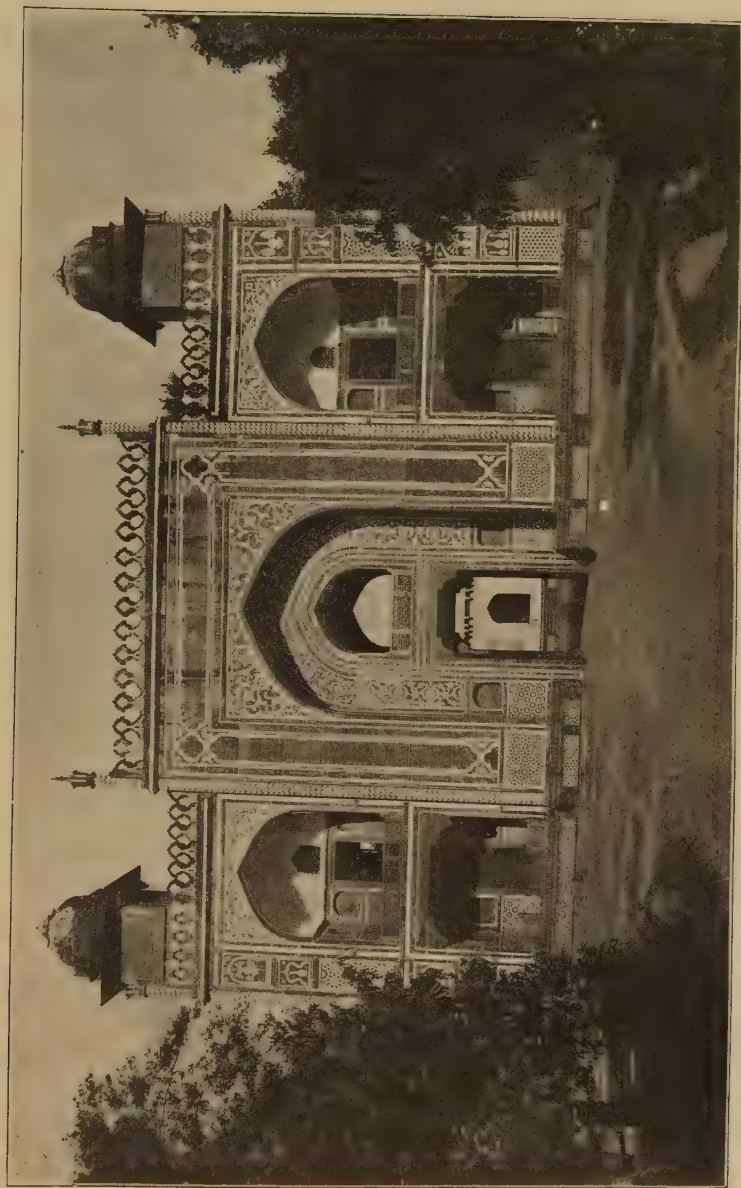
But the idols do not always escape harm. Dr. Mansell, who has been a missionary in India for some thirty years, told us that not infrequently the people break their gods to pieces. In one of the villages visited by him the people during a severe drought made a large number of images of one of their gods and prayed to them continually for rain,

but it came not. Then they took all the images out of the temples and pounded them to pieces and selected another god and set up new idols. As they have countless thousands to select from, it is not a difficult matter to make a change.

The rajah of Jeypore claims to be descended from an unbroken line of one hundred and thirty-nine kings. The best blue blood of which English noblemen are so proud is but a thing of to-day when compared with these proud rulers of Rajput. In the museum their portraits adorn the galleries something as the portraits of the popes do at St. Paul's in Rome.

The elephant stables at Jeypore, it is said, contain one hundred of these huge animals. They are used on great state occasions when the entire number, richly caparisoned, form an important part of the pageant. The present ruler, who is also a famous hunter, uses some of them in tiger hunting. We saw one of the largest of the state elephants; evidently he had been but recently captured, for he was securely bound with heavy log chains attached to each of his four legs. The restless motion of the animal, with the vicious, wicked look from his small eyes, gave us to understand as plainly as spoken words what the result would be if he were freed from his chains.

One of the pleasant sights in Jeypore is the feeding of the pigeons. In the great open square the birds are fed every day, and they come to the feast by thousands. They are nearly all the same color, dark blue, and at the feeding time the square is a mass of this color. No one thinks of hurting them, and they are very tame. The cruel sport of pigeon shooting, so common at home, is unknown here. The very mention of such a cruelty outrages the feelings of the Hindu.



ENTRANCE TO TAJ GARDEN.

Our next stopping place was at Agra, in some respects one of the most interesting cities in India. It was for years the capital of the great Mogul Emperors, and here Akbar the Great and Tekan Shah built, in marble, mosques, tombs and temples, that are to-day among the architectural wonders of the world. Akbar, who reigned at the close of the fifteenth century, was an absolute monarch, great in achievement, but as cruel a tyrant as ever reigned in India. He carried with him a box containing sweetmeats, one side of which was filled with caramels made of honey and almonds, the other with sweet-scented lozenges, into which had been distilled a most deadly poison. "If Akbar gave you a bit of candy from the kind side of his box you were in high favor in court, and likely to command a province. If he smilingly offered you one from the other, you could not refuse, for none dared say 'No!' to Akbar, and your mouth for awhile became full of the fragrance of nard and myrrh, while you rode hurriedly home in your litter, and there died before your golden palace robes could be well taken off. They say Akbar himself perished by making a mistake one evening when he wished for a sweetmeat."*

When dead Akbar was laid in a marble tomb, built during his lifetime, the like of which the world had not seen before, and which after a lapse of more than three centuries is one of the wonders of India! But Akbar's tomb, beautiful as it was and is, was to be far exceeded by one of his successors who built the Taj. We turn to our notebook and find what we compiled and wrote at Agra.

Jan. 18. This afternoon we visited the Taj Mahal, the architectural crown of the world. The wonderful beauty and magnificent proportions of this marvelous structure

*"India Revisited."

seem now, since I have seen it, like some vision of a half waking, half sleeping revery.

This "Crown of the World" was built by the Sultan Shah Jehan 1630-52, as a receptacle for the body of his queen, Arjamund Banoo Begum, called the "Pride of the Palace," and his own body was afterwards laid to rest in it. It has been called "an elegy in marble," in which the royal love of the great shah has translated itself into alabaster. It was built at a cost of ten million dollars, which would mean many times more in Europe or America if the difference in wages were added. Twenty thousand men worked twenty-two years before the mausoleum was finished, and, sad to state, many of the workmen were never paid. In Shah Jehan's memoirs it is stated that the masons alone received thirty lakhs or rupees, which at par would represent a value of a million and a half dollars. The entire structure is of snow-white marble, and much of the vast interior is inlaid with precious stones and costly jewels.

A great gateway opens into the Taj court or garden, and is in itself a magnificent structure. It is built of red sandstone inlaid with white marble ornaments. The top is surmounted with twenty-six white marble cupolas. Impatient as we were to see the Taj itself, we could not help but stop to admire the fine effect of this massive gateway. "It is not only beautiful, but it increases the glories of the mausoleum itself, by the contrast of its somewhat stern-red sandstone with the soft and pearl-white marble of which it is built." There are three of these gateways, the main entrance at the south, and the other two at the east and west ends of the garden.

Having entered the gateway there bursts upon the view a scene of unequaled beauty. You stand on the border of a beautiful garden three hundreds yards long and one hundred



THE TAJ MAHAL.

and fifty wide, with the flora of India in all its richness before you. In the center of the garden is an avenue of state-ly cypress trees standing on both sides of a stream of pure water, clear as crystal, with twenty fountain. On both sides of the avenue are the garden beds, all aglow with patches of rich color. The air is laden with the sweet perfume of rose and jasmine, and the choice shrubs and trees are alive with feathered songsters, whose soft notes lend a rich charm to the scene. You raise your eyes from the beauty of the garden, and there meets your astonished vision, in all its beauty and grandeur, "the snow-white wonder," the Taj itself. It stands in the center of a platform faced with white marble, exactly three hundred and thirteen feet square and eighteen feet high, with a white marble minaret one hundred and thirty-three feet high at each corner. The building itself is one hundred and eighty-six feet square, with thirty-three and one-half feet cut off at the corners.

I stood before the Taj as if entranced. I wondered again and again how human mind and hand could invent and fashion anything so wondrously beautiful. I have admired the tomb of Napoleon I. at Paris, world renowned for its beauty; I have wandered through the Albert memorial chapel at Windsor palace, the gem of all Europe, a worthy memento of the wifely love and affection of England's greatest queen for her dead husband; I have stood beneath the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the ecclesiastical architectural wonder of the world, and have beheld with amazement the beauties of the alabaster mosque at Cairo, but none of these are to be compared with the Taj. This pearl of India easily bears the palm of victory.

Entering the great doorway to the central dome—both doors of which were at one time of solid silver, but were

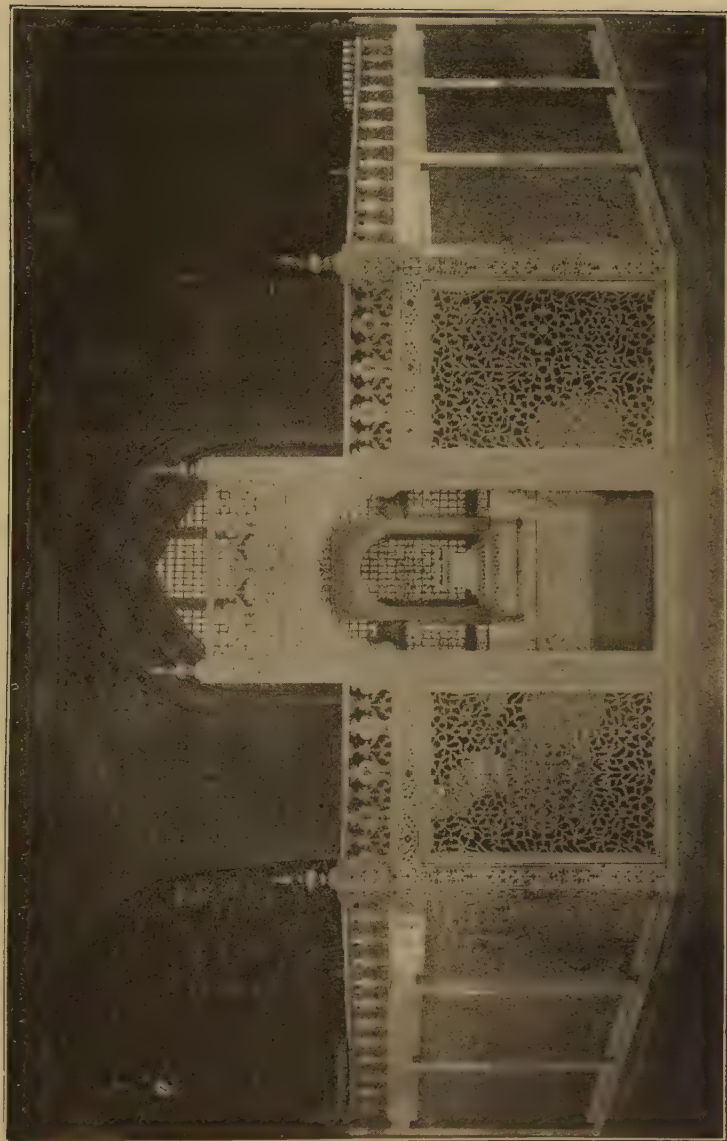
melted down and coined by one of the shah's more practical successors—the wonder increases. Beneath the lofty dome lies the dust of the emperor and his wife. Surrounding the gem-like tombs is a screen of marble, cut through and through into beautiful scrolls and trellis work. Here the art of the marble cutter reaches its highest skill. The delicate cutting of the screen is like fine lace-work. The columns and borders of the screen, inside and out, the tombs and thousands of square feet of the interior of the dome are inlaid with precious stones and jewels. It is the perfect work of the most skillful jeweler. Graceful vines, pendent leaves, fruits, flowers and buds in various colors are the forms of embellishment. And these inlaid figures are of turquoise, coral, agate, sardonyx and bloodstone, while here and there sparkle gems of the first water.

The echo in the interior is exceedingly fine. A note of low, soft music is caught up in the marble vault and amplified into a hundred harmonious sounds, swelling out into a grand chorus and then dying away into a hushed whisper.

At the entrance gateway is an inscription which reads, "Only the pure in heart shall see the garden of God," while on the tomb of Jehan are these words:

"This world is a bridge;
Pass on over it, but build not upon it;
This world is one hour;
Give its minutes to thy prayers,
For the rest is unseen."

Such is the Taj Mahal, and it has its lesson. Built as a memento of human love, it shows what the mind can conceive and the hand finish. The most perfect work of its kind in the world, it stands as an evidence of what men are willing to do for the objects of their love. How much more ought we to do for the One who loved us and died to save



TOMB SCREEN, TAJ MAHAL.

us! Immeasurably greater than human love was the love that brought our Savior down from heaven to endure the deepest sorrows that ever wrung the human heart, and to die the cruel death of the cross. Surely we ought to be ready to consecrate our lives and all we have and are to our dear Savior. If Shah Jehan builded so for his favorite queen, how much more ought we to build for Christ! Not in perishable marble are we called upon to build, but a temple in our hearts for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, sent into the world to comfort and abide with all the disciples of Jesus.

The conjurer and juggler have flourished in the Orient ever since the days when Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses and succeeded in part, by enchantment or sleight-of-hand, in producing imitations of the plagues sent by the Lord upon Pharaoh, and thus hardened his heart. You will meet the snake-charmer and the sleight-of-hand performer even in Egypt to-day, and no doubt they handle their serpents much the same as the ancient enchanter handled theirs, and play all manner of clever conjuring tricks with wonderful dexterity. For aught we know these may be the descendants of the old-time conjurers of the days of Moses.

But India is the home of the juggler. The Hindus,—both young and old,—appear to take the greatest delight in their performances, and they are easily led to believe that they possess supernatural power. The juggler meets you on the street and in front of your hotel, and is always ready, with or without your consent, to display his powers, hoping in the end to be rewarded for his skill. He carries his entire outfit in a small bag, slung over his shoulders, and many are the stories told in the books written on India about the wonderful tricks he can perform. To some his powers appear so remarkable and his performances so

wonderful, that even intelligent men and women have said "Surely, these men are more than human." The Spiritualists at home have long made the claim that the jugglers of India have the assistance of departed spirits in the perform-



SNAKE CHARMER.

ance of their tricks. So exceedingly clever are they that even some of the missionaries have been deceived, and in some instances their published descriptions have strengthened the belief held by the Spiritualists.

Because of the claims made by the Spiritualists and Theosophists, because enchantment and conjuring is a Bible subject, and, further, because some of our friends requested us to investigate the matter carefully, and, if possible, prove the truth or falsity of the claims made, we took some pains to look into the doings of these men, and have concluded to give our readers the result of the investigation.

The jugglers in India form a distinct class, the business descending from father to son for many generations. From earliest childhood the training begins. The hands, and especially the fingers, are the special objects of training. All the secrets of the profession are handed down, and the son of a juggler is an adept in the art when he is a mere boy. It is not to be wondered at then that, with inherited and acquired ability and with the secrets of generations of jugglers in his keeping, he becomes exceedingly proficient in his calling.

We met scores of conjurers during our stay in India and Ceylon, and upon the street and in the open space before the hotels we saw many of them perform the most surprising and wonderful tricks. One of them, seated upon a white cloth, asked one of those present to lay a silver rupee—a coin a trifle smaller than our half dollar—upon the cloth. The conjurer then commanded the coin to come to him, and immediately it began to move slowly over the cloth, and kept on moving until it reached the magician's hand. It is needless to add that the owner never saw his coin after the juggler's hand closed over it.

At Agra the noted conjurer, Khali Khan, came to our hotel. A number of persons were sitting on the porch, and Khali seated himself on the ground and, without the aid of an assistant, performed a number of what appeared to us to be very wonderful feats. We watched very closely and

were unable to solve the mystery of his doings. He mixed a quantity of three colored powders—yellow, red and blue—in a glass of water, and then swallowed the mixture. Presently he blew out of his mouth a quantity of the yellow, red and blue powders. From an apparently empty bag, which he hammered on the ground, he produced a number of eggs. He made balls and coins disappear and reappear in strange places and in a remarkable manner. He produced an empty basket and handed it around among the spectators for examination, and all decided that it was really empty. He placed it on the ground, and then lifting it up there appeared half a dozen beautiful little singing birds. They chirped, picked up crumbs thrown to them, and were, without doubt, real birds. All these things were done with a dexterity and cleverness that defied the closest scrutiny.

Among other things, he performed the mango tree trick. The mango is said to be the best fruit in India; when ripe it is about the size of an orange and yellow in color. The conjurer apparently causes a small tree to grow and bear fruit in the space of a very few minutes. We had heard much of this extraordinary feat, and it was claimed that more than human power was required to perform it. It had, however, been noticed that the juggler produced the ripe mango only when that fruit was in season. But when the time of mangoes had been past several months,—the fruit is perishable and can be kept only a short time,—here was Khali Khan apparently causing a small mango tree to grow and bear ripened fruit.

As this was one of the most clever tricks performed, I give the details: First the conjurer gathered some dust from the roadway and filled an ordinary eastern flowerpot with it. Into this he put a dry mango seed. He then covered the pot with a white cloth some two yards square. In

a few minutes he lifted the cloth and poured some water into the pot and covered it up again. In his right hand he held the skull of a monkey, and this he passed over the cloth, repeating some words in Hindustani, and then, when he lifted the cloth, behold the seed had sprouted and two small leaves had pushed their way above the ground, showing that the tree was growing. Again more water was added and the pot covered, and when in a few minutes the cloth was again lifted, the rustling leaves and small branches of a little mango tree a foot high met our astonished gaze. But the surprise was greater when Khali dug up the little tree and showed us how it had sprouted out of the seed and how the rootlets had grown down. He then replanted it, poured in more water and replaced the cloth. In the meantime he performed a number of feats, all of which showed him to be an adept in his line of work. He then turned his attention to the mango tree again. He raised the cloth and there stood a miniature tree between two and three feet high, with several branches all covered with bright green leaves, among which appeared two mangoes, one fully ripe, the other green on one side and yellow on the other. All this had been done so quickly and so cleverly that, notwithstanding we had watched every movement of the juggler, we were unable to tell how it was done. In the open street, without the aid of an assistant, the conjurer had caused a mango tree to grow and bear ripe fruit in less than ten minutes after he deposited the seed in the dry earth. Look at it as we might, it was a wonderful feat. There stood the tree with its fruit. To doubt this would have been to doubt our senses. To us it seemed that the performance was fully equal to what Jannes and Jambres had done. Every one present was perplexed. Could it be possible that Khali possessed more than human power, and

that the claims of the Spiritualists, after all, were true? We could, by no possible means, tell how the feat had been accomplished, but we felt sure it was but a clever display of sleight-of-hand, and we determined, if possible, to find out how it was done.

After Khali had finished his tricks and taken up a collection, we called him to one side and invited him to our room. There we had an interview with him, and by the offer of a few pieces of silver we induced him to give us an insight not only into the mango tree trick, but into a number of other equally clever performances.

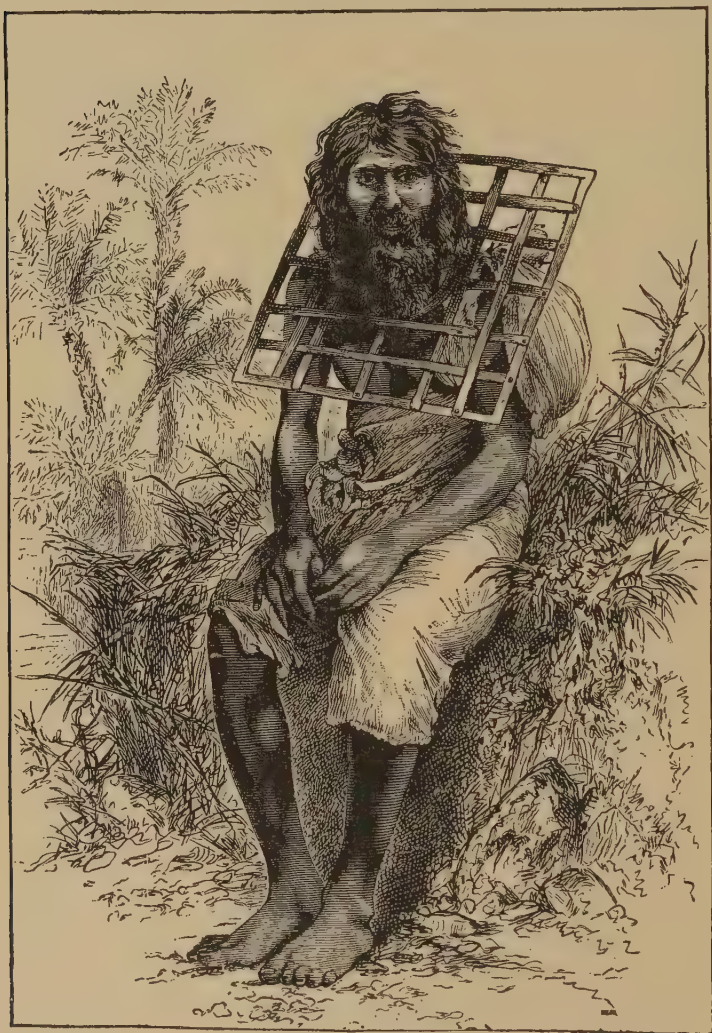
The different-sized mango trees were carefully and closely wrapped up in the edge of the cloth in such a manner as to entirely escape notice. While he was pouring water into the flowerpot and manipulating the cloth, he managed to put the first shoot into the earth, and this he did so quickly as to escape detection. In like manner the succeeding growths were put in. The fruit was an imitation, and it was so much like the real mango that every one was deceived. After we were shown how the trick was accomplished, we wondered at our simplicity in being so easily deceived. But as the old man sat on the floor in our room, and several of us sat around him watching him closely before he showed how it was done, he performed the trick again and we failed to solve the mystery. We saw here an illustration of the simple fact that motion is quicker than sight. After he disclosed to us the secret, it all seemed simple enough. We now had evidence of what we were personally fully convinced of before, *i. e.*, that the claim of the Spiritualists that the jugglers of India have supernatural power is false, that it is based upon the clever ability of the sleight-of-hand performers in playing their tricks; and that,

as the conjurers deceived Pharaoh, so, in like manner, have the jugglers of India deceived the Theosophists.

In answer to a question as to how long he had been in the business of juggling, Khali said, "All my lifetime," and when we met him he must have been at least sixty years old. He also told us that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all been famous conjurers in their time; and, no doubt, if the Khans had kept a family record, it would appear that for a thousand years the secrets of the conjurer had been handed down from father to son. As before stated, this fact accounts in part for their remarkable power to perform seeming miracles. After we left Agra we met many jugglers, for their name is legion in India. At Calcutta, Madras and Colombo, they are to be met in scores, and at these places they are especially noted for the cleverness with which they perform their tricks. When they invited us to witness their feats, we usually replied by saying, "We have seen Khali Khan at Agra," and the reply would be, "Ah, Khali Khan; him very good juggler, he my cousin."

Our investigations have only more fully confirmed us in the belief that all claims of supernatural power made in these days are based either upon error or fraud. The Gospel teaches that in the last days men shall arise making such claims and going even so far as to claim that they are Christs. These false teachers are to have remarkable powers, sufficient, if it were possible, to deceive even the very elect. But they claim ability that they do not possess, and are either deceivers or self-deceived. All this is only an indication that the coming of the Lord is near at hand. Let us not be deceived and drawn away from the truth by these claimants of supernatural powers! They may be able to do just as wonderful things as Khali Khan, but they possess no

more supernatural power than does the astute and clever juggler at Agra. We are not to be understood as limiting



A HINDU HOLY MAN.

the power of God. We are referring to men who claim such power and walk not after the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another class to be met in all parts of India is the fakirs or so-called holy men. They are India's religious tramp, and the ignorant people delight to do them honor. They gain their reputation by mortifying the flesh, and in the pursuance of this object endure all kinds of physical suffering. They believe there is merit in works, and carry the doctrine to the utmost extreme. Some of them wear about the neck an iron frame which is not only inconvenient but very painful. They smear their bodies with mud and daub lime on the hair of the head and the beard, presenting a most revolting appearance. Many of them wear but a few rags about the loins, and this because the government, in the interest of common decency, forbids them to walk about in a nude state. They beg their way as they go from place to place and the poor people feed them and are thus heavily burdened by this constant drain on their resources; but they give cheerfully, accepting the tramp's blessing in exchange for what they give. One of these fakirs came to Bulsar and gained quite a reputation for piety by suspending himself head downward from the limb of a tree and swinging back and forth over a fire. Another at Benares has held his hand above his head until the arm has grown stiff and has shriveled away to a skeleton form. As a result he is accorded divine honors. Ignorance and superstition, twin sisters, are responsible for these things; both are to be feared and dreaded.

CHAPTER XV.

Delhi—Lucknow—Cawnpore—The Indian Mutiny—The Peacock Throne—Memorial Well at Cawnpore—Savage Cruelty—Benares—Sleeping in Tents—The Sacred River Ganges—All Kinds of Gods for Sale—Bathing in the Ganges—Earnestness of the Devotees—On the Ganges—"Purdah Women"—Image of the God Bhima—Faith-Healing—The Burning Ghats—Idols, Idols Everywhere—Christian (?) England Making Idols for India—Golden Temple—The Monkey Temple.

DELHI, Lucknow and Cawnpore,—the names of these three cities are inseparably connected with the history of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The siege and storming of Delhi and the defense of Lucknow by English soldiers, are among the most remarkable instances of personal bravery recorded in the annals of war. The sad fate of some two hundred defenseless Christian women and children,—reserved for a fate worse than death by their cruel captors, and finally massacred by order of the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the living with the dead, into a deep well—will not be forgotten while the name of Cawnpore is known among men. War is mercilessly cruel, and those who are responsible for it take upon their heads the blood, and tears, and sorrow, and suffering of countless millions of human beings.

But it is not our purpose to go into the bloody records of the most cruel war of modern times. Our route of travel through India took in Delhi, as it did Lucknow and Cawnpore. But a smallpox epidemic was raging in the former city, and we passed it by. We, however, make a brief reference to the "The City of the Siege."

Delhi was founded in 1628, by Shah Jehan, he who built the Taj Mahal at Agra, described in a preceding chapter. He was one of the great Mogul Emperors of India, and sought, more than all else, to leave behind him monuments in the shape of magnificent buildings. It was he who caused to be made, it is said at a cost of thirty million dollars, the Peacock Throne, the wonder of the Orient for centuries. The following description of this royal throne, resplendent in the richest precious stones, is quoted from Beresford's work: "The Throne was so called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors, as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four broad. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold, supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. On either side of the throne stood an umbrella, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls; the handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds." It stood in the private audience hall of the palace which was also equally richly and lavishly decorated. According to Arnold, "Nothing in Imperial Rome ever exceeded the magnificence of this royal retreat of Shah Jehan."

A European, who visited Delhi and had an audience with the Mogul, gives this description: "The king ap-

peared, seated upon his throne at the end of the great hall, in the most magnificent attire. His vest was of white and delicately-flowered satin, with a silk and gold embroidery of the finest texture. The turban, of gold cloth, had an aigrette whose base was composed of diamonds of an extraordinary size and value, besides an Oriental topaz, which may be pronounced unparalleled, exhibiting a lustre like the sun."

This brief description may give us some idea of the magnificence and wealth of the Mogul rulers of India. It was from the jewels of these rich emperors that England's ruler received, as a present, the Kohinoor, the largest diamond in the world; and it was from such regal splendor as this that the last of the great Mogul emperors was taken by the English to die the miserable death of a prisoner of war at Rangoon; and now the British flag floats triumphantly and peacefully over what was the magnificent palace of the Moguls.

The throne of fabulous price became one of the rich prizes of war in the seventeenth century. It seems almost incredible that thirty million dollars, — some authorities place the amount at double this, — in gold and jewels, should, in the form of a throne, become a spoil of war.

At Cawnpore we spent several days very pleasantly, and enjoyed a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Bond. We met these good people at Jerusalem, on their return to India from America. Mr. Bond is largely interested in manufacturing and has a delightful home. He gave us much valuable information concerning social questions in India. Mrs. Bond is an active missionary worker and is doing what she can to help the natives to a higher and a better life.

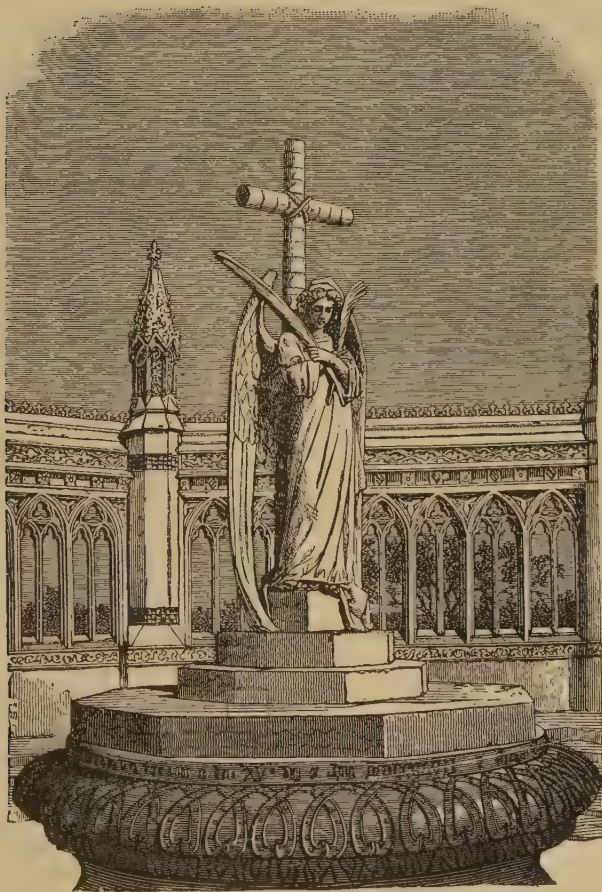
At Cawnpore we saw an illustration of the veneration

of the Hindus for the monkey. The city is literally overrun with these mischievous and destructive marauders. As we passed along the streets we saw them playing on the housetops and peering curiously from the combs of the roofs. Many times a troop of them would chase each other across the street and into the branches of the trees by the wayside. Mr. Bond told us that they were exceedingly destructive and made the lot of the poor natives a burden. But they would not consent to have a single one killed. An attempt to destroy the monkeys would cause the natives to rise in rebellion. A few years ago they had become so numerous and burdensome that the people consented to allow them to be captured and carried to a forest, a considerable distance from the city. For some time the city was free from annoyance, but, one by one, their old friends returned again, and it was not long before monkeys were as plenty as before. Another attempt was made to capture them, but the animals cunningly avoided the traps. They had been caught once, and that was enough for them. They had gained wisdom from experience, which is more than can be said of some people, and so Cawnpore is overrun with monkeys, and the animals escape destruction because the natives look upon them as being sacred.

One place in Cawnpore, of more than usual interest, is the Memorial Well. We stood before the monument and reflected upon the terrible cruelty of war, and if there is any place in the world where such reflections crowd upon the mind, that place is here, where the most cruel tragedy of the Sepoy Mutiny occurred.

The story may be told in a very few words. In 1857, when the natives rebelled against the rule of Great Britain. Cawnpore was garrisoned by three thousand Indian troops

with sixty English officers. The total white population was about nine hundred, including men, women and children. Among these were a number of missionaries and their families, who had been laboring for some years among the people. The entire body of native soldiers, with the exception of eighty, who remained true to the English, joined the mutineers. The arms, magazine with ammunition, and artillery fell into the hands of the rebels. The English were enabled to arm but three hundred men, and these were called upon to defend the non-combatants against the assaults of the enemy. An intrenchment was hastily made, and within the lines were collected the doomed band of aged and infirm men, with the women and children, about seven hundred in number. "Never before had a besieged garrison been called upon to do greater things than this little body of about three hundred English soldiers, hampered by every disadvantage, and exposed to the continuous fire of three thousand trained soldiers, well fed, lodged and armed." In three weeks the deaths within the intrenchment were two hundred and fifty. Their provision was at last exhausted, and under the promise of safe conduct to the river side and of boats to take them down the Ganges, the garrison surrendered. They marched down to the river, hopeful that their worst trials were over. But the hope was delusive, for, as they were entering the boats, their treacherous enemies opened fire upon the devoted band, and only four escaped to tell the story. About two hundred women and children were saved from the massacre by the leader, Nana Sahib, for a fate worse even than death. They were imprisoned in small houses near the rebels' headquarters, and, after sufferings too terrible to relate, they were, on July 15, 1857, cruelly massacred by order of the rebel chiefs. Many were



MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

severely wounded, but the "dead and the dying" were thrown into a well near the spot where the fearful deed was enacted. It was a terrible crime, and it met a swift and terrible retribution. Not many days later an English army marched upon the place, and, frenzied to madness by the horrible cruelty of the mutineers, signally defeated them, and a number of the prisoners taken were actually blown from the mouths of cannon.

Over the well containing the dust of the two hundred women and children a monument was erected, and the place is now known as the memorial well and garden. The thirty acres of ground is beautifully laid out and planted with trees, shrubs and flowers. Over the well a mound is raised and this is surmounted with the monument. The principal figure is the angel of the resurrection in white marble—a fine piece of sculpture. The hands are meekly folded across the breast and in each is the emblem of peace. An arch bears this inscription, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Around the wall which marks the circle of the well are engraved these words:

"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhunda Paut, of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on July 15, 1857."

War is terribly cruel. The common instincts of humanity are changed to the ferocity of the evil one. Madened by blood, men made in the image of God become human tigers, destroy life and rejoice at human suffering. Talk about a humane war. All war is inhuman and contrary to the teaching of the Prince of Peace. On this side of the world we hear of the rumors of war at home, and

our prayer is that God may graciously keep such a calamity from falling upon our beloved home land.

From Cawnpore, with its memorial well and great burden of sad associations, and Lucknow, with its battle-scarred residency, silent and ruined monument of the most notable defense of all modern times, we hurried on to Benares, the great center of Hindu idolatry. Here we found the hotel crowded, and, as there was no room for our little company of travelers at the inn, we were obliged to take up our abode not in a stable, but in tents. These were large and had the advantage of good ventilation; but as the air was quite cool after the setting of the sun our roomy quarters were too cold for comfort. Then, too, our nightly slumbers were often broken by the howling of the jackals and the deep, hoarse growl of the jungle cat. When the animals came too close to our tents, the guards who kept watch by night called out to each other and drove them away. But one could not help feeling a little nervous when thinking about the possibilities of the close proximity of these ferocious animals.

Benares, with a population of two hundred and twenty-five thousand souls, is built on the high banks of the Ganges, the most sacred stream in all the world to the Hindu. The early history of the place is lost in the myths of tradition. It is claimed that the city existed six hundred years before the Christian era, and that it was certainly older than Alexander the Great. It may be said with certainty that Benares is older than the Christian era. As the Hindus paid little attention to records, scarcely anything is known of events which occurred in more recent years.

If the Great Apostle of the Gentiles were living to-day, and were to visit Benares as he did Athens nearly nineteen

centuries ago, surely his great spirit would be stirred within him, for this modern city is wholly given to an idolatry, which, in many of its features, is worse than was the idolatry of the Greeks. The ancient Greeks numbered their gods by the thousand, the modern Hindus number theirs by the million, and are continually adding to the list. Benares is the very center and stronghold of Hinduism. Here are to be found more priests, more so-called holy men, more temples, more sacred places, more idols and more idolaters than in any other city in India or, for that matter, in all the world. There are no less than fourteen hundred temples in the city, with idols innumerable. It requires an army of twenty thousand Brahman priests to conduct the worship and receive the gifts offered by the deluded people, for these people give liberally of their means to build temples, to set up idols and to support the priests.

It has been said that what Jerusalem is to the Jew and Christian, and what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, all that and much more is Benares to the Hindu. To make a pilgrimage to the city of thousands of temples and millions of idols, to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges or to die upon its shore—with the last lingering gaze of the eye fixed in death upon its flowing tide—is to secure full forgiveness for all past sins and to gain eternal life. And more than this. If the body of the dead be but dipped in the water of the stream and burned on its shore at Benares, eternal happiness is secured, no matter what the life of the dead may have been. Such is the faith of the orthodox Hindu, and he clings to it with much greater tenacity than some Christians hold to theirs. This being true, it is not to be wondered at that the Hindus flock to Benares not only by hundreds and thousands but by hundreds of thousands. The streets are thronged with them and the bathing places are crowded

from early morning until late in the evening. Men and women of all ages and conditions in life are met in the streets. They come for one purpose alone, and when that is accomplished they go their way rejoicing, and are thenceforth regarded by their less fortunate fellows as holy.

Early in the morning of the day following our arrival, we placed ourselves under the care of an experienced guide, an educated Brahman who spoke English quite well, and started out to see the city. Our first objective point was the Ganges and its bathing places, known to the Hindus as ghats. These are simply broad stone steps built from the water's edge up the sloping bank of the stream to the temples which line its shore for a league or more. There are no less than forty-seven of these immense stone stairways, ranging in width from forty to sixty feet. There is neither roof nor screen. The bathing place is entirely open and public. At some places large umbrellas are stationed to shelter the more favored bathers from the hot rays of the midday sun. On the platforms at the head of the stairway are to be found throngs of priests going to and fro to the numerous temples, busily receiving offerings from the crowds of pilgrims that constantly come and go.

We drove several miles before reaching the native city, for our tents are pitched near the hotel which is really out in the country. Very few foreigners care to live in a native town. Hence hotels and mission houses are usually built in suburbs known as Cantonments. After reaching the native portion of the city we passed through a number of bazaars crowded with natives, some intent upon the ordinary affairs of every-day life, while others were hurrying down to the river to worship and bathe.

After an hour's drive we came to a portion of the city with streets too narrow to admit our carriage. Our guide

now led us hither and thither through a perfect labyrinth of streets and lanes. The streets were crowded with pilgrims on their way to the Ganges, while priests, vendors of idols, and the sacred ox and cow mingled with the throng. On both sides of the narrow streets were little, box-like shops where you might buy your choice of idols, not only as to size and to kind, but also as to quality of material. Here were gods big and little, made of clay, of wood, of stone, of brass, of bronze, of silver, and even of gold. Some of them are large enough to set up in a temple, others are small enough to dangle as a charm at your watch chain. But among them all none are more highly prized than the long, round, smooth stones taken from river or brook, polished by the water and worshiped as the symbols of Shiva, the ignorant idolater believing that the spirit of his god dwells in the stone, and that it was sent to him from the god himself.

We threaded our way along the narrow streets, jostled by the great throng until we emerged from among the shops and temples and stood upon the upper platform of one of the giant stairways that lead down to the water's edge. It was thronged from top to bottom with bathers. Some, having completed their ablutions, were coming up, while others were hurrying down to plunge into the sacred stream. At our feet flowed the tranquil river. It must be nearly half a mile wide at this point. The water is far from being clear and reminded us of the muddy Missouri. Slowly we made our way down to the water's edge where we entered a small boat, and slowly floating down the river obtained the best possible view of the ghats, of the bathers, and of the temple-crowned shore.

We now had before us a sight that once seen cannot be forgotten. Thousands of men and women, boys and girls

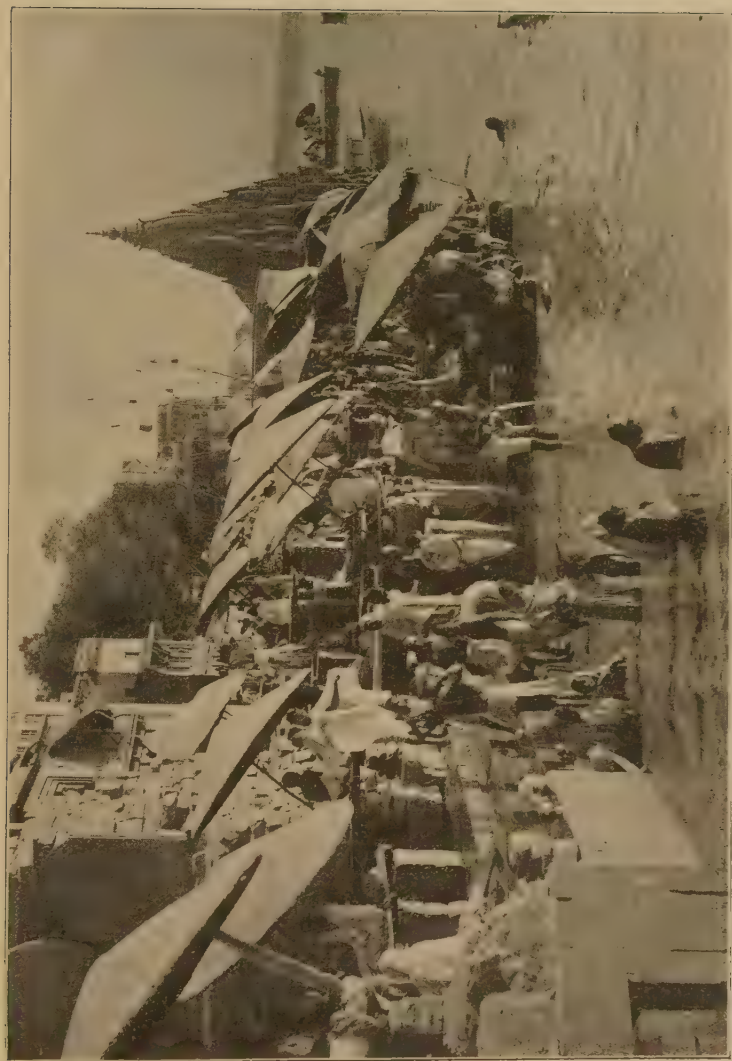
thronged the stone steps and stood in the water bathing and offering up their prayers. Hundreds of bouquets made of beautiful flowers were laid upon the water as offerings to the divine spirit of the river. The morning air was crisp and cold, and we found our heavy overcoats and shawls none too warm for comfort. But the pilgrims heeded not the chilly water or the cold air. Into the stream they plunged, dipped up the water with their hands, drank, and poured some of it back again into the stream as they muttered their prayers. Arnold, who saw the same sight witnessed by ourselves, has this to say of it: "Some of the pilgrims are old and feeble, weary with the long journey of life, emaciated by maladies, saddened from losses and troubles; and the morning air blows sharp, the river waves run chilly. Yet there they stand, breast deep in the cold river, with dripping garments clinging to their aged limbs, visibly shuddering under the shock of the water, and their lips blue and quivering while they eagerly mutter their prayers. None of them hesitate; into the Ganges they plunge upon arrival, ill or well, robust or sickly; and ladle the water up with dark, trembling hands, repeating the names of their gods, and softly mentioning the sins they would expiate, and the beloved souls they plead for."

The entire ceremony of making an offering to the river, of bathing and plunging beneath its waves, and of praying occupies from a half to a full hour. The water is dipped up with the hands and then allowed to drip through the fingers while the worshiper repeats the name of his god, "*Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram,*" over and over again, giving a striking illustration of the "vain repetitions of the heathen." The hands are then placed palms together and carried to the forehead while the worshiper continues repeating the name of his god. I observed one of the pilgrims who performed

this ceremony of dipping of the water seven times and then plunged himself beneath the waves as many times more. So intent are the bathers and worshipers upon their duties that they do not even cast a glance at the strangers in the boat who are curiously watching them. No stronger evidence of their earnestness and zeal and strong faith in the sacred stream could be given than their absolute obliviousness of their surroundings.

After the bathing and praying is completed, the soiled garments of the pilgrim are washed. As he stands on the lower stone step the clothing is dipped into the water and then pounded on the stone until it is cleansed. The bather then puts on his garments, damp and wet as they are, and goes his way to visit the various temples, bows down before the gods made with men's hands and makes to the idols he worships an offering commensurate with his wealth. He is not content with a visit to half a dozen temples, but scores of them are visited in a single day, and the wealthy are known to distribute hundreds of dollars in one round among the temples. Whatever else the Hindu may neglect, he does not fail to give to the support of his idol worship.

And so we floated down the river, passing ghat after ghat, with the thousands of bathers thronging the great stone stairways or standing in the water, only their bronzed shoulders and dark faces being visible. Some of them were so close to us that we might almost have touched them as we passed, but they gave no sign, by look or gesture, that we were even noticed. It was a strange, sad sight, which, to be fully appreciated in all its force, must be seen, for it cannot be fully described. We visited the place twice on two different days, floating down and rowing up the stream for miles, and yet we felt that we were unable to take in the



BATHING AT BENARES.

whole situation. In those two forenoons we saw enough strange sights, if related in detail, to fill a volume. We can give but a brief sketch here.

Yonder is a mother among the pilgrims, plunging her naked babe into the dark, chilly water. The little fellow struggles and yells lustily, but down he goes and comes up struggling, for the water has filled his wide-open mouth. But struggle as he will and cry as he may, he must take his enforced bath, and time and again the little bronze figure goes down and disappears under the water. Should he live to manhood this unwilling bath in the Ganges will be held as the one great meritorious action of his life, and will cover a multitude of sins.

Here is an old man, bent with the heavy burden of many, many years. His friends are tenderly helping him down into the water. His naked body is so emaciated by disease and worn by age that he is but a mere skeleton, a tottering frame of skin and bones. But in his dim, faded eye there burns the fire of an enthusiast. At last the one great desire of his life is to be realized. He has reached the goal of all his earthly hopes, and is permitted not only to gaze upon the Ganges, but to bathe his worn-out body in its sacred tide. No wonder his eyes sparkle and his wrinkled face lights up with joy. For him all that now remains is but to bathe and die and enter Swarza.*

At one of the ghats, called the Dasashwamedh, a number of higher class people are bathing, wives and mothers of the wealthy, for wealth is not without its distinctions even in India. Some of them are "purdah women," who would never dream of laying aside their veils, or stepping from behind their sheltering curtains. In their homes even

* The Hindu place of rest and peace for the good. It is supposed by some to be located in the Snow Mountains of the Himalayan range, north of India.

the windows of their apartments, which never face the streets, are closely screened day and night lest eyes other than their own husband's might fall upon their faces. No greater shame could be brought upon one of these women than to compel her to appear unveiled on the streets. It would exceed an hundredfold the shame of the harlot, for here the calling of the harlot is made semi-respectable. But with the most implicit faith in the sanctity of a pilgrimage to the holy city, and of the sacred character of the Ganges, they lay aside their heavy veils and folds of silken cloth, and with thin, cotton gowns, which but scantily cover their bodies, they unflinchingly go down into the river and bathe as common mortals.

If further proof of the childlike simplicity of this brown-skinned multitude of bathers is needed, it may be found in their implicit belief in the following supposed miracle: At the Ras Sahib Ghat is a huge recumbent image of the god Bhima. It reclines on the outer edge of the giant stairway, and in the absence of data or of an opportunity to measure, we should say it is at least forty feet long. Our guide tells us, in a tone that carries with it the conviction that he believes what he says, that the Ganges rises high enough each year to wash the image away, and that the god miraculously restores it as often as it is removed. We found, upon careful examination, that the statement of the guide is held as a common faith by the Brahman priest and by the people generally. The old image appears to be crumbling away and is in sad need of repairs, but this slight fact makes no difference in the faith of the Hindu. To him the image is washed away and restored annually.

The Someshwar Ghat, or stairway, dedicated to the god of the moon, is of special interest to us because here every kind of disease that the human body is heir to is supposed

to be healed. There are special shrines and bathing places for special diseases, such as fevers, dysentery, cholera, smallpox, swollen hands and feet, and scores of other ills, but at the bathing place of the "Lord of the Moon," the bather believes he may be healed of all diseases. Like the Grotto of Lourdes in France, it is crowded with the sick and afflicted all the day long. They come to be healed, strong in their belief in the efficacy of the waters. Many receive the help they come for, but the masses go away unbenefited. Notwithstanding the failures are innumerable and the real cases of healing are few, the place loses nothing of its reputation. Year after year the people flock here by the thousand, hoping against hope, and believing against evidence in the healing power of the water of the Ganges at this one particular spot.

As already intimated, some receive help. As at Lourdes—and we say it with all due respect—as at many of the so-called faith-healing establishments at home and abroad, some, under strong mental excitement, produced by their surroundings and their religious beliefs, are benefited; and this is to be accounted for by the well-known powerful influence of the mind upon the body. And this is wrongly attributed to supernatural power. We believe in Bible faith-healing, — the healing that comes in answer to prayer when the will is wholly and unreservedly given up to God, and when God's own perscribed means are used. But we raise our voice in earnest protest against the frauds perpetrated upon the ignorant by the Brahmans at Benares, the priests at Lourdes, and the so-called Christian Scientists at home. They are not of God and obey not the Gospel of Christ.

Our boat now approaches a part of the great bathing ground from which wreaths of blue smoke arise and,

forming into thin, fleecy clouds, float away down the river on the morning air. It is the burning ghat, or place where the dead are cremated. At a word from our guide the boat is anchored near the shore, and we become interested spectators of the strange scene. The sellers of the "death wood" carry bundle after bundle of the prepared fuel down to where the funeral pyres are to be built. One pyre from which the blue smoke goes up is full ablaze, and the shape of a silent form is visible amidst the flames. At another the embers are smouldering, and the white, calcined bones are visible in the ashes. At still another the "burners of the dead" are searching carefully among the ashes for treasures. They are looking for melted silver and gold, for but yesterday the body of a wealthy Hindu woman was burned and the jewels she had worn all her life were committed to the flames with her poor body, now no longer in need of the tinsel of earthly ornament. On the shore, within easy reach, is a figure wrapped in a white cloth, from which only the cold, brown, bare feet protrude, touching the outer edge of the stream. The funeral pyre is being arranged after the manner already described. The wood is piled up, the body is laid upon the pyre, the torch is applied, and the smoke darkens the air. While we watch and wait, another and another body is brought down to the water side, and the burners of the dead are kept busy at their task; for the next greatest good after bathing in the sacred stream, is to be burned on its banks and to have one's ashes carried down to the sea on its tide.

Two bodies are brought from the State Prison, and pyres erected for their burning. No matter what their sins and crimes may have been in life, they are now, according to common belief, to be purified by the side of

the Ganges. True, their bodies are handled roughly, and after being dipped in the water, even the thin cotton cloth is removed, but they are accorded honorable cremation beside the flowing tide of the river. And so we watch the sad funeral rites, absorbed in the scene around us. We hear no wail of woe at the burning ghat of the dead, for to-day the poor and unknown are committed to the flames. Yonder is a monument raised to commemorate the spot where a broken-hearted widow laid herself on the funeral pyre of her dead husband, and was burned to death. Such scenes are now happily no more to be witnessed in India.

But we must not remain here longer. Already the sun's power is being felt. Our boat is brought to a landing place, and we ascend the stairway amid the great throng of people. At the top is a poor fellow who has brought the dead body of his father a long distance, to have it burned on the banks of the Ganges. To a Hindu this is the highest mark of filial love and affection. As a duty, it stands before all others. The son has spent his all in his journey, and now begs for a pittance with which to buy the "death wood." For sweet charity's sake his need is supplied, and he goes his way muttering his tearful thanks.

We left the bathing place, but the memory of it went with us and it clings to us still. To us the sight of this vast multitude of rich and poor, old and young, men and women, the weak and the strong, bathing in the Ganges, burning their dead on its shore, bowing before idols and shrines, and dragging their enfeebled bodies to its sacred waters, hoping to be healed, was inexpressibly sad. Oblivious of all around them, save the duty of worship, they seemed so earnest and so zealous in doing what they be-

lieved to be necessary to obtain the forgiveness of their sins that we could not for a single moment doubt their sincerity. They believed fully and unreservedly in what they were doing. It was the action of a blind, unreasoning faith. We returned to our tents depressed in spirit and sad at heart. We had seen the impregnability of Hinduism. Its strength lies in the ignorance and superstition of the common people.

Two thoughts were deeply impressed upon us by what we had seen. First, How can these people be freed from error's chain and led away from their terrible idolatry? Second, How much greater sacrifice the Hindus seem willing to make in serving their false gods than we, as Christians, seem willing to make in the service of our true God!

The answer to the first question, it seems to us, rests as a burden upon the church. Give them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, educate them, not over-much, but enough to remove ignorance and superstition. This is the only way to save them, and this is essentially the work of the church. Individuals are to go, but they must be sent and the church must do the sending.

As to the second thought, it rests as a burning shame upon every professing Christian who is not willing to give up all the world for the sake of Christ.

If, after visiting Benares, you were asked to describe the city in a few words, you would say, "Temples and idols everywhere," and your answer would be true to the situation. India is preeminently the land of idols and Benares is the very heart and centre of the vast system of Hindu idol worship. As you walk about the city you see temples and idols, and idols and temples, until you become satiated with the sight and are glad to get away from it all.

You leave the temples and wander aimlessly about the streets of the old city and you see row after row of shops or stores where idols of all kinds and sorts are offered for sale, and you are met by peddler after peddler with their baskets full of little images, inviting you to inspect and buy. You will see the potter forming the shapeless mass of clay into a hideous image of some one of the most popular gods; the carpenter sawing and cutting and carving on some great idol, presently to be set up and worshiped in one of the temples; the sculptor shaping marble figures with mallet and chisel for household gods; the brass worker pouring molten metal into the moulds, to be taken out, when cold, in the form of little gods which the natives buy for a few pennies each; and the goldsmith, skilled in his art, turning the precious metals into idols for the rich; and you are again ready to say, "Idols, idols, everywhere."

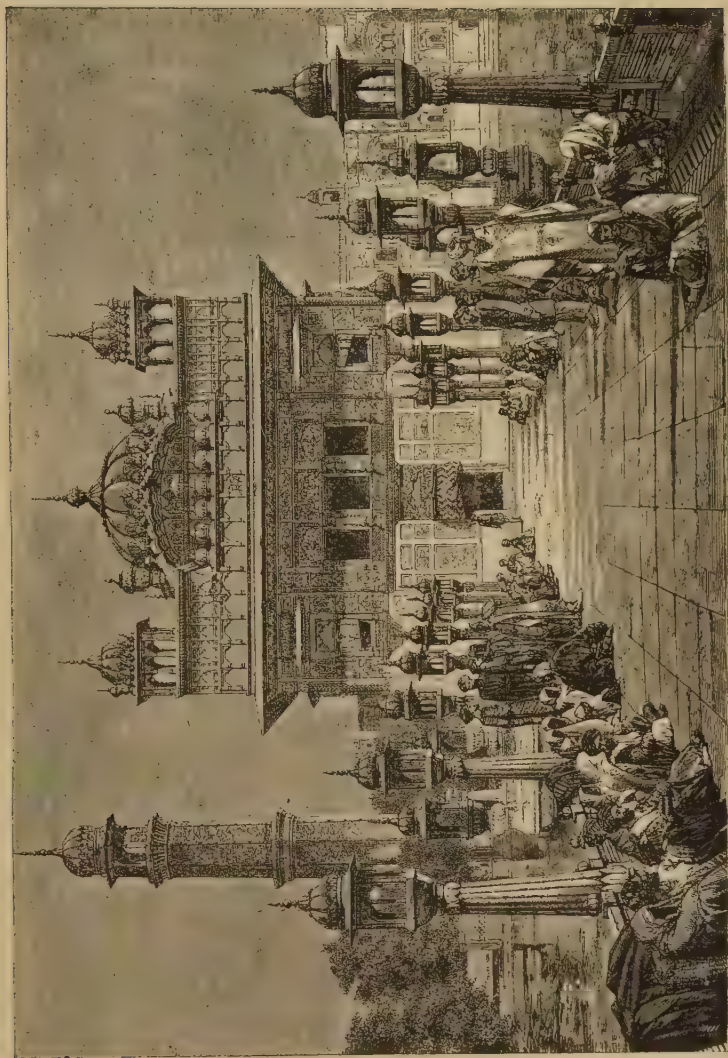
But the images, as they come from the hand of the maker, are nothing more than common clay, wood, or metal. Before they are worshiped they must be blessed by the Brahman priest. This is known as the life-giving ceremony and is considered a very solemn affair. After the idol has received at the hands of the priest the supposed life of the god it was made to represent, it becomes holy to the idol-worshiper and must never be approached without due form and ceremony. By this ceremony it becomes an object of great reverence. If, after the idol has been blessed by the priest, it should be touched by an unclean person it can no longer be worshiped but must be replaced by another.

It has been said that England not only sends missionaries to India but many idols as well. It is also stated that the brass founders at Birmingham make a specialty of man-

ufacturing idols. Poole, in referring to these charges, says. "I have heard it whispered in more than one quarter that many of the idols that are worshiped in India are manufactured in England; but I would fain believe that the report is not correct, for I do not like to think ill of my countrymen." Another reliable author says, "I strongly suspect that many of the idols offered for sale are of English manufacture, for it is currently reported that Birmingham exports an immensely large proportion of the idols of Hindustan, and finds them a profitable speculation."

Like Poole we were not disposed to credit this report about his countrymen; we are not quick to accept an evil report and it was hard for us to believe such a report about any people. If India will have idols to worship, surely no nation calling itself Christian should supply the demand. But later we had the evidence of a witness whom we could not doubt, and with shame it must be said that the report is too true. Miss Brittan, now of Yokohama, Japan, who spent twenty years as a missionary in India, gave us the following statement. She visited Birmingham, England, some years ago with friends and relatives. One of these held a prominent position in one of the brass foundries, and with him she visited the works. He took her into one of the finishing rooms, where, using her own language, "I saw thousands and thousands of brass images of Krishna, Ganesa, Vishnu, Parvatti and other Hindu idols. These were being finished and packed ready for shipment to India."

The fact set forth in the preceding paragraph is a most humiliating one, but it is only another evidence that men can always be found to do anything for money. The inordinate thirst for gold is the curse of the world to-day. After all it is only fitting that the Christian (?) nation which forced opium upon the Chinese at the point of the bayonet,



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

against the most earnest appeals and protests of the heathen emperor, who sought to save his people from the terrible effects of the deadly drug, should manufacture and ship idols to India. But England is not the only transgressor. Of like character is the shipping of rum and whiskey into the newly-opened territory of Africa. It is a startling commentary upon the principles and morals of the age in which we live when a heathen chief protests against the distillers and whiskey-sellers of the United States shipping their poison into his country to degrade his people.

The sins of nations are as surely to be punished as are the sins of individuals. A people may sacrifice the eternal principles of right for accidental association and for present gain; the strong may, for a time, triumph over the weak; wrong may rule for a season, but in the end sin must be expiated. England is filling for herself a vial of wrath which will one day burst and bring upon her a swift and terrible retribution, and our own country is condoning sin and receiving stores of gold from the whiskey traffic, bedewed with the tears of widows and orphans, and red with the blood of murder. But the day of reckoning is sure to come. Surely we have not forgotten the curse and blight that fell upon us because of the national sin of human slavery. The dark blot was not obliterated until it had been deluged with the best blood of our people. It should be remembered that "righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." National sins will not go unpunished. The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine.

Our readers will pardon this digression. The case is one that cannot be dismissed lightly.

We continued our walks about the city until we grew weary of temples and idols and, lest our readers experience

the same condition, we limit our description to several of the numerous places visited.

The "golden temple," dedicated to the poison god, is so called because one of its domes is gilded with gold. The interior presented what seemed to us to be only a very poorly-arranged cow-stable. It was reeking with filth, for a number of sacred oxen and cows were stalled in the main room, where we could not have gone had we desired to do so, lest our feet should desecrate the holy pavement. As it was we not only had no desire to tread upon the filth, but were glad to escape from the stench of the place which was simply overpowering to our untrained olfactory nerves. The Brahmans, we are told, enjoy the odor and declare it to be the sweetest fragrance. During our hasty visit to the temple we observed that it was crowded with idols on every side. The cows and the idols and the priests had the place to themselves, and we were glad to leave them in possession.

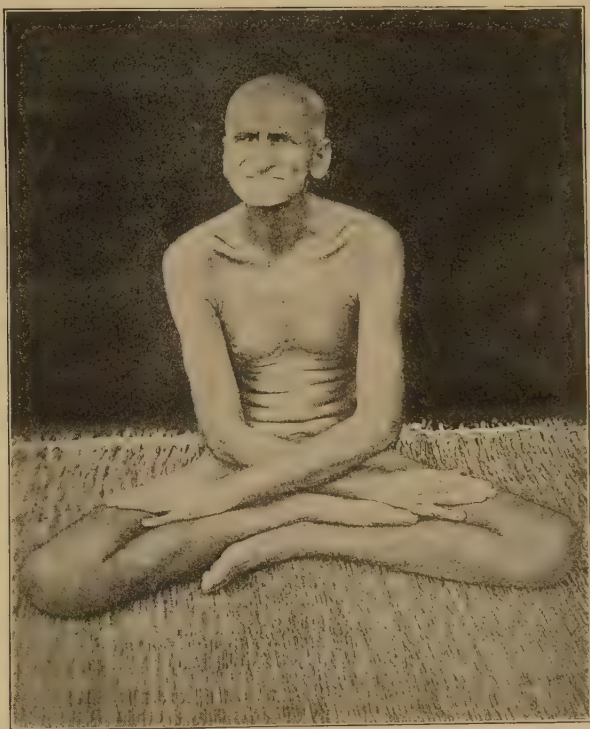
Near the golden temple is the famous *Gyan Kup*, or well of knowledge, in which every orthodox Hindu believes that the god of Shiva dwells. The pavement surrounding the well is by no means pleasant, but the well itself is simply a fetid pool, emitting a fearful smell, caused by the decaying flowers that are thrown into it by worshipers. There is a cloth resting upon a grating spread over the mouth of the well, but there are several large rents in the cloth, and the flowers are continually dropping through into the water. The stench and the filth drove us away, and we look to another for a description: "The worshipers also throw water into the well, and as they are not careful how they throw it, the pavement is one vast puddle and the clothing of their fellow-votaries is in a dripping state. The platform is thronged by men and women, and the horrible din of gongs

and voices deafens the visitor. Crowds of fresh pilgrims are constantly arriving, and as numbers of cows are mixed up in the throng, and must be treated with great consideration, the jostling is something terrific." And all this because it is handed down as a tradition, that at one time the golden temple was destroyed and a priest, in order to save the idol, threw it into this well. Since then it has been considered as one among the most sacred places in Benares.

Not far from the well is a temple, to which we can refer only briefly, without entering into details. The carvings in stone are so vulgarly indecent that even the slightest reference to them is questionable. Oh the depth of the vileness and depravity to which idolatry can sink men made in the likeness and image of God! And yet there are men who talk about the good to be found in this great system of idolatry. At the Congress of Religions, held in Chicago, these base features of Hinduism were never even hinted at. It is not fair to condemn any system of morals, ethics or religion by what some of its followers may do, but we have a perfect right to judge it by its own teachings. And when the temples of worship become brothels, and vice and sin are called virtues, we have a right to condemn the entire system.

The temple of Durga is known as the monkey temple because a large number of these mischievous animals are quartered and fed in the building. The sacred character of the monkeys gives them special favor in the sight of the Hindus. Durga is the terrible form of the wife of Shiva, and as she is said to delight in blood, a goat is occasionally sacrificed before the idol. We noticed the blood of the sacrifice on the platform before the shrine of the idol. As we approached the place, about two dozen monkeys came trooping out to meet us. At the same time the priest came

with a large plate full of food for the animals, which he distributed among the visitors, who were expected to feed the animals and then pay for the privilege. They were fed and



SWAMI BHASKARA NAUD SARASWATI,
HOLY MAN OF BENARES.

amused the visitors for some time with their antics. The Hindus actually worship these chattering, antic-loving creatures, regarding them as living gods and goddesses. Saturday is a day especially set apart for the worship of the monkeys. Aside from the animals, nothing worthy of note

was seen, save the hideous idol daubed with red ochre, seated in a shrine within the portals of the temple.

Before leaving Benares we called upon Sri Swami Bhaskara Naud Saraswati, the famous ascetic, known as the "Holy Man of Benares." He enjoys a home with a beautiful garden, the gift of a wealthy rajah. When we entered the garden his attendant wrapped a white cloth about his loins. This because of the presence of ladies; otherwise he wears no clothing. He met us with a beaming face and a happy smile, and spoke of the fact that he had been invited to visit Chicago in 1893. He is already worshiped by thousands in India and has received a place among the gods of the country. A beautiful marble image of the Swami stands in the garden, which he took great pleasure in showing us. He has the satisfaction of seeing his fellow-countrymen come to worship it. He presented us copies of his books printed in Sanscrit, with a pamphlet containing a photograph of himself which is here reproduced. Presenting us with garlands of flowers, he raised his hands and called the blessings of the Creator upon us, and then dismissed us. I observe that it is better to have blessing than cursing from a man. As we turned to leave our Hindu guide knelt down and kissed the feet of the Swami. He believes him to be a part of divinity and worships him. On the way back to Benares we met a great train of elephants and attendants. In state the rajah's wife was on her way to pay her respects to the "Holy Man of Benares."

CHAPTER XVI.

From the City of Idols to the City of Palaces — The Man-Eating Tigers of Bengal — Rich Farming Lands — India in Competition with the United States in Raising Wheat — The Indigo Plant — Process of Manufacturing the Dye — Opium Growing — Opium Introduced into China by the English — The Opium War — England's Greatest National Sin — Calcutta, "City of Palaces" — Asiatic Cholera — The Black Hole of Calcutta.

THE journey from Benares, the City of Idols, to Calcutta, the City of Palaces, is made in about seventeen hours, — this by the fast express train running at the average rate of thirty miles an hour including stoppages. The cars on the Indian railways are divided into compartments with seats facing each other on both sides of the coach. The compartments are entered from both ends of the car, and are quite comfortable. All first and second class travelers in India carry with them a supply of bedclothes, and with pillows and comforts we changed our compartment into a very good sleeping room, fully as comfortable as the sleeping-cars at home. By notifying the agent in time, a party of four or five may have a compartment reserved for them, and thus have a pleasant time together. By the kindness of the agent at Benares, an entire section was placed at the disposal of our little party. We had purchased second class tickets, but we were shown into a first class coach. The only appreciable difference between the two is in the name, not in the comfort. Some people do not like to be placed in the second class. They would rather pay double the money for the name of being ranked first, and they do it.

The rate of fare charged on the Indian railways is much below that of Europe and America. Second class tickets are sold at a rate of about one cent a mile, while first class cost nearly double as much. The third class rate is very low and the cars of this class are usually crowded with native passengers, who find the very small sum charged for tickets an incentive to make short journeys.

Good eating houses are to be found at all the principal railway stations, where an excellent meal, composed of roasted mutton (goat meat), rice and curry, pudding and fruit may be had for the nominal sum of one rupee, about twenty-eight cents in our money. Living is cheap in India. We found some very good hotels at say eighty cents per day for lodging and board. The same class of accommodations at home would cost from two to three dollars a day.

Leaving the Northern Provinces, we entered that portion of the great Indian Peninsula known as Bengal. Here, in the dense jungles of wild, tropical vegetation, roams the royal Bengal tiger, a terror to both man and beast. Even the king of the jungle, the mighty lion, fears to attack a full-grown tiger. We saw several specimens of this fine, but fierce, savage animal. One, a recent capture, and a reputed man-eater was in a public garden or park at Madras. He was said to measure twelve feet in length, a statement we did not care to make an attempt to verify. The huge animal was restlessly pacing to and fro in his great iron cage, casting occasionally angry side glances at us as we stood watching him. He was the very embodiment of strength and agility, and we could not help but shudder at the thought of meeting him alone in his native jungle. Such is the strength of the full-grown Bengal tiger that he can carry off a full-grown bullock in his jaws.

The food of the tiger, when he prowls in his own jun-

gle, appears to be deer, antelope and the wild hog. When these are plenty he rarely disturbs domestic cattle. In some places the natives even regard him as a kind of protector, as he saves their crops from destruction by the wild animals upon which he feeds. But, as noted in a former chapter, when he once develops a taste for human flesh and blood, many a poor, defenseless native falls a prey to his savage cruelty. The man-eater is generally an old beast, not able to overtake and capture his usual prey. He then turns upon the natives and slaughters them, not only for food, but out of sheer cruelty. "A single tiger is known to have killed one hundred and eight people in the course of three years. Another killed an average of about eighty per annum. A third caused thirteen villages to be abandoned, and two hundred and fifty square miles of land to be thrown out of cultivation. A fourth, so late as 1869, killed one hundred and twenty-seven people, and stopped a public road for many weeks, until the opportune arrival of an English hunter, who at last killed him. Such cases are, of course, exceptional, and generally refer to a period long past, but they explain and justify the superstitious awe with which the tiger is regarded by the natives."* The Government pays a reward for every tiger slain. The number killed in a single year was nearly sixteen hundred, and the money paid out in rewards amounted to about twenty thousand dollars. While so many were killed, there were reported for the year eight hundred and nineteen persons and sixteen thousand cattle killed by tigers.

In these same jungles the leopard is far more common than the tiger, and is at least fully as destructive to life and property. Tiger and jungle cats, wolves, jackals, wild dogs, striped hyenas, bears, elephants, the rhinoceros, the

*Encyclopedia Britannica.

wild hog, the wild ass and various species of the deer family also abound in the forests and jungles of eastern India.

In coming down from Benares to Calcutta we pass over some fine, rich farming land. This is especially true of the great river bottoms which are annually overflowed during the monsoon (rainy season). During the overflow the land on both shores is covered with a thin coating of mud, so that no fertilizers are needed. As the Nile overflows Egypt each year, enriching the soil, so the Indus, the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, the Hooghly and other rivers of India overflow and enrich the great plains on their borders. With abundant rainfall the farmer is sure of plenty in return for his labor; but if the rain comes not, then famine and death prevail in all the land.

According to the census report more than forty millions of the male adults of India are engaged in agricultural pursuits and farm labor. This is equal to more than two-thirds of the entire male adult population of the country. It may be said that the people of India are a nation of farmers.

On the great river plains, two, and sometimes three, crops are harvested each year. In the early springtime the lower Bengal farmer harvests his crop of pease, pulse and oil seeds. In September the early rice is harvested, and in November and December he is busy gathering in the great rice crop and the wheat harvest. Of the latter grain about the same number of acres are sown annually as in the United States, and the average production per acre for a long series of years is thirteen bushels. It may be a matter of interest to our readers to know that farm laborers in India receive only from two to four cents per day for their labor, and they work from dewy morn till starry eve. The ten-hour a day system is unknown among these people.

Their food is a kind of coarse bean, known as pulse. It is believed to be the same kind of food selected by the young Hebrew prophet Daniel for himself and companions in Babylon. It is the cheapest food in India. The poor laborer cannot afford the luxury of rice, and the taste of meat is unknown to him.

An interesting phase of the agricultural question was suggested to the mind by what we saw while in India, and that was this: How can our farmers at home raise wheat in competition with the cheap labor of India? They pay from ten to fifteen dollars per month for labor, which is fifteen hundred per cent more than is paid in India. Their food and clothing supplies cost them fully as much more in proportion as does labor. Then, too, the Indian farmer has the advantage in the rent, or rather the tax which he pays on his land. Practically, the land belongs to the government. It is assessed every thirty years, the farmer pays annually a fixed sum for the use of the land. The rate for the rich black soil lands of Guzerat is \$1.10 per acre. Less productive lands are assessed at a lower rate. At home, in northern Illinois, the farmer must pay, say \$70.00 per acre for the best improved farms. Counting the money worth six per cent, this makes the land cost him four dollars and twenty cents per acre annually; to this must be added the taxes, and the sum is raised to about five dollars per acre. In other words, our northern Illinois farmer must pay an annual rental of from four to five dollars per acre for the use of his land, as against the one dollar used by the Indian farmer. Of course these conditions vary in different parts of the country.

The conclusion is that the Indian farmer can and does raise wheat at much less than one-half what it costs our farmers at home to produce it. As it costs him less, he can

sell it for less than we can, and as a result, when we come into competition with him, he can easily undersell us and drive us out of the market. It will be well for us to consider these conditions, for at no distant day in the future we shall have to meet the Indian farmer in the markets of the world.

Among other productions of Bengal is the indigo plant from which the indigo used in dyeing is distilled. It is grown in large quantities on the alluvial soil of the river bottoms. The seed is sown as the waters recede, and from that time until the plant is harvested the farmer gives it but little attention.

Some account of the production of indigo dye, so commonly used in all our families at home, may not be uninteresting. In a general way it may be said that India supplies the world with indigo. About ten million pounds, worth as many dollars, are produced annually. The plant, as its name indicates, is a native of India, although it is cultivated in other parts of the world. The dye produced in Bengal is the best to be found in the market.

When the indigo plant (*indigo fera*) has attained its growth, the stems are cut down and tied into small bundles. This is done just when the buds are about to open, as it is thought that then the leaves are fully charged with coloring matter. The same stock produces two, and in some localities three, crops of stems and leaves each year. The bundles are taken at once to the factories and are thrown into large vats and covered with warm water. Here they remain until fermentation takes place, which occupies from ten to fourteen hours, depending upon the temperature. This process releases the coloring matter from the leaves and it is held in solution by the water. When the water assumes a fine, clear, yellow color, it is

judged that the leaves have given up the indigo. The water is then drawn off into a series of vats placed on a lower level than the first, and the stalks are thrown out into the sun to dry, after which they are used as fuel in the furnaces. The yellow liquid now undergoes a process of violent agitation. Natives, armed with long bamboo poles, lash it for several hours. Gradually the blue flakes separate from the water and sink to the bottom. The men who lash the water wear no clothing save a small cotton cloth wrapped about the loins, and from head to foot they are as blue as blue can be.

After the lashing has gone on for three or four hours, the liquid is allowed to settle, and as the blue flakes sink to the bottom of the tank, the clear water is drawn off. The mass of blue paste is then taken out of the tanks, put into kettles and boiled for three hours, and is then filtered through a thick cloth. The paste is then dried under pressure, cut into square cakes, weighing about eight ounces each, upon which is stamped the name of the factory. The cakes are then laid away in the shade to dry, after which they are packed into boxes ready for shipment. The entire process of making indigo takes about three months. At one time the manufacture of the dye was very profitable, and large fortunes were made by the English, but for some years, owing to over-production and consequent low prices, it has not made satisfactory returns. As a result, Bengal and Behar are dotted with the sites of abandoned indigo factories. In the Madras Presidency the business is carried on entirely by the natives.

The opium-producing poppy grows to perfection in India, and the English Government reaps a large annual income from the cultivation and manufacture of this powerful and destructive drug. We have fully described the

cultivation of the poppy and the gathering of opium in "The Seven Churches of Asia," pp. 279-81. The exportation of opium from India reaches in value the enormous sum of seventy-five million dollars, of which the government receives as its share of net profit not far from forty million dollars. Nearly one-half of all the opium exported goes to China and the Straits Settlements.

The cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium by the English Government in India, and its forcible introduction into China, against the earnest protests and strong appeals of the heathen emperor, forms one of the darkest chapters in the history of that so-called Christian nation. It is only another illustration of what the greed for gold will do. We referred to this very briefly in a former chapter, but the importance of the subject demands further notice. Another consideration also induces us to give this matter further attention. The use of opium is constantly increasing in our own nation, and this increase is alarming in the highest degree. Every neighborhood, village, town and city has its victims. Bright intellects are destroyed, and thousands are daily stupefied with the insidious drug. Even professing Christians are victims to the mind and soul-destroying opium habit.

When Warren Hastings became the first Governor General of India, in 1774, the opium-yielding poppy was grown in India only to a very limited extent. The use of the drug, except for medicinal purposes, was forbidden by the religion as well as the laws of the country. Some of the rulers even went so far as to inflict the death penalty upon those who violated the law. Enough was used, however, against creed and law, to enable Hastings to see that here was an opportunity to fill the coffers of the government with gold. He had no thought of the ruin

and degradation that would result. These people and the Chinese are only pagans. Let them eat and smoke the drug, and destroy themselves. It would bring gold into the treasury, and gold was what was wanted.

He lost no time in furthering his project. He stimulated the cultivation of the poppy, furnishing means where they were lacking and establishing factories, so that the drug might be put up in form for popular use. He established agencies for its sale, receiving large fees for licenses and in a few years quite a revenue accrued to the government. He sent two ship-loads of opium to China and this was given away to the people, and they thus acquired a taste for the drug which has been such a great curse to that country. The next year he sent two more ship-loads and this was sold at a low price. After this, the price was gradually increased. The appetite for opium was thus created among the Chinese and then they were willing to pay a high price for it. Results: the destruction of the moral and mental powers of the Chinese who used the drug, and more gold for the English Government.

When Hastings resigned in 1785 and returned to England, he was arraigned before Parliament for crimes, the opium traffic being one of the accusations. He defended himself and claimed great credit for establishing this source of revenue. Later, the British Government assumed the entire control of India, and has pursued the same plan adopted by Hastings in the production, manufacture, and sale of opium. The government stipulates the number of acres to be planted in poppies each year. If there is a surplus of opium one year, the amount produced the next is reduced. In this way the price of the drug is kept up.

The valley of the Ganges around about Benares and

Patna is the principal opium-producing district in India. At Patna there is a large factory where three thousand persons are employed in preparing the drug for use. "Two hundred British soldiers keep constant guard, and the flag of Great Britain, that flag which, the British boast, has 'braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years,' floats over the establishment, and the manufactured article, which is turned out in the form of balls, has stamped upon each ball the initials of the Queen of England and Empress of India."

From an authority* on this subject we learn that under the Bengal system the farmers enter into an agreement to sow a certain number of acres of land with poppy. No one is compelled to do this, but the government always finds plenty of willing cultivators. An advance in money is made to the farmer before he sows the seed and settlement, in full, is made when he delivers the opium to government agencies. He is compelled to deliver all he produces, and is paid at a fixed price according to quality. The delivery of the opium begins early in April, when the farmer brings all he has raised to the local government agent, who weighs and examines it and settles accounts. It is then taken to the factories at Patna and Ghazipur, where the final process of preparing the drug in balls for the Chinese market is conducted. This takes until the end of July, but the balls are not dry enough to be packed in chests until October.

Up to 1774, when Hastings became Governor General of India, but a few chests of opium were sent to China each year. The small quantity brought into the empire from India was used for medicinal purposes. Two years after Hastings took the matter in hand, 1,000 chests of the drug were sent to China, and in 1790 nearly 5,000

* Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. 12, P. 749.

chests were required to supply the demand. This meant that the Chinese had acquired such a taste for opium that it required 67,000 pounds annually to satisfy the demand. And this has gone on until now the British Government sends to China annually thirteen and a half million pounds of the drug. Persia and Turkey also add to this immense amount, while the thirst for the drug has become so great among them that the Chinese cultivate the poppy and produce thirty million pounds of opium, all of which is consumed in the celestial kingdom. All this is the result of the British introducing and afterwards forcing opium upon the Chinese at the point of the bayonet.

The opium trade which Hastings had opened up with the Chinese was not only a success, but became very profitable. Those who acquired a desire for the drug and the habit of using it, demanded more, and the number of those who used it constantly increased. The heathen emperor of a heathen land soon became aware of the great wrong that was being done to his subjects. He saw the terrible effects produced by the use of the opiate upon the people. He saw prosperous and comparatively happy families literally destroyed by the poison. He saw strong men reduced to helplessness, idiocy and a living death; and seeing this he felt it his duty, heathen as he was, to save his people, if possible, from the evils which the cupidity and the inordinate love of gold of the English was forcing upon them. He protested in the most earnest manner against the traffic, and plead with the English to bring no more opium to his country. His appeal fell upon ears deafened by the clink of gold.

In 1796 the Chinese Emperor, Lea-King, issued a proclamation forbidding the importation of opium into his dominions. He also forbade the smoking of the drug by his

subjects, and affixed severe punishments as penalties upon all who violated the decree. But these severe measures did not have the desired effect. The English found means to smuggle their opium into the country, and the people smoked it and suffered the penalties. The trade increased so rapidly that in 1820-25 on an average a million and a quarter pounds were annually imported from India and consumed by the Chinese.

There was a constant conflict between the English who were engaged in importing and selling the drug and the Chinese officials who, by the instruction of their imperial master, were seeking, by all means in their power, to suppress it. The death penalty was now fixed as a punishment upon all the subjects of the emperor who smoked, bought or sold opium. And in order to show the English that they were in real earnest in this matter, several offenders were taken to the English warehouses where the drug was stored and sold, and were strangled or beheaded before the English official. This was regarded as an insult to the high-minded men who were violating both the laws of God and man in their nefarious business. The relations between the Chinese and the English became anything but friendly. The former were determined to force their opium upon the heathen Chinese and the officials of the latter were just as determined that the destructive drug should be driven out of their country. Efforts were made to have the importation and sale of opium legalized by law, and sold under a license. By this means the emperor might have added largely to his income, but the heathens had not learned that it was right to license and legalize the wrong, and the proposition was indignantly refused. The Chinese authorities saw the terrible effects and the fearful evils growing out of the use of opium and determined to rid their country

of it. But they did not know the strength of England. They could not understand why a country that was sending missionaries to convert them to Christianity should, at the same time, force upon them a commodity to destroy the life and souls of their people. They knew not of England's determination to force opium upon them at the point of the bayonet, if necessary.

In January, 1839, the governor of the Canton district, by order of the emperor, issued a proclamation threatening to destroy the opium ships if they were not sent away from Canton, where several had been anchored and used as opium depots. He also announced that a special commissioner had been appointed by the emperor to carry out his instructions, and that it was his determined purpose "to cut off utterly the source of this noxious abuse, to strip bare and root up this enormous evil; and, though his axe should break in his hand or his boat should sink from beneath him, yet will he not stay his efforts till the work of purification be accomplished."

The high commissioner, Lin, arrived at Canton in March and he at once ordered that all the opium in the store-ships should be given up to him, and all who had been engaged in the traffic in any way should give bonds that they would never bring any more into the country, under pain of death. The demand for the delivery of the opium was complied with, and by the fourth of May a little over three million pounds had been given up under protest.

"The destruction of the drug, which was valued at ten million dollars, took place a short distance from Canton in the presence of commissioner Lin. The Chinese authorities were unwilling to cast the opium into the river, lest the fish should be poisoned by it. The method of destruction adopted was as follows: Three large vats, or trenches, one

hundred feet long, seventy-five feet wide and seven feet deep, were constructed. Each trench was flagged with stone and lined around with heavy timbers, and was separately enclosed, having an entrance only on the side, which was carefully guarded day and night. The trenches were filled from about one to two feet deep with fresh water, into which the balls of opium, having been previously broken into small pieces, were thrown. Coolies (the term applied to common laborers in the East), were employed in the trenches, treading upon them, and keeping the opium turned up from the bottom of the vat, while others were employed in spreading salt and lime over the whole surface of the pit. When the whole mass was in a state of decomposition and in a sufficiently liquid state to be drawn off, a sluice, furnished with a screen to stop solid pieces, was opened and the liquid flowed into the creek."

The time required to complete the work of destruction was twenty days. Thus the Chinese officials gave abundant proof that they were in deep earnest in their efforts to suppress the traffic and to save their people from the dire effects resulting from the use of opium. A parallel case would be if the officials of our own country were to determine to stamp out the traffic in intoxicating drinks and would collect all the intoxicants in the country and destroy them, and would forbid, under pain of death, the importation, manufacture, sale and use of the poison.

The action of commissioner Lin in destroying the opium was taken by the English as a sufficient pretext for war, which was accordingly declared in 1840. The British fleet soon after arrived and the work of coercion commenced. It was the strong against the weak, the giants among pigmies. The Chinese were defeated at every point. In the records of the war such statements as these are to be found:

"Chinese loss, five hundred killed; the English did not lose a man." "Several thousand Chinese troops defended a fort." "Only one hundred of them accepted quarter." It was slaughter and massacre instead of war.

Under such conditions the heathens soon sued for peace. Their cities and towns had been bombarded and some of them destroyed, and many lives had been sacrificed to save the country from the evil that was being forced upon them by a Christian (?) nation. But these people died in vain! A treaty of peace was concluded and signed in 1842, which provided that four additional ports were to be opened to English trade and that opium must be admitted without molestation. In addition to this, the Chinese were compelled to pay the English \$21,000,000 as indemnity and cede to them the Island of Hong Kong, which the Queen holds to-day. Such was the impetus given to the opium trade by the war, which is known in history as "The Opium War," that in 1850 the amount sent into China was not far from three million pounds. The traffic continued and still continues under the protest of the Chinese Emperor.

There is not recorded in the history of modern nations so dark a blot as that borne by the British on account of the opium war. It must not be forgotten that this took place under the reign of England's best ruler, Queen Victoria.

Dr. M. M. Chipman, an authority on the opium question, has this to say concerning the traffic:

"The enforced traffic of opium upon China is the greatest national sin and the most far-reaching in its consequences perpetrated by any nation of the century. In its quiet but uninterrupted sweep of destruction it has caused, so far as numbers alone are involved, greater loss of human

life than war with all its attendant consequences. It has increased the death rate more than the epidemic diseases which have prevailed during the century. It has caused more helplessness and degradation, a wider spread of impoverishment, a greater aggregate of suffering and misery than has any other of the agencies of the indulgence of appetite, or gratification of sensual pleasure. It has blocked the wheels of progress in the matter of the dissemination of Christian truth, and obstructed the advance of civilization more than any other obstacle."

One of the Queen's own subjects, Rector Cleife, of Hardington, Somerset, England, in his book, "England's Greatest National Sin," in which he tells of the enormity of the opium traffic and of the dark blot it has brought on England, says: "I am pleased to see there is a new periodical called *Darkest Russia*, published by a committee formed in London for the purpose of making known the leading facts with regard to the Muscovite Jew. I wish I could suggest to philanthropists in Russia a similar periodical entitled *Darkest England*, and devote its pages to the opium question and England's relation to it. Should each nation thus cause the other to 'cease to do evil,' a very great blessing to humanity would be the result. There may be some men in both countries who may be justified in taking up these causes, but let no man condemn the national sin of another country while he ignores his own nation's guilt.

"I have called the opium traffic 'England's Greatest National Sin' for these, among other, reasons:

"1. Because we allow our Indian subjects to indulge in a vice which is unlawful in this country.

"2. Because we sell opium in Burmah against the religion and wishes of the people.

"3. Because we sell it to China, and will not allow an extra tax to be put on it when carried inland, thus preventing any province of China from protecting itself by a local prohibitive duty.

"4. Because it is a very great hindrance to Christian missions.

"Dr. Medhurst tells us, 'Almost the first word uttered by the Chinese when anything is said concerning the excellence of Christianity is, "Why do Christians bring us opium? . . . The vile drug has destroyed my son, has ruined my brother, and well-nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot be in possession of a better religion than my own."' This is a controversial subject, and let it be remembered that I plead on one side, *viz.*, the anti-opium side, and have adduced, to prove my views, the strongest and most reliable evidence I can find. It is for others to refute these statements if possible. All who attempt it, in my opinion, will find that there are very many difficult questions to answer.

"Take the following four as examples:

"1. As the sale of opium is restricted in England, so that it cannot be sold in any form without being labeled 'poison,' why is it that in India it is sold without that most proper restriction?

"2. The former rulers of Burmah condemned opium-smoking, and punished the offenders with death. Why, then, should we, the present rulers of that country, give them such facilities as we do to procure that drug, and especially when by such conduct we encourage them to act contrary to the teachings of their religion?

"3. As the Indian opium is stronger, and therefore more injurious, than the same drug grown in China, why do

we prevent the Chinese protecting themselves against it in any way which they may please, and are we justified in dictating the maximum tax to be put upon it?

"4. Would the opium traffic be defended if it were not for the revenue obtained from it?

"Perhaps there is no greater anomaly than the fact that her Most Gracious Majesty is both 'Defender of the Faith' and also a dealer in opium, selling it in very large wholesale quantities; and what perhaps seems still more anomalous is that a single cake of the drug can be purchased at the Government stores for other than medicinal purposes. Moreover, her Majesty identifies herself with it so very closely that her initials are placed on the drug, and the stores are guarded by her soldiers.

"When our beloved Queen in 1858 took possession of India, the proclamation announcing her direct control renders homage to our national faith in God and in Christ—'Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion.' Let these noble words inspire us to use every lawful effort, that no one may say: The same person who is styled 'Defender of the Faith' may also be described as 'A seller of opium-balls for other than medicinal purposes.' I mean, of course, in the same limited sense as when we speak of the Queen's soldiers.

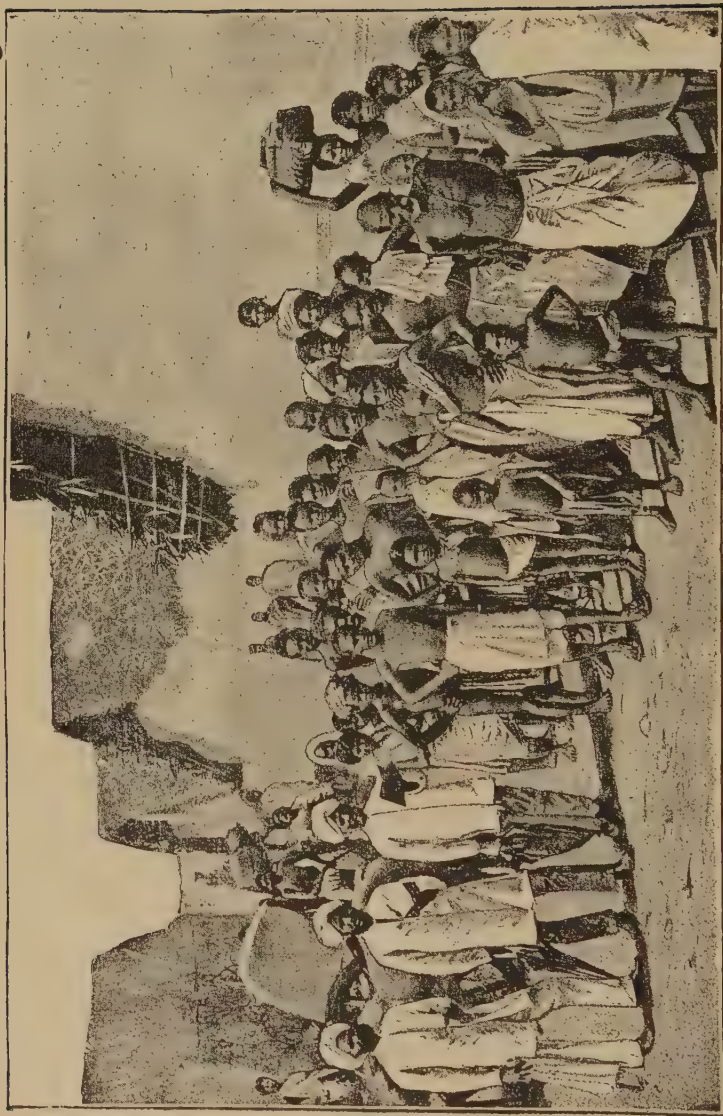
"Think not that I thus write from lack of loyalty, but rather, being a most loyal subject, I argue that, as our opium traffic is associated with the name of the best Queen who ever lived—and this is especially the foreigner's view of the subject—it affords an extra powerful reason for demanding an immediate reform. Those in power profess loyalty and affection to our beloved Queen; let them show it by wiping

out the darkest blot which, in a qualified sense, is connected with her most illustrious name.

"The 'Annual Reports on the Administration of the Bombay Presidency' show that opium which is grown, manufactured, and sold by the Indian representatives of our Christian queen, Victoria, is beginning to find its way into Africa. In her early womanhood she was able to tell an African chief that the secret of England's greatness was the Bible. The majority of Englishmen concur with that statement. Let them therefore demand that our Asiatic policy be not contrary to the teaching of God's Word, and thus uphold our religion and the honor of our beloved Queen."

While we have been engaged in making observations upon the introduction of opium into China by England, with its attendant evils, our train has rolled along the side of the Hooghly river, and a few minutes later we reach Calcutta, in name only the City of Palaces.

Upon our arrival in the city we considered ourselves especially fortunate in finding lodgings in the comfortable home at the Baptist Mission, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Jewson. Mrs. Jewson (*née* Miller) formerly resided at Sharpsburg, Md., and was well acquainted with a number of our own church members in that locality. We at once felt quite at home. It seemed that we were not among strangers, but with warm-hearted friends. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jewson are earnest missionary workers and are full of zeal for the cause in which they have enlisted. They have been in India nearly a score of years, and are well acquainted with the work and its demands. Mr. Jewson devotes his time to preaching the Word to the natives and he informed me that the best helpers are the native preachers. They are earnest and zealous and succeed where the white man often fails. We enjoyed our stay at this place very much indeed,



NATIVE PREACHERS IN A VILLAGE.

and received much valuable information as to the mission work among the heathen. We left them, feeling under many obligations to this kind missionary family.

Calcutta is the capital of British India, and the seat of the Supreme Government. It is one of the largest cities in India, having a population of 840,000 souls, with more Europeans and Americans, perhaps, than any other city in the East. The city is situated on the banks of the Hooghly river, one of the mouths of the sacred Ganges, nearly a hundred miles from the sea. Being so far inland, it is cut off entirely from the sea breeze, and during the greater part of the year it is oppressively hot, the average temperature for a series of years being about eighty degrees. The mercury often rises to one hundred and six in the shade.

In this part of India is to be found the home of the dreaded disease, Indian or Asiatic cholera. With the extreme heat and an annual rainfall reaching as high as ninety-three inches, all the conditions for the propagation of the disease are found. When the disease assumes the form of an epidemic, as it often does, thousands of the natives and many Europeans are carried away. We learned, soon after our arrival in Calcutta, that the disease had broken out and that a number of natives were dying every day. One report gave the number of deaths at forty-eight each day. A danger faced loses much of its dread. We found this to be true when we were in close quarters with the cholera. We did not seem to fear it as much as when at home we heard that our country was threatened by an invasion of the disease. Of course it was confined to the native quarter of the city, and we did not come into immediate contact with it.

Calcutta is like most other large cities in India. It has its European and its native quarters, and what has been

said of Bombay in these pages, might be applied to the Capital of India. The Government House, Town Hall, Legislative Chamber and Post-office are all imposing structures built after modern architectural models. There are also many fine private residences, the property of the government officials. Then there are the narrow streets and crowded bazaars and low mud houses of the native quarter. As in Bombay, so here, many of the people live in the streets.

There is not a large city or town in India that has not been the scene of some terrible crime perpetrated in the name of war, and Calcutta is no exception to the rule. Cawnpore has its Memorial Well, Lucknow its battered Residency, Delhi the wonderful story of its siege, and Calcutta its Black Hole. The story has been told over and over again, but in the hope that it will create a stronger sentiment against war, with all its cruelties, it is repeated again. We are indebted to Poole and Macaulay for the account here given.

It was in 1756, when Calcutta was a small town, with a European population of some two hundred merchants and traders. The East India Company supplied these traders with a small body of troops for their protection. Nazim was the ruler of Bengal at this time, and he had always shown a friendly spirit toward the English. Upon his death his grandson, Dowlah, ruled in his stead. For some unexplained reason he hated the merchants of Calcutta with a deadly hatred, and he determined to exterminate them. For this purpose he assembled an army of fifty thousand of his best soldiers and marched upon the doomed city. The English were able to put only one hundred and seventy armed men in defense of the place. Mr. Holwell was the leader of the little band of defenders. They kept the ene-

my at bay four days, and then, under promise that their lives would be spared, they surrendered to the young Nabob. How well this promise was kept the sequel will show.

Mr. Holwell was taken before the Indian prince, who fiercely upbraided him for defending the place. When he returned to his comrades, he found them surrounded by a strong guard. Then, without a suspicion of the fate that awaited them; the prisoners asked where they were to be lodged for the night.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left to the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and the constant wavings of fans. The number of prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated, they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had

wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained his presence of mind, offered large bribes to the goalers, but the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody awoke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire upon them. The goalers, in the meantime, held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses upon which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug; the dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.*

As soon as the dead were buried, Dowlah called the living into his presence. Holwell was among the number. Mrs. Carey, a lady who had refused to leave her husband when the other women escaped in the ship, also appeared. It was marvelous how she lived through the night in the

* Macaulay.

dungeon, when her husband and other strong men perished. She was placed in the harem of the Nabob at Moorshede-bad, and kept a prisoner for six years. She died at Calcutta in 1801.

Mr. Holwell was loaded with chains and sent to a prison in the interior; the rest of the survivors of that fearful night were lodged in miserable huts and fed only on grain and water. They all eventually gained their liberty. Mr. Holwell survived the event forty years.

Retribution and vengeance soon fell upon the monster in human shape who was responsible for this terrible crime. Lord Clive marched upon him with twenty-four hundred English troops and overthrew his vast army. A great slaughter ensued. The Nabob was captured and put to death, and thus closed another chapter of the horrible cruelties of war.

CHAPTER XVII.

Calcutta to Darjeeling—An Upward Climb—Railroading Above the Clouds—The Himalayan Mountains—A Grand View—The Ranjit River—A Cane Bridge—The Bhooteas—The Prayer Wheel—Wind and Water Assist in Praying—Leaving Calcutta—The Hooghly River—Madras—The Juggernaut.

WE were glad to leave the hot, stifling air of Calcutta, with its indescribable smells and its cholera-infected district, for a journey to the Himalayas, where we could enjoy the fresh, crisp, frosty mountain air. The trip was made in the early days of February. We had been having warm summer weather from the time we left home in May until now, and we longed for a breath of fresh winter air. We were told that we would need our overcoats and heavy wraps for our trip to the "Top of the World," as the Hindus call Mount Everest and its surrounding peaks, and we found the advice timely. It requires twenty-four hours to make the journey, a distance of two hundred and forty-six miles, and the expense of the round trip is about eighteen dollars.

Leaving the capital, we pass through many native villages where the people were busy with their daily labor. Rice fields, indigo plantations, and the opium-producing poppy gardens cover the rich bottom lands of the Hooghly and Ganges rivers. The huts of the dwellers in eastern Bengal are much like those in other parts of India, and the same statement applies to their mode of living. About clothing they have but little concern. The dhoti is generally worn in the towns and villages, to be laid aside in the

fields, and you may see thousands of bronzed figures at work in the hot sun, with no covering save that afforded by a mere strip of cotton cloth wrapped about the loins.

The railway stations along the line have peculiar names, as, for example, Rhanaghat, Damookdea, Jalpaiguri and others equally unpronounceable to our English tongue. At Silliguri we reached the terminus of the North Bengal Railway. From this point runs the Himalayan railroad, with the iron rails laid but two feet apart, and with such small cars that, upon seeing them, one is forcibly reminded of a toy railway. But it is a real iron road, and, it is said, pays the fortunate stockholders, the Gladstones of England, some forty per cent annually.

The distance from Silliguri to Darjeeling is fifty miles, and the schedule time is eight hours. This is but six and a quarter miles an hour,—slow running for a train of cars, and yet quite fast enough for the nerves of passengers; fast enough when the dizzy heights are scaled and the abrupt sides of the mountain peaks are rounded. The road, with a gradient of one mile in thirty, starts a few feet above the level of the sea and reaches an elevation of some seven thousand feet at its terminus.

The scenery is grand beyond the power of the pen to describe. The Himalayan mountains rise abruptly from the plain and reach their culmination in the lofty peak of Mount Everest, nearly five and a half miles high. Pike's Peak, in our own grand Rocky Mountain range, is less than half as high as Everest, and then, as you approach the "Old Rockies," you ascend gradually until the foot-hills are reached, and then you are six thousand feet above the sea. But the Himalayas rise up in all their grandeur abruptly from the plain, which is but a few feet above the common level. The

Rocky Mountains, if placed by the side of the Asiatic grants, would form for them only appropriate foot-hills.

No sooner had we left the station than the ascent begins. We pass through jungle after jungle where the undergrowth of tropical vegetation is so dense that the eye cannot penetrate it. In these jungles amid the mountain fastnesses are to be found the homes of the Bengal tiger, the spotted leopard, and many other savage beasts of prey.

Our powerful engines move us slowly upward, and we notice that in two hours we have ascended two thousand feet. The scenery now becomes more wild and rugged. At one place the mountains surround a deep circular open space, resembling, more than anything else, a gigantic bowl formed by the hand of the Creator. It is at least two thousand feet deep, and more than a mile wide at the rim. The bottom is covered with villages and rice-fields, while on the sides are numerous tea plantations, or gardens as they are called. The road passes round and round the inside of the rugged bowl, rising higher and higher at each circuit until at last—rounding a high mountain peak, and running so near the edge that from the side of the car you might, if your nerves were strong enough, look down thousands of feet—it passes through a tunnel and reaches the top of the first mountain ridge.

The last part of our journey was among the clouds. The mist gathered about us in great, dark folds and rolled down the mountain side. So dense and dark it was that we could scarcely see an object by the roadside only a few feet away. Presently we emerged from the thick vapor. Looking down upon the silvery mass at our feet, upon which the sun was shining, we realized that we were railroading above the clouds; for we had reached an elevation of more than a mile above our starting point. The lofty mountain peaks

were visible for a few minutes only, and then the clouds, having given up part of their wealth of water, rose again and shut out mountain peak and sun. We reached our destination in rain and mist, and were glad to find a home in the Woodland Hotel, situated on the steep mountain side. The evening was dark and gloomy and gave but little hope of a view of the snowy range on the morrow.

In the early morning, before sunup, we were out climbing up the mountain side in order to reach a peak from which the best view of the snowy range could be had. The sky was cloudless. The rain of the day before had cleared the atmosphere of rain and mist. The air was cool and crisp. The ground was covered with white frost, and our upward climb was in every way very enjoyable. At last we reached the top of the peak and sat down to rest and enjoy the view.

And what a scene it was! The pen is powerless when it comes to describe, and words fail to impart to others the impressions made upon the mind of the entranced beholder. To be realized and *felt* it must be seen. In the east the sun was just showing his upper rim, shining with noonday brightness in the clear, limpid atmosphere, and flooding hill and mountain top with the golden light of morning. Turning to the west there broke upon our astonished vision the grandest mountain scenery on the globe. The snowy range of the Himalayas, with a dozen peaks—all of which are more than eighteen thousand feet high, while the highest towers upward twenty-nine thousand and two feet—is spread out before us in a grand panoramic view, grandly magnificent and marvelously beautiful.

The Hindus are right. Surely this is the "top of the world." The sun shining with all his powers, undimmed by fog or mist, brought out, in full relief against the bright blue

sky, each mountain peak, covered with pure white snow. The clear-cut precipices, the deep valleys, and, above all, the snowy mountain range, transformed by the bright sunlight into huge masses of embossed silver, overwhelm one with the majesty of nature and the power of the Creator. Looking upon these grand peaks, touching, as it were, the azure of heaven, we said, Surely the earth showeth the handiwork of God; for ever since the world was formed by the power of the Almighty, and the morning stars sang together for joy, this eternal region of ice and snow has held in close embrace these stupendous peaks, reared by the hand of God himself.

Such were some of our thoughts as we saw the rising sun shine full and clear upon the snow-white mountain range. Another thus describes the setting sun, "Language cannot describe the glories of the Himalayas, seen from Darjeeling, lit up by the rays of the setting sun. Against the azure sky, in an atmosphere far clearer than we ever see at home, the snowy range reflects the colors of the sunset, ever changing and deepening in richness from bright yellow to pink, from pink to crimson, and that, too, long after the sun is hid from us." A scene like this is something to be treasured as one of the noteworthy moments of life."

The Hindu has selected these snowy fastnesses as the location of his future abode, for here, says he, no human ever has or ever will tread. And yet many a poor wanderer has met death in the vain attempt to scale the snowy range in search of Swarza.

But there are not only heights upon heights to be viewed at Darjeeling. There are depths below depths as well. Here one gets a new and deeper meaning of Paul's words, "depth and height," as he looks down and down to the bed of the Ranjit river, rushing downward to the sea



DARJEELING. HIMALAYAN PEAKS IN THE DISTANCE.

more than six thousand feet below. Then, from this lowest point of vision, the eyes are raised along the side of the forest-clad hills, upward to precipice and peak, up to the realm of everlasting ice and snow, and still up higher and higher to the tops of the azure-kissed peaks soaring in the sky. It is said that from the lowest point which the eye can reach in the valley of the Ranjit to the top of the highest peak visible, the vertical height is at least five miles, and that such thickness of the earth's crust can be seen nowhere else on the globe.

From Darjeeling to the bed of the Ranjit river, which separates it from the Himalayan range, shown on another page, you go down six thousand feet in traveling eleven miles. The river is crossed by a cane bridge of peculiar construction. Bamboo and rattan canes are used in its construction. The limbs of two overhanging trees are utilized as main supports for the frail structure. The trunks of the trees are used as piers. Side rails are provided, and but a single traveler may pass over at a time. The swing of the structure is considerable, but it is perfectly safe for the passage of the river.

From one point of view we looked down several thousand feet, upon what seemed to us a great valley covered with snow. But we soon found that what had the appearance of snow was a great mass of white clouds, upon which the sun poured his rich, white light and transformed the whole upper surface of the cloud into a seeming lake of molten silver. Then we knew more fully than we had ever known before that every cloud has a silver lining. Below the mist was the village, and to the inhabitants thereof was only visible the darkness and blackness of the storm cloud: but we knew that above it and upon it the sun did shine.

Then came the thought that over the horizon of all our



BRIDGE OVER THE RANJIL.

Natives come the storm clouds. We were not created to dwell on mountain peaks, but in the valleys under the clouds, where human help and human sympathy must be given and received. The notion that we can live above the sorrows and the sympathies and the cares and anxieties of life is a mistaken one. The Christian religion teaches us to meet, with humble boldness, the trials of life, and promises to give us grace to bear and overcome them all. The words, "My grace is sufficient for thee," were not spoken for dwellers above the clouds, but for those who come in contact with the "thorn in the flesh." The idea of a spiritual elevation that brings spiritual seclusion is contrary to the teachings of the New Testament.

At Darjeeling we come in contact with a new race of people, radically different from the gentle natives of the plains below. They are small in stature but strong and powerfully built. They are inured to hardships and have wonderful powers of endurance. They tramp over the hills and mountains, carrying on their backs great burdens which we could not raise from the ground. They carry in their girdles long, murderous-looking, sickle-shaped knives. These serve them for all ordinary purposes, from the cutting down of small trees to the paring of their nails. An enraged Himalayan with his long knife, which he uses with great dexterity, would be a formidable antagonist. But they are a peaceable, quiet, contented people, having few wants and knowing but little of the outside world. They live on rice, speak the Thibetan dialect and are followers of the Buddhist religion.

Here, too, we met, in large numbers, a race of people known as the Bhooteas. They are "tall and robust, sturdy, flat-faced people, weather-beaten, with broad mouths and flat noses; their complexion is whitish yellow, but incrustated

with dirt and tar smoke. They seldom wash. They are dressed in loose blankets, girt about the waist with a leathern belt, in which they place their brass pipes, their long knives, tinder box, tobacco pouch, and tweezers, with which they pluck away all traces of the beard. They wear stout, woven boots,—boot and stocking all in one. The women have their faces tarred and their hair plaited in two long tails, the neck loaded with a string of amber and corals, and large, heavy earrings dragging down the lobe of the ear. They are almost continuously engaged in spinning.”

The Bhooteas are worshipers of a corrupt form of Buddhism. In their worship they use curiously-constructed wheels, known as prayer wheels. They also hang pieces of cloth, with prayers inscribed on them, on long poles stuck in the ground. When they cross the mountains they tie their prayer-rags on the bushes and scatter grains of rice on the hillsides to keep away the evil spirits.

It seems strange, indeed, to meet a people who believe in making use of machinery in their worship. But strange as it may seem, the Buddhists of Darjeeling and the country farther north used many kinds of wheels or cylinders in their devotions. One may see machines of various kinds and shapes in almost constant use among these people. There are the hand wheels which the worshiper twirls around with his fingers as he walks through the streets, the larger house and temple wheels propelled by the wind, and the still larger water wheels, the motive power being supplied by the running stream of water.

According to Poole the use of these wheels can be traced back for at least a thousand, four hundred years. They are believed to have originated from the notion that it is an act of merit and a cure for sin to be forever reading or reciting portions of the writings of Buddha. But as

many of the poorer classes were unable to read, it came to be considered as sufficient for devotional purposes to turn over the rolled manuscript containing the precious sayings. This was found to save so much time and trouble that the people at once took to rolling instead of reading the writings of their leader. In time this method became tiresome and the prayer wheel, as now used, was the result.

"A hand prayer wheel is a little, round box or cylinder of either brass, copper or silver, about three inches in length by two and one-half in diameter. Ascriptions of praise to Buddha are closely written on strips of paper or cloth, and are tightly rolled around a spindle about six inches long, of which the lower half, forming the handle, is left bare. The upper half of the spindle, covered with the written prayers, is enclosed in a cylinder, made of brass and, in some cases, of silver. From the middle of the cylinder hangs a chain with a small lump of metal at the end, which, when the wheel is twirled around on a pivot, gives the necessary impetus to the little machine, which revolves with but the slightest exertion and goes on grinding out any given number of prayers."

The form of prayer most generally used is the six-syllabled charm, containing these words, *Om Mani Padmi Hon.* Howard gives this translation of the words, "Hail to him of the lotus and jewel." Buddha is represented as being seated on a lotus blossom with a jewel in his forehead, hence the allusion to jewel and lotus in the prayer. Thousands and tens of thousands of times are these words repeated over and over again by every Buddhist worshiper, thus illustrating the truth of the words of the Savior when he referred to the vain repetitions of the heathen.

We saw a number of men walking about the streets twirling their little wheels, praying after their notion of

praying as they went. Some of them offered their wheels for sale, and no relic hunter leaves Darjeeling without one of these curious little cylinders. Some of the worshipers, however, are averse to selling them, fearing that the purchaser might turn them the wrong way, which, according to their belief, would result in great evil to them.

But the people use not only hand wheels in their devotions; they harness the wind and the water and compel these elements to assist them in repeating their prayers in honor to Buddha. The wind wheels are placed on horizontal bars, supported by upright posts. Each wheel has two fan-like projections, and revolves rapidly when the wind strikes them. They are placed on the top of a hill or mountain where they will constantly catch the breeze. The water cylinders are constructed over a running stream; where a miniature wheel, propelled by the water, keeps the praying machine in constant motion day and night, grinding out tens of thousands of prayers. While the wind blows and the water flows, the Buddhist believes that he is storing up unlimited merit without other expense or trouble than is necessary to construct and keep in order his praying machines.

Then, too, at all the temples are cylinders, as large as an oil barrel, filled with prayers. These are so arranged that by pulling on a rope they are set in rapid motion. Those who come to worship first ring a bell to wake their god from his sleep, then take a pull at the rope, and go away satisfied that they have performed their religious duty.

There are also prayer flags a yard in width and of great length. These are attached to high poles and are inscribed with prayers and ascriptions of praise. As they are stirred by the mountain breeze, and their folds are spread out on

the wings of the wind, the worshiper believes that his prayer is wafted to the ears of his god.

One can have no other feeling than that of sadness in looking upon these evidences of the superstition of the people. It is not easy to believe that men and women can be duped in this way. But ignorance, superstition and idolatry are a triplet that walk hand in hand. Destroy the first, and the second and third go down. Replace their false religion with the true religion of Jesus Christ, and idols and prayer machines will disappear from among them.

We wondered whether all the machine praying is confined to the Buddhists of the Himalayas. How about the form of words that some Christians fall into the habit of repeating over and over again, having neither purpose nor spirit? Let us take heed lest the words of our mouths fall mechanically from our lips and make our prayers like unto those of the Buddhist whose prayer wheels are twirling all about the Himalayas to-day.

Returning again to the hot, stifling air of Calcutta, we arranged for our departure for Madras and Ceylon. Before going we visited the Botanical Gardens and had a view of Kalighat, which gave its name to Calcutta. The gardens are said to be the finest in India and are well worth a visit. The great banian tree with a circumference of fifty-four feet—whose branches and descending roots, forming additional trunks, reach out to a circumference of about three hundred yards—is the center of attraction. As the branches grow from the parent stem they throw out root-like tendrils, and these grow downward until they reach the ground, and then take root and form the body of a tree. So the process goes on until a large tract is covered by a single banian tree.

Kalighat is four miles south of Calcutta, and here the worship of Kali, the bloody goddess of India, is engaged in.



BANIAN TREE, CALCUTTA.

We did not visit the temple, but give the experience of one who did. The legend connected with the place says that when "Kali, wife of Shiva, was cut in pieces by order of the gods, one of her fingers fell here, and a temple was raised in her honor. The present temple was built three hundred



KALI AND HER DEMON SPOUSE.

years ago, and renewed in 1809; its priests are called 'Hal-dar,' and amass great wealth from the daily offerings of pilgrims. There are many festivals, to which immense crowds resort, especially on the second day of the *Durja Puga*, the great Bengali religious festival in honor of the goddess,

held at the autumnal equinox. The street off which the temple lies is full of shops for the sale of idol pictures, images and charms. When we arrived, sacrifices were being offered in the midst of an excited crowd. In an area before the temple stood the priest, and beside him the executioner, sword in hand. We saw three kids and two buffaloes sacrificed. The head of the victim is fastened in a wooden vise, its body is held up by the hind legs, and the sacrificer strikes with his sword. If the head is severed with one stroke, the victim is considered acceptable to the goddess, and its blood is collected by the priest, carried into the shrine, and sprinkled upon her huge projecting tongue. We could see in the distance the hideous idol within, its tongue streaming with blood. If the head of the animal is not severed with the first stroke, it is considered unacceptable, and is cast aside. The officiating Brahman, almost naked, with the sacred cord round his neck, was a fierce-looking, but very shrewd man. He could speak English. We found that he had been when a boy five years at the Bhowanipore Mission School, and that a near kinsman of his was a convert to Christianity and a missionary. Upon my saying, 'How can you carry on these revolting rites? You know that they are in vain;' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I know it, but the people will have it, and I must get my living.' The man evidently disbelieved in his heathenism and might be a professor of Christianity if he saw it would pay."

We sailed away from Calcutta for Madras and Ceylon's spicy isle on the 4th day of February by the staunch steamer "Chusan," of four thousand tons burden and well fitted for the comfort of the passengers. We took leave of northern India and of our missionaries with the feeling strong upon us that we should see each other's faces no more in the flesh. But we commended them and ourselves to the grace

of God, who is able to keep what we have committed to him against that day. In the evening when we went aboard the boat, as we were entering the companionway, I had the misfortune to make a misstep, which resulted in a sprained back, necessitating close confinement in the stateroom for several days.

From the City of Palaces we sailed down the Hooghly river some ninety miles to the sea. The navigation of the stream is a delicate and dangerous business. It is one of the most treacherous rivers in the world, and many a good ship lies embedded in its sand and mud. The stream, after uniting with the Ganges, flows into the Bay of Bengal, the birthplace and home of the cyclone and hurricane. A short distance below Calcutta, thrown up by the swirl of the river, is a great sand bar, which can be crossed only at high tide. Our pilot cast anchor before reaching the bar, and our ship rested on the bosom of the river eighteen hours waiting for high tide to carry us over the dangerous shoal. The day was delightfully cool, and the delay was not unpleasant. On both banks of the stream were numerous Bengali villages, each nestling in its grove of palms and bamboos. The natives could be seen about their work, and the scene was a pleasant one. At last the anchors were lifted, the sand bar crossed in safety, and, continuing our course down the stream, we saw Sangor Island, the paradise of the tiger. It is said the place is full of these ferocious animals. The stream gradually widens and we steam out upon the yellow flood of the Ganges, bounded on both sides by the blue waters of the sea.

The voyage from Calcutta to Ceylon, by way of Madras, a distance of some fifteen hundred miles, was quiet and tranquil. The cyclone and hurricane, so common in these tropical waters, came not to disturb our peace of mind; and

day after day the "Chusan" glided over the blue waters of the sleeping ocean on her way to Colombo. A cloudless sky, from which the sun shone with ever-increasing power as we neared the equator, made a striking contrast with the sapphire of the bay which was broken into a chain of beautiful silver-crested ripples by schools of flying fish rising and falling as the ship moved on her course. One of these singular fish, taking a higher flight than its companions, came through an open porthole and was found in one of the cabins. It served a young lady artist on board the ship as a model for a fine drawing of this winged denizen of the deep. It was at one time thought that the fish did not fly, but was carried into the air from the crest of the waves by the force of the motion secured before leaving the water, but they do use their fin-like wings in sailing through the air. Hour after hour we watched them sporting on the surface of the sea, and are satisfied that they do use their large fins as the bird uses its wings in making long flights.

And now we cast anchor at Madras, the one important city of southern India, with nearly half a million souls. How it ever grew to its present importance is a query with all who visit the place. Without a large river, without a natural harbor, on a coast swept by cyclones, hurricanes and tidal waves, Madras has clung to the shore of the sea until it has become one of the leading cities of India. It is only thirteen degrees north of the equator and the people know nothing of cold weather even in winter. In the mid-summer months the heat becomes almost intolerable.

We spent only time enough in this southern capital to gain a superficial knowledge of its surroundings. The impressions received were not unpleasant. We drove through the parks and the business streets, and visited some of the temples and found that in a general way Madras is

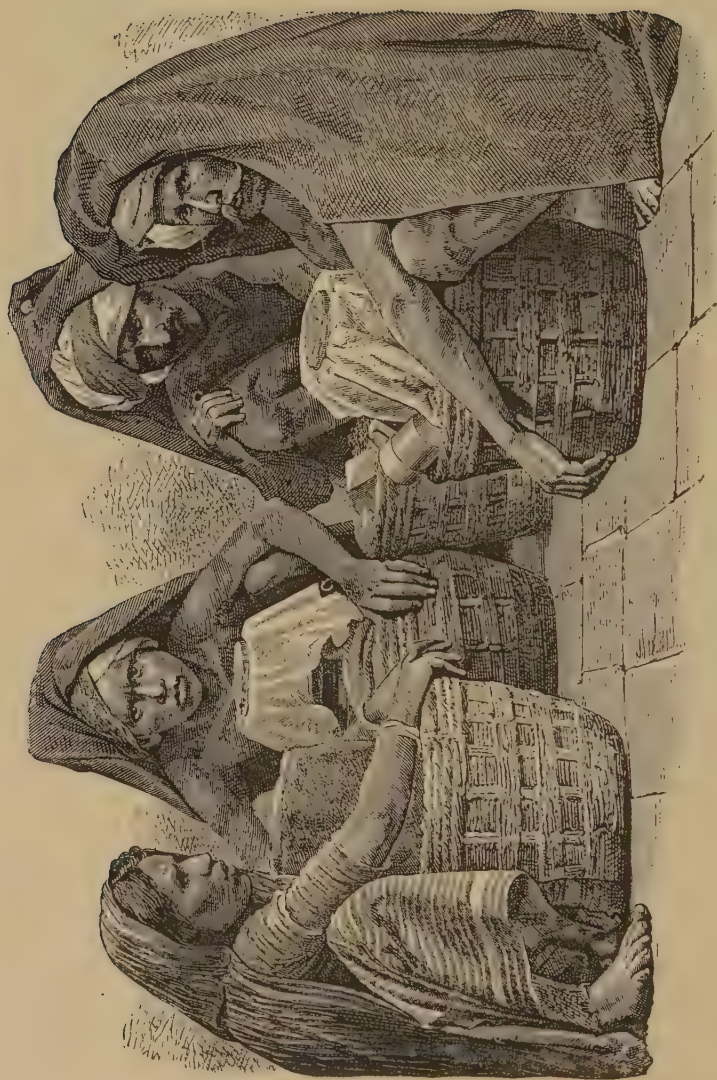
like most other cities of India already fully described in this work.

One of the temples visited had more than usual interest. It was the storeroom of the well-known car of Juggernaut. Who has not heard of this great car and of the people crushed to death beneath its massive wheels in the festival given in honor of the lord of the world, as the people call the idol whose image makes the great car so hideous?

The largest temple of Juggernaut is at Buri, and is one of the sights of India. Within the large enclosure is the idol, with his brother and sister on either side. They are the most hideous caricatures of the human body that can well be imagined, and may be described as nothing but huge logs of wood roughly carved into a semblance of human shape, but without arms or legs. Upon inquiry why the god has been deprived of these necessary parts of the body, the priest in charge will tell you that the lord of the world has no need of arms or legs; a statement easily believed after getting a view of the idol. The trio form the ugliest, as well as the most popular, group of idols in India.

Each of the three idols has a special car for its own use. The great car designed for the chief god is forty-five feet high, thirty-five feet square, and is supported by sixteen broad wheels, each seven feet in diameter. During the car festival the idol is brought out of his temple and placed on the immense wagon. According to a common belief, elephants, horses or oxen must not be used to draw the car. Four thousand, two hundred men are selected for the purpose of dragging the huge structure. It is deemed a great honor to be chosen for this purpose, and those who do the work are kept at Puri free of expense during the festival.

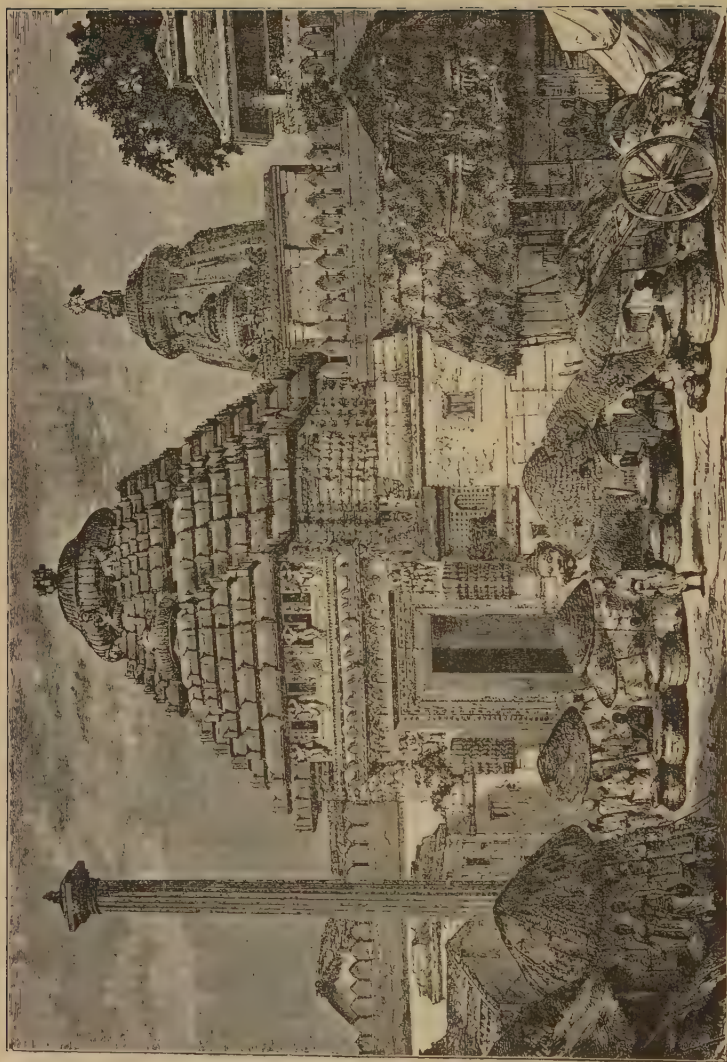
One of the missionaries who witnessed the dragging of the car says that it is a remarkable sight. Immense ropes, or



MILK SELLERS, MADRAS.

rather cables, are manufactured and attached to the car, and at the word of command from the priests, the thousands rush forward, seize the ropes and arrange themselves in the order of march, and the next moment are straining and pulling at the cumbersome conveyance, which at length moves with a heavy, creaking noise. The road over which the car is dragged is crowded with tens of thousands of excited spectators, all wild with fanaticism, some of whom are even willing to attest their faith in Juggernaut by throwing themselves beneath the great wheels of the moving car and being crushed to death. Cases of this kind are now of very rare occurrence, and are rather the result of accident than of intentional self-immolation. The British government now takes great care to prevent accidents of this kind. When the festival takes place police officers surround the car to keep the excited throng away from the wheels.

Mr. Tacy, a missionary at Puri, once saw a man crushed by the car, and has this to say of the horrible spectacle: "This afternoon I had an awful subject for my discourse,—the body of a man crushed to pieces by the car Juggernaut. The massive wheels had passed over his loins, and he presented a shocking sight to look upon. The wheels of the car are made for this work of death most effectually, as the spokes project three or four inches beyond the felloe. The poor wretch had thrown himself from the front of the car, and so was a voluntary sacrifice. He seemed a respectable man, apparently a Brahman. I felt I ought not to lose such an opportunity of witnessing against a system that produced such effects; so I took my stand over the body, and spoke with some feeling of the nature of the Hindu religion and compared it with Christianity; and perhaps I never had a more serious congregation. Some hardened wretches standing by said, 'See, sir, the glory of Juggernaut



TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

naut,' pointing to the mangled body. I concluded by rebuking them, and recommending them to look to Jesus Christ for mercy and salvation which Juggernaut could never give."

The most remarkable thing about the worship of Juggernaut is the great number of Hindus that make the pilgrimages to Puri to be present at the festivals. A Hindu gentleman who spent his life at Puri is authority for the statement that the number who flock to the temple never falls short of fifty thousand a year, and that three hundred thousand is the usual number of strangers present at the car festival. Some visitors aver that these figures are too low, and that from a half to one million human beings are present at the great festivals given each year to Juggernaut on the shores of the Bay of Bengal.

The government, seeing the great masses of people coming up to the temple each year, determined to place a tax on each one and thus secure a revenue. When the Mohammedans were supreme rulers of India, it is said they secured half a million dollars in this way. The British government continued the tax for some years, but finally, from a sense of shame, it is presumed, gave up the income received from a tax placed on idolatry. At the present time all taxes and fees paid by the pilgrims, amounting, it is said, to a quarter of a million annually, are divided between the rajah—local governor of the district—and the priests. "The richer pilgrims heap gold and silver and jewels at the feet of the god, or spread before him charters and title-deeds conveying rich lands in distant provinces. Every one, from the richest to the poorest, gives beyond his ability; many cripple their fortunes for the rest of their lives in a frenzy of liberality; and hundreds die on their way home

from not having kept enough to support them on their journey."

Such is a brief account of the worship of the armless and legless image of the Hindus' so-called lord of the world. As we looked at the car of Juggernaut, one thought came to us stronger than all others, and that was, Can it be possible that men and women, created in the image and the likeness of the living God, can be satisfied to worship these hideous idols? It is too true. And then we thought, Such as these are would we be, were it not for the blessed religion of Jesus Christ. We need only go back to the early centuries of our era to find our ancestors worshipping idols in northern Europe. In their sacred groves were the images of Wodan, Thor, Fria, Saetere and Tiw. To these our forefathers offered sacrifice, and we have their names perpetuated to us in five of the days of our week. Let these facts impress upon our minds the truth that but for the religion of Jesus we should be idolaters to-day, as are the Hindus; and that as the missionaries of the cross brought the Gospel to our fathers, so it is our duty to send the light to the nations still in heathen darkness.



NATIVE PRINCE, SOUTHERN INDIA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Madras to Colombo — The Isle of Spice — Peculiar Boats — The Beauty of Ceylon — The Jinrikisha — The Cinnamon Gardens — Nutmegs and Cloves — Cocoanuts — The Utility of the Cocoa Palm — Precious Stones — Pearl Fisheries.

“What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,”

SANG good Bishop Heber more than seventy years ago, when, as a missionary, he first visited the beautiful island of Ceylon, which has been called, not inappropriately, “The Pearl of India.” In prospect the island pleases every beholder, but “the spicy breezes” are to be set down to poetical fancy or license. The cinnamon shrub, the nutmeg and clove trees, the pepper vine and other spices give out no fragrance until they are gathered, or the trees and shrubs are crushed.

The journey from Madras to Colombo, by large ocean steamer, takes two days. There is a narrow passage crossed in a single night by the small mail steamers which ply between the coast of India and Ceylon, but the depth of water is not sufficient for the “Chusan,” and we take the longer route, coasting around the island, from north to south, until we are but five degrees from the equator. The first evening out we encountered a genuine tropical rainstorm. The expression, “the rain came down in torrents,” so commonly used at home, but feebly describes a heavy rainfall in this latitude. The air was literally a sheet of descending water.

The officers of the ship, unable to see the prow of the boat from the bridge, stopped the engines and we lay to until the storm was over. The rain was unaccompanied by wind, and after witnessing the downpour of water we could well believe the statement that it is not an unusual occurrence to have from ten to twelve inches of rainfall in a few hours in the tropics.

Ceylon is about one-half as large as the State of Illinois, having an area of twenty-five thousand square miles. The population is a little over three million, of whom less than six thousand are pure-bred Europeans. The island is rich in all kinds of tropical vegetation and is of unsurpassed natural beauty.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the "Chusan" steamed into the harbor of Colombo, which was crowded with ships from all parts of the world; but the craft that occupied the most attention were the native boats. The canoe itself is but a foot and a half wide, with only room enough inside for the feet and the legs of the occupants. To this is fastened, by two bent spars about six feet long, a log which balances the boat and keeps it from upsetting. These odd-looking boats, driven before the wind by a single sail, cut through the water with wonderful speed. In stormy weather a man squats on the log to give the craft greater steadiness.

Colombo, the capital, principal city and port of the island, is beautifully situated on the seashore, amidst groves of palms, bamboos and other fine shade trees. The population numbers about one hundred and thirty thousand, and the city enjoys a large trade in tea, coffee, spices, cocoanuts and other articles of export. On the street one sees a mixed crowd of busy people. Here are the native Cingalese, with Moors, Malays, Tamils, Brahmans, Burmese and a slight

admixture of Europeans. The natives of the island have a dress peculiar to themselves. The men wear a dark-colored coat or jacket over a kind of white frock or skirt. Their long, black hair is combed back from the temples and is kept in place by a circular comb of tortoise shell. The women wear plaid skirts of various colors, a loose, white jacket, and secure their hair in a roll or knot.

Upon landing we found that the hotels were crowded, owing to the fact that the Governor General had just arrived from England. We thought for a time that it would be impossible to find a lodging place, but, after going a mile from the principal part of the city, we found a very pleasant home at the Galle Face hotel, where we spent several weeks. Our home was on the seashore in a large grove of cocoanut palms, and although we were very close to the equator the sea breeze made the place delightfully pleasant. The thermometer never rose above 86 by day or went below 76 at night. In a temperature like this, with plenty of rain to keep the earth moist, the growth of vegetation is something marvelous. We are tempted to quote, in part, Arnold's description of the place.

It is impossible to exaggerate the natural beauty of Ceylon! Belted with a double girdle of golden sands and waving palm-groves, the interior is one vast garden of nature, deliciously disposed into plain and highland, valley and peak, where almost everything known to the tropical world grows under a sky glowing with an equatorial sun, yet tempered by the cool sea winds. Colombo itself, outside the actual town, is a perfect labyrinth of shady bowers and flowery lakes and streams. For miles and miles you drive about under arbors of feathery bamboos, broad-leaved breadfruit trees, talipot and areca palms, cocoanut groves, and stretches of rice fields, cinnamon, and sugar-cane, amid



THE JINRIKISHA.

which at night the fireflies dart about in glittering clusters. The lowliest hut is embosomed in palm fronds and the bright, crimson blossoms of the hibiscus; while, wherever intelligent cultivation aids the prolific forces of nature, there is enough in the profusion of nutmegs and allspice, of the India rubber and cinchonas, of cannas, dracoenas, crotons, and other wonders of the Cingalese flora to give an endless and delightful study to the lover of nature.

The lanes and carriage drives about Colombo are continuous studies of tropical nature at her brightest. Delightful it is to ride or drive under league-long avenues of giant bamboos, and palms loaded with green and yellow cocoanuts; to see the most splendid exotic sprays of bloom, of all conceivable hues and perfumes, running riot everywhere. It gives, in truth, a new conception of the bounty of creation, to explore those dark-green alleys of Colombo, to cut a branch from the glossy cinnamon and taste its fragrant bark; to break out the new-veined nutmeg from its shell of scarlet mace; to send your willing Cingalese boy into the crown of the cocoanut tree, and to receive nut after nut full of sweet, fresh milk; to buy pine-apples a foot long for a few pennies and get vegetable breakfast-rolls from the bread-fruit tree; to watch ripe bananas sold by the cartload, and see flowers everywhere of the loveliest hues and forms, which would be costly exotics at home, draping every cottage door, and running wild over every hedge; to find the grass beneath your feet carpeted by the sensitive plant, which shrinks like a live thing if you touch it with your foot or stick in passing; to rest beneath a jack-fruit tree, laden with vast, scaly fruit, growing monstrously out of the trunk; to sit on the bench with the cinchona boughs on one hand and the graceful tulip branches on the other, and an avenue of mahogany trees behind, having twenty different species

of palms within view; yet all this and more you may see almost anywhere within the environs of Colombo.

At Colombo we enjoyed, or rather, were compelled to submit to, a ride in a jinrikisha, or 'ricksha as the vehicle is called all over the East. The word means literally "man power carriage." It is a small, two-wheeled vehicle with a top exactly like those on our buggies at home. It has springs and a comfortable seat for one occupant, and is drawn by a man who holds the shafts in his hands and pulls you along at the rate of from four to six miles an hour. It seems so much out of place to be hauled around by men instead of horses that it was some time before we could feel at all comfortable in the jinrikisha. But it is the only mode of conveyance for short distances, and as the men were so glad to pull us, in order to earn a little money, we soon fell in with this custom of the country. The expense of riding is about the same as one pays on the street-cars at home. For long distances the charge is fifteen cents per hour.

Our first ride was through the cinnamon gardens, and along the beautiful palm avenues. Perhaps in no other place in the world could such a delightful ride or drive be enjoyed. The avenues are delightfully shaded and the roads are as smooth as a floor.

In the great riches of material found in the Island of Spices, from which to glean for our readers, we are more at a loss as to what we shall leave undescribed than as to what we shall describe. An interesting volume might be written descriptive of Ceylon. Our space gives us opportunity to refer to only a few of the things which so much interested us during our two weeks' stay on the beautiful island of the sea.

On the west coast of Ceylon cinnamon is largely cultivated for export, there being about thirty-five thousand

acres of ground devoted to the culture of the spice. It is probably a native of Ceylon. In 1894 the export of the spice was nearly three million pounds, valued at about four hundred thousand dollars, or a little over thirteen cents a pound to the planter. In London the bark of the first quality sells in large lots at about forty cents per pound, while at home, in a small retail way, the consumer pays five cents per ounce for it,—a wide range of margin between what the producer gets and what the consumer pays.

Cinnamon is referred to in the Bible, Exodus 30:23, where God directs Moses to use spice, with other things, in compounding the holy oil, or ointment, with which Aaron and his sons were anointed. Reference is also made to it in Proverbs 7:17, Songs of Solomon 4:14, and Revelations 18:13.

In Bible times Rome traded with India and Ceylon, and cinnamon was one of the spices carried over the desert on camels, boated across the Red Sea and then, packed again on the back of the faithful ship of the desert, it was taken to the Nile and floated down to the sea. Here it was loaded on ships and taken to Puteoli, where Paul landed, and was then carried to the Imperial City of the Cæsars.

In those olden days the odors of the far-famed cinnamon bark came to be associated with "Araby the blest." In the time of Augustus Cæsar the fragrant bark sold in Rome for the enormous sum of forty dollars a pound.

The cinnamon tree, or shrub, is kept well pruned, so that it does not grow more than ten feet high. The leaves are large and of a dark green color. The shoots from which the bark is taken are allowed to grow two or three years, until they are eight or ten feet in height. They are then cut down, the leaves and small twigs trimmed off, and the stem cut into pieces each about one foot in length. The cinna-

mon peeler inserts the thin blade of a knife between the bark and wood, and carefully peels it off in cylindrical pieces. These are placed one within another and the bark is tied up into bundles. It is now laid away until it passes through the sweating process. This makes it possible to remove the very thin outer bark, which is done by placing each piece on a stick separately and then carefully scraping it. After this the smaller pieces are placed within the larger ones, which curl around them and form the solid stick of cinnamon so well known to all. The fragrant spice is tied in bundles and placed in matting made of the palm tree, and is then ready for export.

Nutmegs and cloves are also grown in Ceylon, but not so largely as the spice which we have been considering. The trees bearing these spices grow quite large, that of the nutmeg resembling in size the walnut tree. The nut is surrounded by a thick outer hull, which opens in sections like the hull on the shellbark. The nutmeg is covered inside the outer hull with a thin lacing of a yellow-colored spice, known as mace. We picked a number of these nuts from the trees and removed the outer hull, allowing the mace to remain in its place.

The clove tree bears abundantly in the great gardens at Paredenia, near Kandy. After the bloom falls off, the miniature clove is to be seen on the trees. It forms without hull, and when fully matured is of a dark green color. They are gathered and dried, and in the drying process turn to the dark-brown color as we find them when in the retail stores. Zanzibar furnishes the world with cloves, shipping as many as twenty-eight million pounds a year.

Pepper and allspice are also produced in Ceylon in small quantities. These grow on vines and are cultivated in some parts of the island. Other spices grow in sufficient

quantities in Ceylon to entitle it to the name it bears in Heber's missionary hymn.

But of all the trees and shrubs that grow on the island, none are more extensively cultivated than the cocoanut palm, and this because of its value and the multiplied uses made of its products.

At the Galle Face Hotel we picked up a report of horticulture of Ceylon, and among other things learned that the cocoanut palm has these as well as many other uses: The leaves are used for roofing, for mats, for baskets, torches, fuel, brooms, fodder for cattle, and manure; the stem of the leaf for fences, for yokes, for carrying burdens on the shoulders, for fishing rods, and for many domestic utensils; the cabbage, or cluster of unexpanded leaves, for pickles and preserves; the sap for toddy, for distilling arrack, and for making vinegar and sugar; the unformed nut for medicine and sweetmeats; the young nut and its milk for drinking, for dessert, and the green husks for preserves; the nut for eating, for curry, and the milk for cooking; the oil for rheumatism, anointing the hair and the body, for soap, for candles and for lamps; and the refuse of the nut, after expressing the oil, for feeding cattle and poultry; the shell of the nut for drinking-cups, charcoal, tooth-powder, spoons, medicine, pipes, beads, bottles, and knife handles; the fibre, which envelops the shell within the outer husk, for mattresses, cushions, ropes, cables, cordage, canvas, fishing-nets, fuel, brushes, oakum and floor-mats; the trunk of the tree for rafters, laths, sail-boats, troughs, furniture, fire wood, and, when very young, the first shoots or cabbage as vegetables for the table.

The foregoing are only a few of the many uses to which the cocoanut palm is adapted. It is, perhaps, more generally cultivated in Ceylon than in other parts of the world.

In 1894 it was estimated that there were nearly a million acres planted with the nut-bearing palm. The estimated number of trees was sixty-eight million, and the production of nuts, as given by one authority, exceeded a thousand million annually. The exports of the product of the cocoanut palm reaches an annual value of nearly six million dollars.

The nut, when taken from the tree, is full of milk, and furnishes the thirsty traveler with a refreshing draught. At any of the plantations you may buy them fresh from the trees for a few cents each. If one is hungry and thirsty, both conditions may be relieved with one of the large Ceylon coconuts.

The natives of Ceylon are a very pleasant people. They are kind and courteous to strangers and make a favorable impression upon those who visit them. We were out walking on one of the beautiful palm-shaded avenues. It was evening time and the fresh sea breeze cooled the tropical atmosphere and made the walk decidedly pleasant. Just in front of us was a Cingalese lady. Her hair was raven black and its wealth was rolled up in a knot at the back of the head. On top was a circular comb of tortoise shell. She had on a striped skirt, coming down to the ankles, with a white blouse covering the body. As we came nearer to the figure, it turned around and faced us. Judge of our surprise when we saw the bearded face of a man. Our well-dressed lady turned out to be a Cingalese gentleman.

The men wear the hair long. We have seen some with hair three feet in length. It is as black as the raven's wing; no such black hair being seen among the Caucasians. It is rolled up on a knot and on top of the head is worn the tortoise shell comb. This, with the long skirt and blouse,



ELEPHANTS, CEYLON.

gives the men a decidedly feminine appearance. One can no more form a correct opinion of a person here by outward appearances than at home.

Seventy-five miles inland from Colombo is the city of Kandy, the center of the Buddhist religion. We decided to see something of the inner part of the island of spices, and spent some days in making an excursion to the interior. A good railway connects Kandy with the sea coast. After leaving Colombo and crossing the coast plain, covered everywhere with tropical luxuriance, the railway winds its way upward among the hills and mountains amidst scenery Alpine in its grandeur with the added beauty of the rich vegetation and flowers of Ceylon. Among these hills and mountains the elephant abounded at one time, but now is to be rarely seen in a wild state. Like the American buffalo, this monster of the tropical zone vanishes upon the approach of the whites. The Ceylon elephant is not so large as his African brother, and seldom has the great ivory tusk so highly prized in the latter.

In the valleys we pass innumerable rice fields and on the mountain sides great tea plantations. The laborers in the field are Tamils brought over from southern India, attracted by the higher wages paid in Ceylon. They are carried at reduced rates by the railways, and children *under four feet in height* are charged half fare. At home children under twelve are carried at half fare. If the measuring rule were adopted more fares would be collected. You can't shrink a foot measure as you can the years of a boy or girl.

Kandy is one of the most beautiful little cities in Ceylon. It is nestled among the thick wooded hills fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. A beautiful artificial lake adds to the beauty of the surroundings. The climate is delightful, the elevation making it cooler than the



KANDY, ISLAND OF CEYLON.

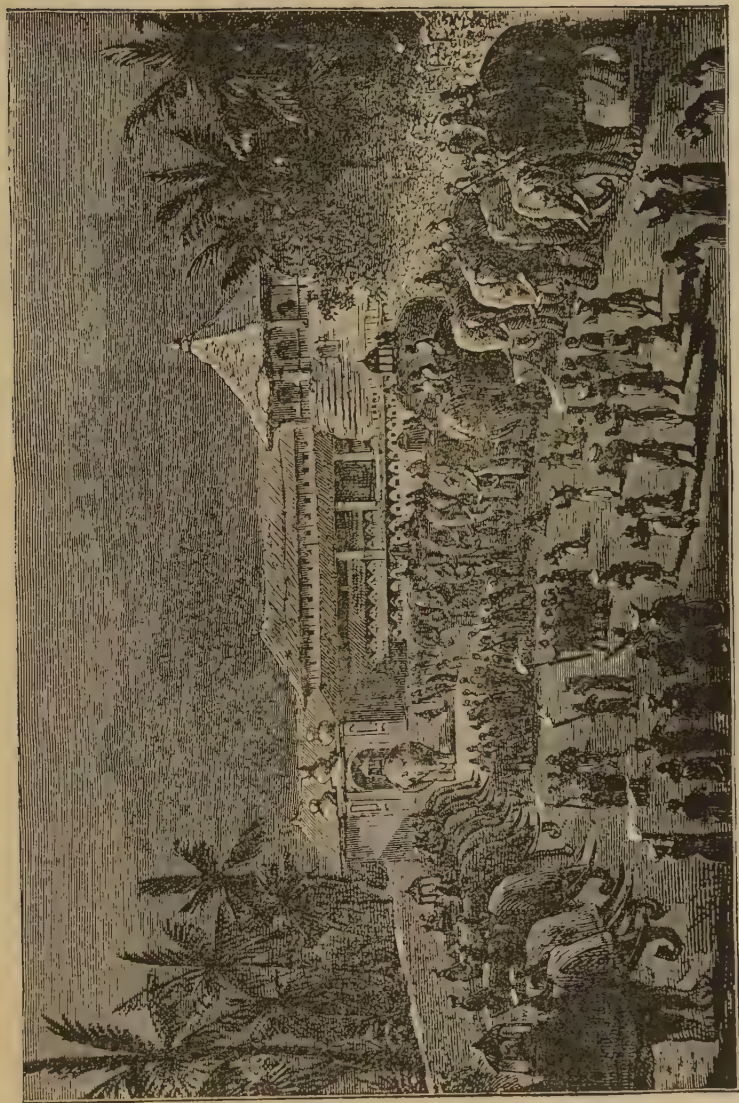
plains, and the scenery is charming. I do not know a more delightful place so far as scenery and climate are concerned than Kandy. It is a summer resort for the Europeans who spend the cooler months on the coast.

On the borders of the lake is found the temple of Dalada, the shrine of Buddha's tooth. The building is not imposing but it is the very center of Buddhism. It is claimed that the eyetooth of Buddha is enshrined in the temple. This relic of Gautama has a curious history. It was brought to Ceylon A. D. 310. It was afterwards taken back to India, but at a later date restored again to Kandy. When the Portuguese missionaries went to Ceylon in the sixteenth century they secured the tooth and in the presence of witnesses reduced it to powder and scattered the powder to the four winds of the heaven. The records of the Portuguese show that this was done because the tooth was an object of worship. But the priests of Kandy produced another tooth, which they claimed was the real relic, and that the one taken by the Portuguese was only a counterfeit. It was conveyed to Dalada with much pomp and ceremony amidst great rejoicing by the people. When the English took possession of Kandy in 1815 they allowed the priests to retain possession of the relic. "The sanctuary in which it reposes is a small chamber without a ray of light, in which the air is stifling hot, and heavy with the perfume of flowers, situated in the inmost recesses of the temple. The frames of the doors of this chamber are inlaid with carved ivory, and on a massive silver table, three feet six inches high, stands the bell-shaped shrine, jewelled and hung round with chains, and consisting of six cases, the largest five feet high, formed of silver, gilt and inlaid with rubies; the others are similarly wrought, but diminish in size gradually, until, on removing the innermost one, about a foot in height,

a golden lotus is disclosed, on which reposes the tooth. In front of the silver altar is a table upon which worshipers deposit their gifts.

Three miles from Kandy is the Paradenia Botanical Garden covering one hundred and fifty acres, where is to be found the finest collection of tropical vegetation in the world. A fine avenue of India rubber trees leads up to a wealth of palms of almost every known variety. We spent hours in the beautiful garden and wondered whether the Garden of Eden made for our first parents was more beautiful. Indeed tradition says that Eden was located here. Not far away is Adam's peak, the highest mountain on the island, to which it is claimed Adam fled after being expelled from the garden, hence the name of the mountain. Of course this is all legendary, but not out of harmony with the beauty of the place.

We visited a large tea plantation in the vicinity of Paradenia and were much interested in seeing the cultivation and manufacture of tea. A field planted with the tea shrub presents a lively appearance during the picking season. Our photogravure will present more clearly the scene to the reader. The pickers each have a large basket which, when filled with the tender leaves, is carried to the factory, located in the centre of the grounds. Here the leaves are placed on cloth frames under roof for the wilting process. When they are plucked from the stalk the leaves are crisp and easily broken. After lying on the frames for a day they wilt and become tough so that they may be rolled. After wilting the tea is passed through the rollers. These are large steel plates turning in opposite direction. As it passes between these revolving plates the tea is rolled up and shaped as it comes to us ready for steeping. Next comes the firing process where the product is thoroughly



TEMPLE OF DALADA, KANDY.

dried. It is then boxed ready for shipment. The manager of the tea plantation received us very kindly and gave us every facility for looking into the tea business. Of one thing the lovers of tea may rest assured. Ceylon tea is pure and clean. The same cannot be said of the Chinese product which is rolled by hands at best never clean.

The mountains about Kandy abound in gems, for Ceylon is not only the land of spices, but of pearls and precious stones as well. It has had many names given it, among which are "a pearl on the brow of India," "the island of jewels," and "the land of the jacinth and ruby." These names were given the island because of the many pearls found in its waters, and precious stones in its hills and valleys. The place has also, not without good reason, been associated with the Land of Ophir named in the Bible, to which Solomon's ships came in quest of gold and silver, ivory, apes, peacocks, almug trees, or sandal wood, and precious stones.* It is a fact worthy of note in this connection that Ceylon and the coast of India at one time furnished all the products named in the Bible as being brought from Ophir.

No sooner were we comfortably settled in our hotel home than we were besieged by vendors of pearls and precious stones. The merchants are Moors and carry about their persons, wrapped in bits of cloth, gems of rarest quality and of great value. We were shown in great profusion, and urged to buy the finest rubies, sapphires, emeralds and pearls at less than half the price asked for them by dealers at home. As we made no purchases, the dealers soon learned to pass us by for more profitable customers. One of our traveling companions secured a fine sapphire, at what

* 1 Kings 10: 11-22.



TEA PICKERS.

He deemed a good bargain, but at what seemed to us an immense price for a small bit of carbon.

The following named precious stones are to be found in Ceylon: Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, the topaz, amethysts, white sapphires, spiral rubies, chrysoberyl, tourmalines, moonstones, zircons, garnets, rock crystals and agates. It is an interesting fact that of the twelve gems which God commanded Moses to put into the breastplate, to be worn by the high-priest, nine are found on this island. It also produces seven of the precious stones with which the twelve foundations of the New Jerusalem, of John's vision on Patmos, were garnished and made beautiful.

When it is remembered that neither Palestine nor any of the surrounding countries produced either the gems used in the high priest's breastplate or those spoken of by John, the reason for importing them from Ophir is apparent. We incline to the opinion that the island of Ceylon was included in the borders of the land of Ophir.

We were much interested in examining the precious stones offered for sale by the Moors, and especially those named in the Bible. A brief account of some of the Bible gems may not be without interest to our readers.

Precious stones are valued according to their weight and purity, the carat being the unit of weight. It equals nearly three and a fifth grains troy weight. A gem of one hundred and fifty-one and a half carats would weigh one ounce, and if it were a ruby of the first water it would be worth a kingdom, as the following list of prices will show:

Finest ruby one carat in weight,	\$750
Finest sapphire same weight,	150
Finest diamond same weight,	100
Finest emerald same weight,	75

These prices seem high, but they increase in a kind of geometrical progression as the gem increases in weight. A ruby of two carats would be worth four times as much as one of the same quality weighing one carat.

The ruby is the most valuable of all the gems, and was used in the high priest's breastplate, and is also found in one of the foundations of the Holy City which John saw coming down from heaven. A perfect ruby of five carats weight would command a price ten times greater than a diamond of the same weight, while a perfect ruby of ten carats is of almost incalculable value. An expert in such matters says that a ruby weighing one carat, of the true pigeon blood in color, untainted by either brown or violet, would be worth in Ceylon, where jewels are comparatively cheap, as much as seven hundred and fifty dollars.

The sapphire stands next to the ruby in value. It is of a sky-blue color and a perfect stone is of matchless brilliancy. We saw one of these royal gems cut ready for mounting. It was of the softest azure in color and of wondrous luster. As the Moor held it up in his dark fingers, the light flashed and glittered on its facets as if it were a thing of life. The price asked for the stone was to be reckoned by tens of thousands.

The sapphire is one of the stones used in garnishing the foundations of the City of God, the light of which "was like unto a stone most precious, even like unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal."* The other foundations of the city were made all grand and glittering with emeralds, amethysts, chrysolytes, rubies, jasper, beryls, and other stones most precious, of incalculable value and of wondrous splendor. One cannot conceive of the richness of the foundations of the Holy City, "the bride, the Lamb's wife," when

* Rev. 21: 10-27.

the present value of the gems with which it was decorated is taken into account. The finite mind cannot grasp the problem. It is beyond human comprehension. And yet God has prepared a home like this for all those who love him and obey his Word. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

We have already referred to Ceylon as the land of pearls and precious stones. Now it is our purpose to have something about pearls and where they are found.

When we have a reference in the Bible to pearls they are always considered as having great value. The Savior tells his disciples not to cast pearls before swine, and also uses this jewel to illustrate the great worth of the kingdom of God.* Its use as an ornament for the body was so common in ancient times that the Divine Mind was exercised to prohibit it for such purposes. Pearls were used also by the scarlet woman as one of her principal decorations.†

On the coast of Ceylon, not very far from Colombo, are to be found the celebrated pearl fisheries of the island, and they are well worth a visit. However, it requires strong olfactory nerves, for the stench about the place where the pearl oysters are opened is almost unendurable.

As is, no doubt, known to most of our readers, the pearl is found in the oyster of that name. It was at one time thought that a grain of sand placed into the shell of the bivalve would result in a pearl being formed, but this view is not now held by those who have made a study of the subject.

Upon examination the pearl is found to have a small opening in the center, which would not be the case were a

* Matt. 7: 6; 13: 45.

† 1 Tim. 2: 9; Rev. 17: 4.

grain of sand introduced. It is now generally believed that an insect attacks the shell, bores a hole through it, and deposits a foreign substance of vegetable matter. This the mollusk at once proceeds to cover with layer after layer of a pearl-like substance which hardens after it has been deposited. The vegetable matter is absorbed, and thus the small hollow in the center of the pearl is accounted for. The matter deposited is the same as that which forms "mother-of-pearl," from which the common pearl button is made. Year after year the layers are placed on the growing pearl, until it is formed in all its beauty.

A pearl of "great price" may be perfectly round like a shot, or pear-shaped. It is of the most delicate texture, free from speck, flaw or break. In color it is almost translucent white; that is, you can see the rays of light through it, but cannot distinguish objects. It has a beautiful sheen, giving off the colors of the rainbow. A large-sized pearl, answering this description, would bring to its owner, were he disposed to sell it, a large sum of money.

The oyster banks are under the control of the government, and the proper officers determine when the fishing shall take place. When the time arrives thousands of pearl divers, with merchants, traders and jewelers, crowd the shore of the bay. The divers go out to the oyster beds in small boats, large enough to carry ten men, and they usually work in pairs. The banks are from eight to twenty miles from the shore, and the water covering them is from forty to fifty feet deep. It is thought that the oyster produces the best pearls at from four to seven years of age.

The diver goes under the water without a diving bell or clothing of any kind. He has a basket attached to a belt, fastened around his waist, into which he throws the oysters as he gathers them from the bottom of the sea. He is

armed with a short spear, with which he repels the attacks of the sharks and other large fish which infest the tropical waters. But, be he as careful as he may, many a poor, brown-skinned diver serves as a dainty morsel for the voracious denizens of the deep.

In order to facilitate his descent, a stone weighing forty pounds is attached to his body by a strong cord, and there is also a strong rope fastened to him, so that he can be drawn up with his burden by his companion in the boat. He remains under usually from a minute to a minute and a half, and is then drawn up. He rests a short time on the side of the boat and then goes down again. He works on in this way until he is completely exhausted, and then his companion takes his place, and he remains in the boat. Some of the best divers remain under the water from four to six minutes. If any one would know what an exertion this requires, let him suspend breathing for half a minute and he will have a practical test. The work of the divers is very exhausting, and, as a rule, they are a short-lived race.

Generally the fishing goes on from sunrise until noon, then a signal gun is fired and the boats are rowed ashore. The divers are very closely watched lest they secrete pearls in their mouths and so get more than their share. The oysters must all be landed at the government storehouse, where each man's catch is divided into three heaps, care being taken to make the division equal. The government takes two of the piles and the diver gets one for his share. The oysters are now sold by auction to the dealers who are present in large numbers; the price secured is from twenty to thirty rupees per thousand. The rupee has about the same amount of silver contained in our half dollar and ought to be worth as much, but it has depreciated until it is now

worth only about twenty-eight cents. The diver thus gets from six to eight dollars per thousand for his oysters.

The trader into whose hands the oysters now fall takes all the risk of finding the pearls, and, as a rule, he reaps a rich harvest. The oysters are spread out in the hot, tropical sun and are allowed to remain for six days, when they are easily opened. The pearl finder opens each one carefully and picks out the pearls he can find. The rotten, putrid mass is then laid out in the sun to dry. The stench arising from the reeking filth is something terrible, and very few strangers can endure it. When it is thoroughly dried it is rubbed fine and then is passed through sieves of different sizes. At each sifting pearls are found, and after it has been thrown away by the traders the natives carefully search the whole mass for the smaller pearls that may have passed through the smallest sieve.

The shells of the oysters are shipped to Europe where they are manufactured into pearl buttons and various ornaments. The government has received as much as seven hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of fishing the oyster beds for a single season, but now it is managed as has already been described. In 1891 the income to the government from the pearl fisheries was nearly one million rupees.

As early as the thirteenth century the Chinese introduced foreign substances into the pearl mussels which abound in the rivers of China, and thus facilitated the production of pearls. This led to a practice on the part of the priests which made stronger than ever the bonds that hold the ignorant masses of that great empire in superstition and idolatry. Very small images of their god Buddha, seated in meditation, are cast in lead, or cut from tin. These are introduced into the mussel. Sometimes as many as

twenty of them may be seen adhering closely to the shell, covered over with the pearl substance. They are beautiful and have all the appearance of natural objects. The ignorant regard these as miraculously-formed images of Buddha, and prize them very highly as amulets and charms. So in all countries the ignorant are the dupes of designing men.

In this brief sketch we have sought to give our readers some information concerning the production of pearls. It is a Bible subject, and while there are interesting facts connected with it, there remains in the heart of the writer the hope that all who read this may find the "pearl of greatest price," even the joy and comfort that comes from a full assurance of our acceptance with God.

CHAPTER XIX.

Off for Hong Kong—The Sea Captain's "Spicy Breezes"—The "Kaiser-i-Hind"—The Grouping of Passengers—Ship's Log from Colombo to Penang—Straits of Malacca—A Pleasant Voyage—Singapore—Beauties of the Entrance to the Harbor—Houses Built Over the Water—The Sedan Chair—Botanical Gardens—Through the Streets of Singapore—The Shell Merchant—The Opium Dens—A Fearful Sight—Kava—On the China Sea—Sudden Stopping of the Ship's Engines—A Nerve-Trying Experience—Hong Kong.

THE time had come when we must leave the beautiful "Isle of Spices" and continue our journey onward to the homeland. We lingered here, reluctant to leave the "Pearl of India;" but time and tide wait for no one. The same statement may be made in regard to the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. We had taken passage on the "Kaiser-i-Hind" for Hong Kong and far-away Cathay. This was to be no six days' voyage across the Atlantic on one of the great ocean greyhounds, now so common as to be but an everyday occurrence. With but a few breaks in the journey we had before us a voyage of some 13,000 miles before entering the Golden Gate and setting our feet on the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Our steamer, of curious name, is a staunch, well-built boat of four thousand tons burden, and, wind and weather permitting, will carry us over the sea at the rate of two hundred and sixty miles a day. We cannot say much in favor of the "Kaiser" as to comfort. The company reserves the best boats for the Australian and Indian trade. On this far-away sea we must be content with second and even third-

class steamers. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that our ship was built for storms and not fair weather. She has outridden the typhoons of the China Sea, and we feel moderately safe when we step out on the deck.

A gentle breeze was blowing across Ceylon's Isle as we steamed away from Colombo. But the strongest olfactory nerves failed to discern the spicy odors made famous by Bishop Heber's missionary hymn. It is said that once upon a time a sea captain, when his ship was nearing Ceylon, and while his passengers were below eating their dinner, rubbed a quantity of the oil of cloves and cinnamon on the rail of the upper deck. As the passengers came up one by one, they were not only delighted with a view of the famous island, but with the "spicy breezes" borne to them on the wings of the wind. The captain assured them that they were having an evidence of the truth of the statement made by Heber.

We had on board the "Kaiser-i-Hind" a full complement of passengers. It was a mixed multitude and essentially cosmopolitan in its make-up. The four quarters of the globe were represented on board this one small ship. Not only did we have people from the world's various nationalities, but from the different social walks in life as well. Here were Americans, Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, Australians, and the inhabitants of the islands of the sea. Among the passengers were an English earl, high in government circles, a Scottish nobleman with the same rank, two German counts, a Frenchman with some kind of a title, several members of the English Parliament who wrote the word "Lord" before their names, Church of England and Scotch Presbyterian ministers, missionaries on their way to China, representatives of the great commercial houses of the world, Chinese and Japanese government officials, and

the usual number of the genus "Globe Trotters," a term now generally applied to a class of persons with more money than brains, who wander aimlessly around the world, with the high ambition of being able to say, "We have been around!"

There is a common saying that "birds of a feather flock together," and the truth of this old proverb is fully exemplified on shipboard. On a long sea voyage the passengers soon group themselves according to their likes and dislikes, and these groups are quite separate and distinct. Before the first day has passed two general classes have been formed,—those who play cards and gamble, and those who do not. The first class usually occupy the smoking room, for, as a rule, the card player and the gambler use tobacco. To these two accomplishments must be added a third, that of taking strong drink. These three things appear to be inseparably connected,—gambling, strong drink and the use of tobacco. Those who do not gamble, smoke and drink, are grouped about the deck on steamer chairs and spend the time in reading, writing and talking. Those who are religiously inclined are found spending a part of the day in Bible readings and in divine worship.

The weather was delightfully pleasant, and with a calm, smooth sea the days passed by rapidly. In the tropics, at this season of the year, there is a constant breeze stirring, and this moderates the heat so that it is not oppressively hot. The ship's log—a daily record of the distance made and of our longitude and latitude at noon— is hung up in the companionway, so that all may know what progress is being made. The ship's log from Colombo to Penang is here given. It may not be without interest to at least some of our readers;

	Longitude.	Latitude.	Distance.
Feb. 26, 1896,.....	82, 50, 00.....	5, 14, 15.....	238 miles.
Feb. 27, 1896,.....	87, 19, 00.....	5, 53, 00.....	267 miles.
Feb. 28, 1896,.....	92, 00, 00.....	5, 50, 00.....	280 miles.
Feb. 29, 1896,.....	96, 34, 00.....	5, 56, 00.....	275 miles.
March 1, 1896,.....	100, 18, 30.....	5, 17, 15.....	231 miles.

The run of March 1 brought us to Penang at 7:30 A. M., and the passengers had an opportunity of spending a few hours on shore. The island lies some nine miles off the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. It contains, all told, sixty-nine thousand acres of land, with a population not far from a hundred thousand souls. The city is uninteresting, and its few sights hardly pay for the necessary walk through the hot sun. About one-half the population is Chinese. These yellow-skinned, coarse-featured, almond-eyed celestials present to us a striking contrast with the bronzed color and fine features of the natives of India, with whom we had been surrounded for several months; and the advantage was, according to our judgment, altogether on the side of the dwellers in India. In these tropical climates clothing of scantiest proportions is worn, and the color of the body is at once strikingly noticeable.

From Penang a two days' run on the smooth waters of the Malacca Straits brought us to the city of Singapore, within a few miles of the equator. The weather was pleasant and not too warm. We had anticipated very hot weather as we approached the great circle, but were happily disappointed. The mercury ranged from 80 to 94 degrees. There seems to be but little difference in the temperature at Madras, Colombo and Singapore. Here the ship took coal for her long voyage across the China Sea to Hong Kong. As the coaling process required a full day, we had ample time to see everything of interest in the capital of the Straits Settlement.

Owing to the dangers of navigation, our ship cast anchor outside the harbor in the night and waited the coming of daylight. When the morning sun, rising clear and bright over Sumatra, turned sky and mountain top to red and amber we slowly steamed up to the wharf. No other harbor at which we landed or embarked in Asia is so picturesquely beautiful as that of Singapore. The devious waterway of exquisite beauty leads among hills and mountains all covered with the riches of tropical vegetation. If Ceylon is the land of spices, much more is this, around about these palm-covered hills, red and scarlet with thickets of the flowering hibiscus. Here the clove, the nutmeg and the cinnamon flourish, and the luscious mango and mangosteen grow to perfection. The bright equatorial sun, tempered by a generous rainfall and by a constant sea breeze, clothes hills and valleys with a verdure that never fails. It is the land of unending summer, where the beautiful flowers, the bright, happy children of the Southland, bloom year in and year out without ceasing. Amid these beauties of bounteous nature we threaded our way until we entered the land-locked bay and moored at the wharf of Singapore.

Singapore is located on an island of the same name, lying at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula. The island is twenty-seven miles long and fourteen broad. The population may be set down, in round numbers, at one hundred and fifty thousand; about two-thirds of these are Chinese. John, with his long pigtail and patient, enduring face, has forced himself into all lines of trade, and monopolizes the business of the island. You will find him everywhere. At the bank he calculated our exchange on the wooden buttons of his peculiar counting-board, and paid us in the silver dollars of the Straits. In all the stores and shops he greets you in terms polite and asks as to your wants. He



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has learned sufficient English for the purposes of trade, and if you will note the fact that he drops the "r" and replaces it with an "l," you will soon be able to converse with him. He is, so far as trading qualities are concerned, the Jew of the Orient.

A drive of half an hour in a *gharrie* (the oriental name for a carriage) behind a swift pair of Pegu ponies, over a fine driveway made of the red soil of the island, brought us to the Botanical Gardens, noted for the richness of their floral wealth. On the way we passed many curious houses built, not on the ground, but over the water. Here lived the fishermen, to the manner born, who approach their houses in their little fishing boats, and reach the doors by means of steps and ladders. Piles are driven into the mud at the bottom of the bay, and on these, above the reach of high tide, the dwellings are constructed. These are, for the most part, built of palm leaves, the roofing being of the same material. They present but a temporary appearance on their stilt-like foundations. An ordinary western breeze, so common on our home prairies, would soon distribute the palm-leaf houses over the sea. But in this favored spot the storms never come, and the Malay fisherman dwells in safety in his palm-covered hut.

In Singapore the *gharrie* and jinrikishi are supplemented by the sedan chair as a means of travel. The chairs are of simple construction, as our picture will show. Two long, springy bamboo poles with a cushioned box, containing a comfortable seat for one person, securely fastened in the middle of the poles, comprise the Asiatic carrying chair. It has been in use in China for many centuries. Two strong Chinese coolies—one in front, the other in the rear—place the ends of the poles on their shoulders and carry you about the town and country at the uniform fare of five cents a

hour. It is hard work, and I observed that the chair carriers had great calloused lumps on the shoulders produced by their heavy burden bearing. It was hard enough for us to get used to having a man pull us around in the jinrikisha, and here we drew the line. It was too much to be carried on the shoulders of men. We took a *gharrie* and saw all of Singapore in the time allotted for that purpose.

Our first visit was to the Botanical Gardens where one never tires of wandering beneath the shade of the spreading palms and a hundred other rare and beautiful trees. There are flowers and fruits in great profusion, strange in appearance and stranger in name. Some kinds of the fruit are luscious and palatable, while others are of such peculiar smell and taste that it requires a long and patient training to learn to eat them with any degree of relish. Here are the names of some of the fruits common at Singapore: custard, apples, pineapples, sour-sop, limes, oranges, mangoes, plantains, mangosteens, durians, dukus, tampangs and half a score more, strange of name and indescribable as to taste.

Conspicuous among the trees is the "travelers' palm," growing gracefully in the shape of an immense, wide-spread fan. It grows out from a center filled with sweet water, forming a huge representation of our common palm-leaf fan, a score of feet in diameter, with the trunk of the tree for a handle. One can imagine that if it was ever used as a fan there must have been giants in the land in those days.

A drive through the busy streets of the city reveals the usual type of an eastern town. The European quarter, the hotels, the banks, the bungalows of the wealthy natives, and the huts of the poor are to be seen as an evidence that wealth has its power in all parts of the world. But far more interesting to us than the gardens and the busy streets of the city is a study of the people themselves. At the wharf,

where our ship is moored, one may study types and character by the hour. Here are all styles of dress, all manners of costumes, and no costume at all; for these residents of the tropics have a total disregard of what are to us the common proprieties of life. But the scantiness of their attire seems not inappropriate when the climatic conditions are taken into consideration.

On the wharf we are beset by merchants of every class, all intent upon disposing of their numerous wares. We are importuned to buy parrots of brilliant plumage, and are assured by the salesman that they can talk English, "Allee samee Inglisman." Then there is the monkey-trader. He offers for sale the specimens of the Malay monkey with long silken arms and soft, melancholy eyes, blinking at you as if inviting you to buy. Great, luscious pineapples, that would not cost less than twenty-five cents in Chicago or New York, may be purchased for a penny or two, for this is the home of this fine fruit. We notice our provident steward is placing a large number in his locker, and we shall have plenty of the fruit on our voyage to China.

But the most beautiful of all the wares offered to tempt our pocketbooks were the shells,—the rare and beautiful children of the sea. Boatload after boatload was rowed up to the wharf by the Malay shellfishers, who did a thriving business. Here were the finest specimens of the nautilus, nature's sailor of the sea, the most interesting denizen of the deep—pearly white, and fully twice as large as the largest seen in the shell stores at home. Then there were great flat shells of mother-of-pearl, with spirals and cowries of every shape and hue, and of the most brilliant colors imaginable. These were so tastefully arranged with great masses of red, pink and white coral that one hardly knew which most to admire, the shells and corals, or the skill of

the yellow-skinned merchant in arranging them to show to the best advantage. We enriched our little collection with a few rare shells. As we look at them we are satisfied that the hand of the most skillful painter in the world never produced such deep, rich hues, or such fine shadings and blendings of color as are seen on these beautiful shells; and no marvel, for these were painted by the artist hand of God. One can only look, admire and wonder. That God made so beautiful and colored so richly the shells that serve their purpose and are then cast on the shore of the restless sea, only teaches that the love of the beautiful, which he has given to man, may be legitimately gratified.

But all is not beautiful at Singapore. There are sad, repulsive sights to be seen that sicken the heart and make the soul sorrowful. As we study the people who come and go, we see scores of wild, haggard-eyed, emaciated, woe-begone faces that tell of the opium habit, as surely as the red nose, the watery eyes and the bloated face tell of the drunkard at home. These poor heathen, bearing the image of God on their faces, have been ruined,—mind, soul and body,—by English thirst for gold; for be it known that the foul opium dens are licensed by a Christian (?) nation, and that an immense revenue falls into the coffers of the state each year from the opium trade.

Let us look into one of these opium dens! The sickening stench arising from the opium pipe is even worse than the fumes of a long-used tobacco pipe, and one must have courage to set his foot inside the door. The room is small and is crowded with depraved, half-naked barbarian smokers. The stench of the smoke is supplemented by that arising from the bodies of the unclean "opium fiends." In the center of the swarthy circle, assembled in the filthy den, is a small, dirty oil-lamp, burning with a dim, uncertain flame.

One of the smokers has a pipe with a small bowl, and a stem so thick that he must open his mouth wide to take it in. On the end of a long iron needle he takes up a bit of sticky opium about the size of a pea and heats it over the flame of the lamp. After it is heated he drops it into the small opening in the pipe. He then lies down at full length, places the bowl of the pipe over the flame, draws in the smoke, swallows it, and emits it through his nostrils. In a few moments the muscles relax, the head drops over and the smoker is unconscious of all the world. The pipe is then taken up by another waiting his turn, and so the smoking goes on until the entire crowd are in an unconscious stupor.

I give a word of warning to our boys and young men who are given to the habit of cigarette smoking. It is now stated, on the best of authority, that the manufacturers of cigarettes are putting a small quantity of opium in the tobacco they use. It would seem that men who would do this thing must be lost to all that is good; but the thirst for gold is at the bottom of it all. In this way they hope to fasten the habit of smoking on their victims and thus increase the sale of their wares. When the taste for opium is once acquired it becomes a destroying demon, never to be satisfied; and, because it destroys the will and moral powers, it is almost impossible to throw it off. Many of our state legislatures prohibit the sale of cigarettes, but the consumption of them is on the increase. From smoking the cigarette saturated with the drug it is but a small step to the opium habit itself. As you prize the God-given intellectual and moral powers in your possession, be warned in time.

In addition to the opium eating and smoking, so common among the Orientals, there is a considerable consump-

tion of intoxicating drinks. Drunkenness is not, however, so common as in the Western world. Toddy, the product of the cocoanut palm, is the most common beverage used in India, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements. A liquor is also distilled from rice and is used in large quantities in the East. It is known as "sa-ke," and is quite intoxicating. It is largely used in China and Japan and in the islands south of those countries.

One of the drinks common to the South Pacific is 'ka-va," a product of the Samoan group of islands. The manufacture of this peculiar drink is thus described by one who witnessed the process: "Ka-va is prepared from the root of a species of the pepper tree, found on most of the islands of the Samoan group. The shrub attains a height of five or six feet and has a pretty green foliage, tinged with purple. The root, having been thoroughly washed, is cut in small slices, which are distributed to young girls with perfect teeth, to be chewed, by which process they are reduced to a complete pulp. Mouthful after mouthful of these little pulpy masses is thrown into a large bowl, ceremoniously placed in front of the one who is to serve the beverage, and water is then poured upon them. The mass is now worked with the hand until all the strength and virtue of the fibre is expressed, when it is deftly strained away with a bunch of long fibre from the inner bark of the hibiscus, and the liquid is now ready for drinking. Its appearance is like that of weak tea, its taste like that of soap suds." In the case of the ka-va, it may be said that the drink is chewed. The process of manufacture, if witnessed, would doubtless keep most of our home people from trying the beverage.

If our readers will take a map of the Eastern Hemisphere, and locate Singapore, almost on the equator, and then draw a line a little east of north, nearly the entire

length of the China Sea, with a slight curve around the coast of Siam, to Hong Kong, they will have the route taken by the "Kaiser-i-Hind" from Malay to China. The distance, as the ship runs, is barely fifteen hundred miles, and yet six days are required to make the voyage. Navigation on the China Sea is attended with no little danger, owing to the typhoons that sweep over its waters. As our voyage was made at a season when these cyclonic storms do not prevail to any great extent, we had but little fear of encountering this great danger.

The "Kaiser-i-Hind" moved slowly away from the wharf, and we were off on our way to the land of Cathay. The ship was surrounded by Malay boys in their little boats, clamoring to have the passengers throw money overboard, so that they might dive for it. One knew not which to admire most, the diving or the skill with which the boys sprang into their boats after coming up from the depths. A score or more would spring out of the boats and disappear, diving after the coveted money. After a struggle beneath the water they would reappear, the successful diver holding the coin aloft between his fingers for a moment and then putting it into his mouth in order to be ready for another dive. Swimming to their boats they sprang into them, and, with a quick movement of the foot, kicked the water out while paddling. Sometimes the boats would fill with water and sink. The occupants, two in number, would roll out, seize the little craft at each end, turn it over, empty out the water, right the boat again, spring into it and paddle after the slowly-moving ship, shouting for a dive. The Malay boys are perfectly at home in the water.

We soon left boats and divers far behind, as we moved out to sea. In the harbor there was only the slightest breeze stirring, but Captain Daniels said: "We shall have a

blow when we get out to sea; it is only local, however, and we shall outrun it during the night." His prediction proved to be true. A strong wind was blowing outside the harbor, which increased in force during the evening. The sea ran high and the ship pitched and rolled, much to the discomfort of the passengers. Seasickness added its misery to the ship's unhappy company. We turned in early and slept soundly through the night. When the morning came we were sailing over a sunlit sea, as smooth as glass. So the sorrows of the night were turned into joy in the morning.

And now began a long voyage on the China Sea. The passage was not a pleasant one. Sunshine and smooth seas were succeeded by clouds and storms, accompanied by heavy rainfalls. The northeast monsoon made its force felt to the discomfort of all the ship's company, and no one of the passengers expressed the least regret when we steamed into the harbor of Hong Kong, and landed amidst a throng of almond-eyed, yellow celestials.

On a long sea voyage the continuous throbbing of the engines and the revolutions of the propeller, after a time, become almost a part of one's life. When you lie down at night, the throbbing comes to you with the regularity of the beating of your pulse, and, unconsciously, you will discover that it is keeping time with the pulsations of your heart. You breathe in unison with the throbs, and as the days go by they become a part of your life. It is the great heart of the ship, beating with the regularity of clockwork, which gives motion to the vessel and drives it through the water at such a rapid rate. To have the throbbing suddenly cease, when out at sea, brings great alarm to the passengers and much confusion to the ship's company.

An experience of this kind fell to our lot on the China Sea, and we shall not soon forget it. We were sitting to-



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gether on deck at nine o'clock in the evening. The night was dark, a heavy wind was blowing and the rain was coming down in torrents, and in these latitudes it literally pours down. The sea was rough, but as the monsoon was blowing from the direction we were going, we suffered only from the pitching of the ship. The deck was brilliantly lighted with electricity, and in our protected corner we rather enjoyed the warring of the elements. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, the engines stopped, the heart of the ship ceased its throbbings and we were in Egyptian darkness. The moment the engines stopped, the current of electricity was cut off, and we were left without light. The vessel, no longer propelled through the water, could not be steered, so fell into the trough of the sea and was at the mercy of the waves. She rolled heavily, and at times it seemed as if the ship would roll over on her side. We clung to an iron railing and waited anxiously for developments. The passengers were much alarmed; some put on life-preservers and others began calling on the Lord for help. A few moments before all were in good spirits, and now all was gloom and darkness, with dread and fear. Presently the old-time oil lamps and lanterns were lighted, and never was light more welcome. An officer came on deck and assured the people that nothing of a serious character had happened, that the repairs would be made in a few hours and we would be under way again. A steam supply pipe had bursted and caused the trouble. This information partly quieted the fears of the nervous ones. When, a few hours later, the engines were again started, and the throbbing of the propeller was again heard, great relief was felt by all, and from many hearts grateful thanks went up to God who had preserved us in the face of a great danger.

The storm was succeeded by clear weather and a

smooth sea, and this in turn by strong winds and rough waters. The best of discipline is maintained on board ship. The officers and men are courteous to the passengers and prompt in attention to their duties. The monotony of the voyage was broken by an occasional lifeboat drill. At a signal from the commanding officers the men hurried on deck and took their places. There was no fire, there was no need of the lifeboats; but if the ship had been in the most imminent danger from fire or storm no greater promptness could have been shown in getting fire hose and lifeboats ready for the emergency. Every officer and man was at his post ready for action. It was the perfection of discipline and gave the passengers confidence in the ability of officers and crew to meet the danger promptly and intelligently if it came. The drill, I reflected, was an excellent exercise. It prepared the men for any emergency that might come, and it is always well to be prepared for a danger that may come.

A dull, leaden sky, with a horizon heavy with storm clouds, greeted us when we went on deck on the morning of March 9. The coast of China was in full view, and in a short time we were steaming into the magnificent harbor of Hong Kong, the best and most commanding on the Chinese coast. England has planted her standard here, and as a result prosperity has smiled on the little fishing village of 1841. Then Hong Kong had but a few thousand souls and was a poverty-stricken place; now it has a population of about two hundred thousand and is rich in commerce and merchandise. The place is strongly fortified and commands the approach to Canton and the commerce of the Chinese coast. The city is built on a gently-rising slope which recedes from the water, and then rising abruptly forms Victoria heights. We were glad to leave the "Kai-

ser-i-Hind" which had been our home for thirteen days, and seek a home on shore. We found a pleasant resting place at the Windsor Hotel where we spent a week very pleasantly.

CHAPTER XX.

Short Stay in China—The Black Plague—"Pidgin English"—The Sedan Chair—Crowded Cities—Signboards—Houseboats—The Noonday Meal—A Strange Fashion—Small Feet.

OUR stay in China was of short duration. Both at Hong Kong and Canton the black plague prevailed and many deaths were reported daily; so our first concern was to secure a passage at the earliest possible date for Japan. We considered ourselves fortunate in securing berths on the English steamer "Ancona," sailing a week later for Yokohama, by way of Kobe and the inland sea of Japan. These arrangements being made, the time was spent in seeing something of Chinese life. Our observations were limited. China and the Chinese are a life-long study, and the week spent on the coast gave us but little opportunity to see the people in their homes.

The plague which was raging is one of the most fatal diseases known. Instances are given where, in certain places, every person attacked died. It is usually fatal in from a few hours to three days after the attack. The first symptoms are similar to those of the ague. There are severe pains in the limbs, followed by extreme nervous prostration, with excruciating pains in the head. The patient becomes distracted and tosses about in deep fear. In many cases death intervenes during the first twenty-four hours of the attack. Cases are recorded where the victim succumbed to the disease in less than three hours. The glands of the neck are usually much swollen, and dark spots appear on

the skin. This last symptom gave the disease the name of the black death.

In the fourteenth century the plague invaded Europe, and, according to statistics resulting from an inquiry made by Pope Clement VI., the total number of victims of the dread disease is given at 42,800,000. Other authorities give the total deaths as 25,000,000. These figures are startling and will serve to show the deadly nature of the disease. The cities of London and Venice each lost one hundred thousand of their people. The deaths in Germany were given at a million and a half, and Italy lost fully one-half of her population.

In 1656 the most destructive of all recorded epidemics in Europe raged in Naples, when, it is said, 300,000 people perished in about five months. In 1665 occurred the last Great Plague in London. In a few months 68,596 people perished out of a population of 460,000, two-thirds of whom are supposed to have fled in order to escape the ravages of the disease. The last outbreak of the plague in Europe occurred in 1878-79, on the banks of the river Volga. It caused a panic throughout Europe, but was confined to the villages surrounding the place where it first appeared.

In the old time God sent plagues upon the nations because of their sins. If ever there was a time when sin needs rebuke, it would seem that we are living in that time to-day,—so-called Christian Europe allowing the Mohammedans to massacre the Armenian Christians and protecting the Moslem from the righteous indignation of the Greeks. A day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as a day. But the sins of nations will not go unpunished. Because of sin the plague fell upon the Israelites in the days of David. Because of sin it may fall

upon the nations of Europe at the close of the nineteenth century.

The Windsor proved to be a comfortable hotel. The Chinese servants were kind and obliging, the food was well prepared after the American method of cooking, and had it not been for the fact that the plague was prevailing we might have spent a month in China very comfortably. The Chinese waiters speak what is known as "Pidgin English," a mixture of sounds, at first quite difficult to understand. The elevator boy soon learned that our room was on the upper floor, and his way of stating the fact was, "Melican man loom topside." The "r" is too much for the vocal organs of John, and he invariably substitutes "l." To him the top or upper is always "topside." He seems to think that outside and inside should be supplemented with topside and bottomside. One of the statements made to us was, "I ling glong seven clock you leady eat."

At Hong Kong and Canton, as at Singapore, the common means of rapid transit is the sedan chair. It is somewhat different in appearance from those seen along the Straits of Malacca, as may be seen by a comparison of our fine photogravures, on pages 501 and 519. A very comfortable chair is fastened to and suspended between two bamboo poles, wide enough apart to rest on each shoulder of the carriers. You take your seat in the chair, and two strong men kneel down between the poles, one at each end. Placing one pole on each shoulder, they rise to their feet and start off at a half trot. In the narrow, dirty, crowded streets of Canton and the Chinese quarter in Hong Kong, where walking is at times unsafe and entirely out of the question, the sedan chair is the only means by which the traveler can be taken from place to place with safety. The chairs here are made with a view to comfort, and are finely



TRAVELING IN CHINA.

finished, showing considerable skill in workmanship. A cover, made of waterproof material, is attached to protect the passenger from the rays of the sun and from the rain, so common at this season of the year on this part of the Chinese coast. When one overcomes the natural aversion—only a prejudice after all—to being carried about on men's shoulders, the sedan chair is found to be a comfortable and easy means of transit. It is much slower, however, than the jinrikishas. But the chair will take you where the two-wheeled "pull-man-car" cannot go. But think of a large city where the most rapid means of transit is the sedan chair! At home the horse car has long been too slow for our people. Electricity has come to solve the problem of rapid transit in our cities. In the Orient the donkey, the camel, the jinrikisha and the sedan chair are fast enough for these easy, slow-going people. Verily the Oriental clings to the ways of his father.

But little attention is paid to sanitary conditions in the cities of China. Sewerage is neglected, the streets are narrow and the houses are crowded with human beings. It is a matter of amazement to the traveler to know how many people can be stowed away in an ordinary Chinese house. Canton has a population of a million, and you wonder where the people live. No marvel that the plague carries off so many of them; the wonder is that the death rate is not much higher than it is. The narrow streets are paved with cut stone, and during the heat of the day are shaded with awnings. They are lumbered with articles for sale, and during the busy part of the day are overcrowded with natives. Our picture on page 523 shows a narrow business street after the business of the day has closed, and only the merchants are left to look after and care for their wares. The Chinese merchant sets forth his virtues on his signboard.

You may read, if you can master the hieroglyphics, such signs as these, "Unselfish Generosity," "Benevolence and Justice," "Peace and Righteousness," "Friendship and Fidelity." These high-sounding phrases are supposed to set forth the excellent character of the trader; but it is said he falls far below the standard he sets for himself. The name of the merchant seldom appears on the signboard, but his keenness and sagacity are made known in phrases like this: "No credit given here; we have grown wise by experience." He also informs his patrons that "No cheating is done here." The inscriptions like the last are not always appropriate. Here is one copied from a sign above the door of an opium den: "May health and happiness rest on all who enter here." The sentiment expressed is as much out of place over the door of an opium den as it would be over that of a rum shop in Chicago or New York.

Morally, the Chinese standard, like that of all heathen nations, is very low. Paul's description, in Romans I, of the depravity of the Imperial City may be applied to the great mass of the people in China. Those who have made a careful study of the Chinese, and their moral and social life, say that while there are among them some excellent traits of character, yet side by side with these "are found habits which are gross and sensual, and practices which reveal a sorry lack of cultured moral sense."

Like the Hindu, the average Chinaman has no idea of the beauty of truthfulness or the moral depravity of lying. He seems to be without conscience on the subject. It is said, that "to lie is with them a sort of Spartan virtue. Parents feel pleased at the dexterity with which a child of theirs can lie. They regard it as a touch of genius—a hopeful sign that their son will make his way in the world."

In trading, this infirmity is made manifest. The mer-



STREET IN HONG KONG.

chant on whose sign you read "Benevolence and Justice," will tell you with all the earnestness of apparent truthfulness that the article which he is offering you for four dollars, and which would be dear at half the price, cost him three dollars and ninety cents, and that he is charging you ten cents profit for keeping it and for the trouble of selling it to you. If you offer him two dollars for it he will declare he is losing money and being ruined, but in the end you get the article, only to find out later that you have paid two prices for it.

In "Everyday Life in China" we find this reference to the deceptive propensities of the people: "The ingenuity of the Chinaman comes out strongly in his pilfering habits. As we said of their lying, where affection or self-interest constrain them, they are all that could be wished. The same is true of honesty. Valuables may be safely intrusted with a man who has sufficient reason to be honest; but all is fair gain that can be safely gotten, is the loose principle of 'childlike and bland' John Chinaman. Robbery becomes a high art with certain classes, especially as the New Year approaches. Several years ago, while the supreme court of Hong Kong was in session, a man entered the court room with a ladder, which he proceeded to place upon a bench near the judge. The judge and counsel were annoyed at the ill-timed procedure and asked what he wanted. He said he had been sent to fetch the clock to be cleaned. In a rash moment the judge said that, seeing he was already upon the ladder, he might as well take the clock there and then, instead of coming back for it at a more convenient season, and so he did; but the clock was never heard of more! We have known a housetop stripped of its lead by persons who said they had been sent to repair it. One almost feels as though they had earned it by their daring!"

A very peculiar phase of Chinese life is to be found among the dwellers on the water. House-boats are common on all the rivers and harbors of China. Tens of thousands are born, live, and die on and in the house-boats. They go ashore only to sell fish and buy such things as are necessary to supply their very limited wants. They are at home on the water. The day we steamed away from Hong Kong several house-boats cast anchor alongside the "Ancona," and from the deck we had an opportunity to study some phases of this peculiar life. We watched with interest the movements of a large family on one of the boats. The mother, with a year-old babe strapped to her back, was busily engaged in preparing the noonday meal for her numerous progeny. A large pot, set over the fire which was burning on a kind of hearth placed on the deck, was boiling, and as the woman lifted the lid and stirred the contents the odor of cooking rice came to us on the ship. Half a dozen children were playing about the deck and were having a good time generally. Around the neck of the smaller children is tied a heavy cord, to which is attached a piece of bamboo. If, in their romping about the deck, one of them falls overboard, which often happens, the mother fishes the little one out of the water with a boat-hook, the cord about the neck, with the bamboo attached, being very convenient for that purpose.

When the woman gave the signal for dinner, the father and more children came from below deck. They squatted down, forming a circle around the dinner pot, ten in number. The mother gave each of them a china bowl filled with the steaming hot rice. Spoons, knives or forks were not used, chop-sticks taking the place of these useful articles. It is surprising how skillfully these two straight, thin sticks, about seven inches in length, can be used in convey-



A CHINESE WOMAN.

ing food from dish or bowl to the mouth. The dinner ended, the chop-sticks were cleaned by drawing them through the hand, the bowls were washed in a little water dipped from the sea, and the woman's work was done for the time.

One of the most distressing customs or fashions to be observed in China is that of arresting the growth of the feet in childhood, so that when the girl baby has grown to womanhood she may shine in the highest ranks of fashion and aristocracy, because of the smallness of her feet. In early childhood, when the bones and cartilage are soft, the feet are bandaged and compressed in such a way that growth is impossible. For several years the process is said to be extremely painful, and the little victim to the demands of custom and fashion can only cry and moan in agony until the feet become wasted and bloodless, and insensible to pain. A photograph of a Chinese lady's feet shows that all the toes, except the great one, are turned under and are to be seen only on the sole of the foot. At Hong Kong we purchased several pairs of shoes, such as are worn by the ladies of that country. The inner measure is exactly three inches in length, and at the heel, the widest part of the shoe, an inch and a quarter in width. The shoe tapers to a point like the most fashionable tooth-pick shoes, now so generally worn in our own country.

The Chinese women, whose feet are deformed as before described, find it a very difficult matter to walk, and many of them must be carried from place to place by servants. Their "golden lilies," as they call their feet, are so deformed and weak that they cannot bear the weight imposed upon them. We saw several of them trying to walk, and their steps were as short and as unsteady as those of a child taking its first lessons in walking. It will be understood that this fashion prevails only among the rich Mandarins—a

wealthy, office-holding caste—and that the common people appear to have too much good sense to follow this hurtful and ridiculous fashion set up by the upper class.

In our own civilized and Christianized country we wonder how people can be so silly as to follow such senseless and injurious fashions as prevail in heathen lands. There is no accounting for taste in fashion. The Chinese compress their feet and Christians compress their waists by tight lacing. Of the two evils eminent physicians do not hesitate to say that the latter is by far the more injurious to the health of the devotee of fashion. The feet are deformed by the Chinese, but the more important organs of the body are not interfered with. The Christian, by tight lacing, compresses, deforms, and displaces the vital organs, and ill health, suffering, and a broken constitution result. These evils fall not only on those who indulge in the hurtful fashions, but upon unborn generations. A comparison of the follies, excesses, and injuries entailed by following the goddess of fashion, is fully as favorable to the heathen as to the Christian.

CHAPTER XXI.

From China to Japan—A Staunch Steamer and a Rough Sea—Trusting in God—A Dangerous Coast—Nagasaki—General Grant's Tree—A Touching Incident—The Inland Sea of Japan—Kobe—A Japanese Passport—Journey to Kioto—The Politeness of the Japanese—The Ancient Capital of Japan—Historical—Will Adams—Commodore Perry—The Japanese Dress—Absence of Jewelry—The Kioto Jinrikisha—The Temple of Kwannon—One Thousand and One Images—The Buddha.

I FIND in my notebook under date of March 13, 1896, the following entry: To-day at noon the English steamer "Ancona," three thousand tons burden, swung around in the harbor of Hong Kong and our voyage from China to Japan began. A strong wind was blowing from the north-east and the feeling was pretty general among the passengers that we should have a rough passage. This feeling was intensified when orders were given to take down awnings and close portholes and hatchways. The few sails the ship carried were securely lashed to the yards and every rope and chain made tight. We were prepared for the storm if it came. There is wisdom in being ready, and these preparations gave us all confidence in our captain. Outside the harbor the sea was rough, but our course lay through the Straits of Formosa, so that we had the protection of the land for some distance. Then came the wide stretch of sea where wind and waves had full play. The storm swept down with increasing force from the Yellow Sea, piling up the water into hills and ridges, tossing our staunch little steamer to and fro on the crest of the waves,

to the full content of those who enjoy a storm at sea, and to the great discomfort of those who fall an easy prey to seasickness.

The night came down on the sea with inky blackness, and the storm wind howled and shrieked as it swept across the foaming, seething waters. It was a wild night. Before going to our cabins we commended ourselves to him in whom we trust. Then we sang, not only with our lips but from the innermost depth of the soul:

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.”

What if the storm comes and the billows roll, in the bosom of the Shepherd we sought and found refuge, and so through the night we slept the sleep of rest and peace. What a power there is in prayer, in this that while God does not remove the ills of life from us he gives us, as he did Paul, grace to bear them. And so amid the storms of life we may lie down in trustful peace, knowing that God will do that which is best. Shipwreck may come, a watery grave may be our lot, but if so it will be an open gateway to a home where storms never come. Is it not best to take this broader view of God's dealings with us? Do we not often belittle God's providence by our narrow views and extreme selfishness? God, help me to see thy wonderful goodness and mercy in all thy dealings with me.

The wind abated somewhat during the night, but the storm clouds still cover the sky. We have not had a

glimpse of the sun for two weeks, and how we long for the bright sunlight of India and the Isle of Spices.

All day we coast along the southern shores of China. The captain of the "Ancona" tells us this is the most dangerous sea in the world to navigate and that many good ships are wrecked in these waters every year. We pass many rocks that seem dangerously near to our ship, as they are partly hidden by the water; but still they are far enough away when the water is smooth. But woe to the luckless mariner whose craft is caught here by the typhoon. Certain destruction awaits him.

Four days out from Hong Kong we cast anchor in the harbor of Nagasaki, one of the ports of Japan, and have our first experience among the Japanese, who are by far the most interesting people in the Orient. As we remained at this port but half a day we had no time for extended observation. We saw something of the old city which is without special interest outside of its people, who are always interesting. Near the city is a beautiful garden or park. The jinrikishas were ready to take us to the garden, and we spent part of the time very pleasantly strolling about the well-kept place. At one place we noticed a granite block upon which is engraved the following letter, in the well-known handwriting of General Grant:

NAGASAKI, JAPAN, June 22, 1879.

At the request of Gov. Utsuma Mrs. Grant and I each planted a tree in the Nagasaki Park. I hope both trees may prosper, grow large, live long, and this growth, prosperity and long life may be emblematical of the future of Japan.

U. S. GRANT.

Near by the tablet stand the trees planted nearly a score of years ago. Their growth in no way indicated the length of the lives of those who planted them. The one

planted by the great general prospers, grows and gives promise of long life, while the one planted by Mrs Grant is dead and will soon be rotted away. Only a few years after the trees were planted Grant closed his earthly career. His wife still survives him.

From Nagasaki our course lay through the Inland Sea of Japan, one of the most beautiful and picturesque bodies of water in the East. It is bordered with undulating hills and valleys, covered with a carpet of green, and dotted here and there with thriving cities and towns. This part of the voyage was delightfully pleasant, and we enjoyed it all the better because of the rough experience of the preceding days.

As we steamed across this beautiful body of water an incident occurred which no one who witnessed it will soon forget. We had on board the "Ancona" the wife of the captain of a sister ship, the "Verona," and the two vessels running between Yokohama and Hong Kong would meet and pass within a hundred yards of each other on the Inland Sea. The wife was anxious to see and greet her husband as he passed, and the passengers were all interested in her wifely devotion. Presently the "Verona" appeared in sight, and the captain's wife stationed herself on the upper deck and waited to catch a glimpse of her husband as he passed by. We all watched with her, and as the ships neared each other the husband's voice was heard, and greetings were exchanged as the ship moved rapidly on. It was a pleasant incident, and yet it had a sad side—husband and wife so close together and yet so far apart. As the ships drew rapidly away from each other I thought of the day of judgment, when many a husband and wife will pass one to the right, the other to the left, and will see each other no more.

Arriving at Kobe, an important seaport of Japan, we decided, provided we could secure passports, to leave the "Ancona" and proceed by railway to Yokohama. This would give us an opportunity to see something of the interior of Japan and to become better acquainted with the people and their manners and customs. Without a passport a foreigner cannot travel inland beyond the narrow treaty limits of the open ports. Accordingly I trudged through the rain to the United States Consulate, where the state paper was to be had for the asking and the payment of one yen—about fifty cents of our money. The consul was absent, but his assistant, a gentlemanly Japanese, arranged the matter and we were soon in possession of the needed papers. The passport was printed in Japanese. The English translation attached reads as follows:

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

AT HIOGO, March 19, 1896.

The annexed passport has been granted to the citizens of the United States whose names appear below, by the Hiogo Ken-Cho, for travel in the interior, at the request of the undersigned officer, through whom it must be returned at its expiration. The bearers are expressly cautioned to observe, in every particular, the directions of the Japanese Government printed in Japanese characters on the back of the passport, an English translation of which is given herewith, and they are expected and required to conduct themselves in an orderly and conciliatory manner towards the Japanese authorities and people.

The directions accompanying the passport say that upon request the traveler must show the paper to any officer or innkeeper for inspection. Failing to do this, he will be sent back to the nearest open port. The bearer must not rent a house in the interior, hunt, or use firearms,

travel in a carriage by night without a light, attend a fire on horseback, drive rapidly on narrow roads, neglect to pay ferry and bridge tolls, injure notice signs, house signs and mile posts, scribble on temple or shrine walls, injure crops, shrubs, trees or plants, trespass on fields, or light fires in woods or hills or moors.

The numerous prohibitions' on the official document did not interfere with the pleasure of our tour through the country. We had not the remotest idea of attending fires on horseback or of renting a house in the interior or of kindling a fire on hill or moor. It is evident that the Japanese are acquainted with the propensity of the average American to write his name wherever he goes; hence the prohibition against scribbling on temple walls.

Armed with our passport, which threw around us the protection of the United States, we left Hiogo, otherwise Kobe, by railway for Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan and by far the most interesting city in all the country. Railroading in Japan is much like railroading in other parts of the world. The cars were comfortable, the seats facing each other with a spacious aisle in the center. The floor of the coaches was covered with heavy rugs, and closed flat tin vessels filled with hot water furnished a grateful warmth, for the air was damp and cold outside. The roadbed was firm and the train ran without jolting or jarring. The rate of speed did not exceed twenty-five miles an hour; numerous stops were made to let off and take on passengers.

Our first impression of the people was favorable to them. We found them polite, courteous, kind-hearted and well disposed toward Americans. Their politeness and courtesy is so strongly marked, and so manifest on all sides, that it may be set down as a national characteristic. During our two months' stay in Japan we never saw an exception

to the general rule of refined courtesy on the part of those with whom we came in contact. From the highest official in government circles to the Coolie who pulls your jinrikisha through the streets you will receive the most polite attention. The officials in charge of the train were as polite as the most refined gentlemen. Rudeness was entirely out of the question with them.

At five in the evening the train rolled into the depot, and half an hour later we were going through the streets of the old capital of Japan, jinrikisha fashion, for the Kyoto hotel, where we found very pleasant and comfortable quarters during our stay in the City of the Mikados.

A few facts as to Japan historically may not be without interest. The ancient history of the Japanese is so mingled with the fiction of mythology and the supernatural that it is wholly unreliable. Shintoism was the religion of the people; it means, literally, the "way of the gods." The emperors were, according to this belief, descendants of the gods and divine honors were paid them living or dead. The motto of the times was, "Obey the emperor and be happy." This intermingling of the human and the divine led to the belief that the rulers possessed miraculous powers, and wonderful stories are told of them. No dependence can be placed on the records prior to the fifth century of our era. Even the annals of the sixth and seventh centuries cannot be accepted with full credence.

About A. D. 600 the nation was converted to the teaching of Buddha. From India the teachers of this doctrine went into China, from where, in a corrupted stream, Buddhism was carried into Japan. Shintoism was not, however, overthrown. It was taken into Buddhism and the two exist in Japan to-day.

Coming down to later times, the first Englishman that

ever resided in Japan was a sea captain by the name of Adams. On April 19, 1600, in a heavy storm he ran his ship into the harbor of Nagasaki, where he was taken prisoner and carried before the emperor. The ruler was shrewd enough to recognize in Adams an able and useful man, and from that time until his death in 1620 he remained an exile from his native land. He was retained at the Japanese court and employed as a ship-builder and a teacher of ways English, and later as an agent to treat with other English traders who now began to visit the ports of Japan. Adams often referred to his wife and children in England, and reiterated a desire to return to them again; but he died without having his desire gratified. It would seem that the emperor amply rewarded the old sea captain for his services. In a quaint letter written by another adventurer, who visited Adams on his estate at Hemi, we have this account: "The estate is a Lordshipp given to Capt. Adams per the ould Emperour to hym and his foreaver, and confermed to his sonne, called Joseph. There is above 100 farms, or households, uppon it, besides others under them, all of which are his vassals, and he hath power of lyfe and death over them, they being his slaves; and he having as absolute authoritie over them as any king in Japan hath over his vassals."

Not to an Englishman, however, but to an American belongs the praise and the title to lasting fame for having thrown open the door of eastern Asia to the world. Japan stubbornly refused to acknowledge the existence of an outside world. Japan for the Japanese and death to foreigners was the motto inscribed on her banners. For more than two centuries she shut herself up in timid seclusion and admitted no foreigner to her soil. The barrier was broken by Commodore Perry, of the United States Navy. In July, 1853, his fleet anchored off Uraga, a port at the entrance of

Yeddo Bay. The Japanese sought to prevent his landing, but setting aside every obstacle he succeeded in placing in the hands of the emperor the letter of President Filmore demanding the opening of the ports of Japan to United States ships and the establishment of commercial relations. Having accomplished his purpose, he proceeded to China, promising to return the next year for an answer. The result was the first foreign treaty ever made by Japan. It was signed at Kanagawa, now Yokohama, on the 31st of March, 1854. By this treaty two ports were opened to American trade and the barrier was thrown down. England, France and Russia followed in Perry's train and the port of Yokohama was thrown open to the world. In 1860-61 the emperor of Japan sent an embassy to the United States, and the New Japan entered upon its existence. It resulted in a revolution "which, after plunging Japan into confusion and bloodshed, has regenerated on Western lines all her institutions, ideas, and aims,—this, which it takes so few words to say, but which implies so much, is the result of what Perry was instrumental in doing. Many things precious to the lovers of art and antiquity perished in the process, for old Japan was like an oyster:—to open it was to kill it."

Perry's peaceful victory, won without the roar of cannon or clash of arms, marks an epoch in the history of Japan. Her progress since then has been one of the marvels of the century. From an unknown, illiterate heathen nation, she has in forty years taken her place among the progressive nations of the world. In the war with China she showed her mettle, and in a few sharp, decisive blows brought the Chinese empire to her feet. In the diplomatic and commercial relations that exist between civilized nations, Japan, from this time forward, must be taken into account as an important factor. Her future, judging from the past, is full

of promise, and it is not too much to hope that her progress may open up the vast territory of China to the Christianizing and civilizing influence now so active in most parts of the world.

Japan, called Nippon in the native tongue, means literally, "sun origin," "the place where the sun comes from." The Chinese gave it this name because the islands were east of their own country and the sun appeared to them to rise out of the archipelago. Hence its poetical name, "The Land of the Rising Sun." It comprises four large islands, with about four thousand smaller ones clustering around the larger. Its area, exclusive of the territory recently acquired by treaty from China, resulting from the late war, is 147,655 square miles. In area it is 20,000 square miles less than the three Western States of Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, but in population it exceeds them about six to one. According to the census of 1890 the states named had a population of 7,077,666. In 1893 the census of Japan showed a population of 41,089,940. With the same density of population the United States would contain more than three hundred million souls, a condition altogether possible to be realized before the close of the twentieth century.

Kyoto, the western capital, and until 1869 the residence of the imperial family, has a population of nearly three hundred thousand, and is, as already intimated, the most interesting city in Japan. The seaport cities are more or less Europeanized. In them many of the natives have adopted the costumes worn by the English and the Americans, but here the people very sensibly cling to their own convenient and healthful style of dress. During our stay in the capital we rode about the streets in jinrikishas, visited the most important temples, the imperial palace and other places of in-



JAPANESE LADIES IN WINTER DRESS.

terest, and during that period we did not see a Japanese lady or gentleman dressed in American or European clothing. In this they show their good sense and fine taste.

Speaking in a general way about the dress of the Japanese, the kimono, or outer garment, resembles an American dressing gown. It is folded across the breast, leaving the neck exposed, is held in place by a sash or belt, and is worn alike by both sexes, the principal difference being in the sleeves, which are cut square and are made larger in the dress worn by the women. The large sleeves are utilized as pockets and are very convenient for this purpose.

The sash or belt which keeps the kimono in place is formed into a large bow on the back, known as the obi, and is the principal ornament of the female dress. The clothing is plain, especially among married women, loose-fitting, comfortable, healthful and withal neat and tasty. No attempt is made by the Japanese women to compress the waist by binding it in steel frame, health-destroying corsets, so generally worn by Christian women in Europe and America to improve the form and produce a wasp-like waist. The Japanese ladies, as a rule, have too much good common sense to indulge in tight lacing. If the few ornaments worn in the hair be excepted, it may be said that jewelry is not worn by the women of Japan. Among the converts to Christianity are found those who, following the fashion set by the wives of some of the missionaries, wear jewelry; but this is the exception and not the rule.

The wealthy people wear kimonos of the finest quality of silk, and Japan produces the finest silk in the world. An aristocratic Japanese lady's dress may represent a value of two hundred dollars, and between this and the Coolies' poor trappings, which cost two dollars, there is every grade of clothing and range of price. As the fashion of

the garments does not change, they are handed down from father to son and from mother to daughter. Think of a fashionable lady in America wearing her grandmother's gown! She would be the observed of all observers. Since her grandmother was a young lady the fashion has changed a score of times. Not so in Japan. The fashion of the kimono has not changed in a score of generations. No time is spent by the Japanese ladies in studying the latest fashion plates, or racking their brains about the latest thing out in spring or winter bonnets. "In all its essentials," says an author who has made a careful study of the subject, "the female costume of Japan has remained the same, decade after decade; graceful, artistic, comfortable, and wholesome. The women of this country never abbreviated the interval between themselves and savagery by boring holes in their ears to hang baubles there, by loading their fingers with rings, by encasing their chests in frames of steel and bone, by distorting their feet with high-heeled shoes, by tricking their heads with feathers, and by sticking dead birds over their raiment."

The Japanese ladies take great pains in arranging their hair, which is always jet black and of which they have a great wealth. The assistance of some one is indispensable in arranging the hair. There are folds and braids and tiny ornamental pins and tortoise shell combs used in a way to produce the finest effect. At night, to keep her coiffure intact, the lady has a narrow wooden block surmounted with a roll of cotton for a pillow. On this she rests her neck, and thus keeps her hair from being disarranged. In warm weather she appears on the street with her head uncovered, while in the winter she wears a cloth over the head and about the neck.

The children's dress is much like that of their elders



THE JAPANESE JINRIKISHA.

The child's kimono is but a miniature of the one worn by the father and mother. Every child wears a small charm bag at its side, which is supposed to have the virtue of keeping evil away from them. It is made of bright colored cloth and contains the *mamori-fuda*, or charm. Usually children have a metal tag fastened about the neck with name and address stamped on it. In the event of their being lost it is easy to locate them. Among the poor class children are scantily clad even in the winter, and in summer they run about clad only in nature's garb.

Within the past few years the progressive ideas of the people have led some of them to adopt European dress; this not because it is better than their own, but as a mark of advancement in civilization. The court at Tokio has adopted the Paris styles, and it has made some progress in the open ports. But the public appeal, signed by Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Garfield and scores of other prominent women of America, to the ladies of Japan, in which they hope that they are "too patriotic to endanger the health of a nation, and to abandon what is beautiful and suitable in their national costume, and to waste money on foreign fashions," is having its influence, and it is to be hoped for the sake of the health and prosperity of Japan that she will cling to her own style of dress.

In Kyoto the jinrikisha is the only means of public conveyance. The Japanese vehicle does not differ materially from those used in Ceylon and the Straits Settlements on the peninsula of Malacca, already described at some length, the only noticeable difference being that in Japan many of the jinrikishas are wide enough to seat two people. The Japanese are a small race and two of them are drawn about with apparent ease. Usually, however, when two persons ride two men furnish the motive power, one to push and the

other to pull. In the courtyard in front of our hotel a score of 'rikisha men with their miniature buggies were stationed waiting for passengers. After one has had time to overcome the feeling that it is not right to be drawn about the streets by men, it comes to be a pleasant and enjoyable method of seeing a large city. Your view is wholly unobstructed, and you can thread narrow streets where a larger vehicle could not go. Then there is no occasion to hurry. You can have your 'rikisha man walk along slowly when places of interest are in sight, and you can make observations and take notes, as it were on the wing. The men are careful and faithful.

In May, 1891, the present Czar of Russia with his cousin, Prince George of Greece, was traveling in Japan. While riding through the streets the Czar was attacked by an assassin and had it not been for the timely aid rendered by his cousin and the two jinrikisha men, Mukobata and Kitaga, he would have been murdered. The two men are the heroes of the jinrikisha world. Honors and rewards were showered on them alike by the Czar and the Emperor of Japan.

Kyoto, having been for many years the royal residence, abounds in temples great and small, with many images of the gods of Japan. To describe them in detail would be to write volumes. I shall attempt only a very brief description of several of the most important which we visited.

A delightful ride through the city brought us to the San-ju-san-gendo, the temple of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy. It is also called the temple of 33,333 images. There are actually 1,001 images of the goddess set up in the place. The goddess is reputed to have a thousand hands, and an image for each hand with one thrown in for good measure was required to satisfy the image-loving Emperor



TEMPLE OF 1000 GODS, KYOTÔ.

100
SANJUSANGENDO
ODD
IMAGES AT KYOTO

Kameyama, who rebuilt the temple and set up the images in 1266 A. D. The building is 389 feet in length and 57 feet wide. With exception of a narrow walk at one side, the entire building is occupied by the images. They are carved out of wood, each five feet in height and stand on pedestals placed in tiers along the side of the building. Our photogravure shows one-half of the building. A large seated image will be noticed in the foreground. This is placed in the center of the building, so that we have in view only half of the images. The number 33,333 is obtained by including in the computation the smaller images on the foreheads, the halos and the hands of the larger ones. The images are gilded with gold and present an impressive appearance. Passing slowly along the temple aisle we noticed several pedestals without images. This was explained later when we entered the workshop at the rear of the building, where several men were kept constantly at work repairing and restoring the gods.

An idea of the traditions connected with Japanese worship and of the superstitious belief of the ignorant among the people, is given in the following, which is connected with the temple of San-Tu. The Emperor Go-Shivakawa, being troubled with severe headaches which all the usual remedies failed to relieve, made a pilgrimage to the temple of the goddess of mercy to pray for relief. He was directed by the gods to apply to a celebrated Indian physician then resident at a temple in the capital. He at once proceeded thither, when a monk appeared and informed him that in a previous state of existence his majesty had been a pious monk who for his merits had been promoted to the rank of mikado in this present life; but that his former skull was lying in the bottom of a river undissolved, and that out of it grew a willow tree which shook every time the wind blew,

causing his majesty's head to ache. On arriving the emperor instituted a search for the skull, and having found it had it enclosed in the head of the large image in this temple, whereupon he was cured of his headache.

The followers of Buddha in Japan delight in making colossal images of their god. Near the temple of Kwannon is the celebrated wooden image of Buddha, called the Daibutsu. It consists of only the head and shoulders of the god, without the body. Such are its dimensions, however, that it reaches to the ceiling of the lofty hall in which it is kept. The height of the image is fifty-eight feet, and the breadth of the shoulders forty-three feet, the face being thirty feet in length. The head and face are gilded with gold and the image presents an imposing appearance. At Kamakara we saw another great image of the Buddha, a picture of which is given on page 553. It is said to be one of the finest examples of Japanese sculpture. The image is forty-nine feet in height and ninety-seven feet in circumference. Notice the two Japanese standing at the base of the image, showing by comparison its great size. "The eyes of the image are of pure gold and the silver boss, the projection on the forehead, weighs thirty pounds. The image is formed of sheets of bronze cast separately, brazed together, and finished off on the outside with the chisel. The hollow interior of the figure contains a small shrine, and by means of a winding stairway one may ascend into the head."

It will be noticed that the head of the Daibutsu is covered with small, round protuberances. They are made to represent snails. It is said that when Buddha sat so long beneath the bo tree in India, the afternoon tropical sun beat down on his head. The snails, the story says, taking pity on the sufferer, crawled to the top of his head and arranged



BUDDHA DAIBUTSU.

themselves so as to form a complete covering for the god, thus protecting his head from the rays of the sun.

Another temple, among the number visited in Kyoto, worthy of brief mention, is the new Buddhist building known as Higashi Honwanji. It has just been completed and occupies the site of a similar structure destroyed by fire in 1864, and is the largest temple of its kind in Japan. The building is imposing in appearance and abounds in fine carvings and exquisite woodwork. The interior is beautifully finished in highly-polished native wood, and the skill of the joiner is to be seen on every hand, for Japan has some of the most skillful carvers and woodworkers in the world.

After making the rounds of the temples at Kyoto I was deeply impressed with the thought that the greatest need of Japan to-day is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These kindly disposed, gentle people, with unlimited power of imitation and a strong and earnest desire for progress, ought to be rescued from their idolatry and their hearts turned to the worship of the true and living God. The possibilities of the progress of these people, in civilization founded on the religion of Christ, are beyond computation. They are now handicapped and hindered by their idolatrous worship and observances. Replace the temple of Buddha and Shinto with churches of God, where the principles of primitive Christianity are taught and practiced, give the people the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus, and in half a century no nation in the world will stand ahead of Japan in civilization.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Buddhist Temple—A Crowd of Worshipers—Selling Prayers—Plastering an Idol—The Liberality of the Idol Worshipers—Ringing a Bell to Awaken the God—The Food of the Gods—The Japanese Kago—Purchasing a Kimono—Japanese Children—From Kyoto to Yokohama—The Japanese Pipes—Letters from Home—Nikko the City of Temples—The Emperor's Bridge—General Grant's Modesty—A Japanese Hotel—Eating Under Difficulties—The Sacred White Horse—Bean Selling—Tokio—"Oh, How I Wish I Could Feel an Earthquake!"—Our Experience With Earthquakes—Destruction Wrought by the Quaking Earth—Earthquake Houses—The Kingdom of Christ Shall Not Be Shaken.

THE temple worship, if the exercises witnessed by us in the principal temples of Kyoto can be dignified by the name of worship, has its interesting side to the stranger who sees it all for the first time. The accompanying reproduction of a Buddhist temple, from a Japanese print, may be examined before entering the enclosure with its many buildings. The numbers correspond with the following description:

1. The two-storied gateway, at the entrance to the temple grounds. This building is usually elaborately carved and is approached by a stairway.
2. A smaller hall called Gaku-do.
3. The belfry where hangs the temple bell, which is sounded by means of a heavy piece of timber swung back and forth as a battering ram.
- 4, 5. The main temple and the founder's hall.

6, 7. A reliquary containing sacred relics, and the revolving library where a complete copy of the Buddhist canon is kept.

8, 9. The priests' apartments and the reception room.

10. The treasure house where the money is kept.

11. The kitchen connected by a gallery with the priests' quarters.

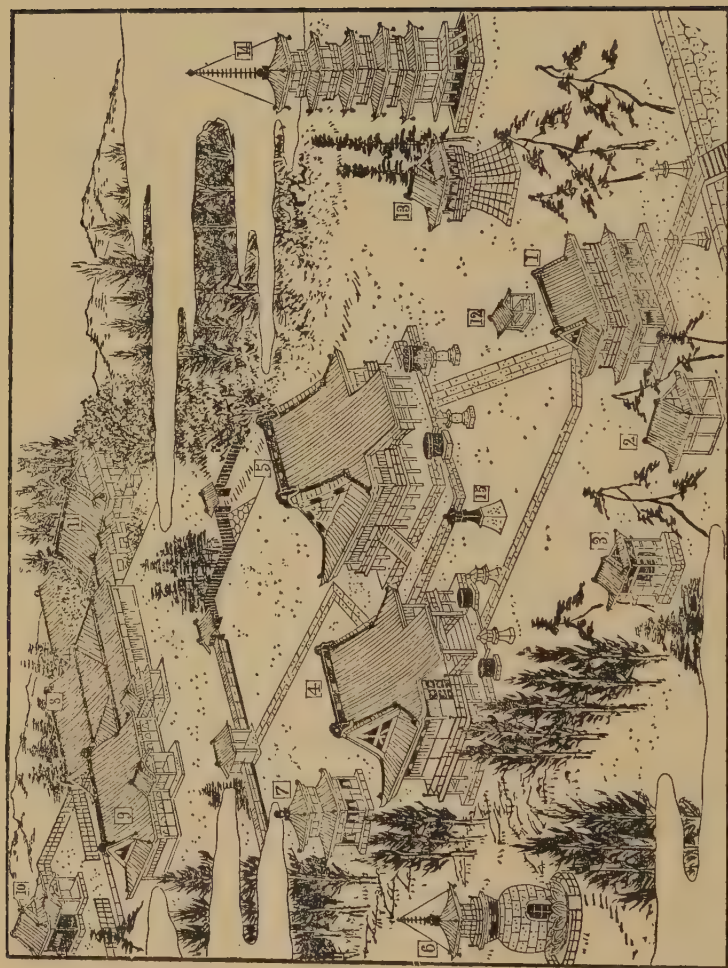
12. The cistern or tank where the hands are washed before entering the temple to worship.

13. The drum tower.

14. The Pagoda.

15. Stone lanterns.

The day we visited Higashi Hongwanji a festival of some kind was in progress and the new temple and grounds were crowded with Japanese of every age and rank. It was a good-natured, smiling crowd; everybody seemed to be enjoying himself. Entering the gateway, the tank or cistern was first approached, where the necessary washing was made before entering the temple. Several towels hanging by the side of the tank were used for drying the hands. Once they may have been white, but now they were black and grimy from numerous wipings. Ascending the broad stairway leading to the great hall or audience room of the temple, the shoes are removed and placed in rows in front of the entrance, for no Japanese will enter his house or his temple with his street shoes on his feet. As a result the floors are kept scrupulously clean. And what an array of Japanese foot gear decorated the entrance to the temple. There were thousands of shoes of all sizes to be seen. The wonder to me was how each was to know his own when he came out of the temple. Following the crowd, we approached the entrance, and were met by a polite official who handed each of us a pair of felt socks large enough to



JAPANESE TEMPLE GROUND.

From a Japanese Print.

slip over our boots. Thus shod we were permitted to enter the temple and wander about at our own sweet will. Passing into the enclosure, a strange sight met our eyes. A vast throng of worshipers were squatted on the floor. The room was without a bench or chair. The people were crowded close together, forming a semicircle around the golden image of the god, which occupied a place in the center of one side of the hall. A railing three feet high kept the crowd from approaching too near the image. Only the priests were permitted to enter the inner enclosure.

I at once became an interested spectator of the strange scene around me. It was the first time I had ever witnessed a whole assembly of people worshipping before an idol. In India I had seen the individual worship before the image of his god, but here were thousands sitting on the floor with bowed heads and lips moving in silent prayer. The crowd was constantly changing. After remaining seated a few minutes the devotees would rise and go out, others coming and taking their places. Before leaving, however, a written prayer was usually purchased from the priests, who have a monopoly of selling prayers. I am told they do a thriving business. They furnish on demand any kind of prayer wanted. The kind most generally purchased are for the recovery of sick friends, or for those who have a journey to make by land or by sea.

At some places, I was told, it is the custom after the prayer has been purchased, to place in the mouth the paper on which it has been written. It is then chewed until reduced to pulp, when it is formed into a ball. The worshiper then throws it with all his strength against one of the numerous images of the gods, usually the one at the gateway. If the paper wad sticks fast to the idol, it is believed the prayer will be answered, and the devotee goes away

satisfied. If this result is not obtained, another prayer must be purchased and another attempt made to secure the favor of the god by making a wad of pulp stick fast to his image. Seeing these kindly disposed people engaged in the worship of their false gods is a sad sight, and how one wishes that they might be rescued from their idolatry and all its consequences and brought to worship the true and living God.

After spending some time among the worshipers in the main hall of the temple we visited other parts of the building and were compelled to admire the fine workmanship and the skill of the wood carvers which was to be seen in every part of the structure. Finer or more skillful work has never come under my notice. Returning again to the hall, we found that the worshipers had all departed. The floor of the temple where they had been sitting was literally covered with small pieces of money, known as cash or *rins*. The priests were engaged in sweeping the bits of metal together and gathering them up with shovels and depositing the money in the temple treasury. The value of the brass *rin* is about one mill of our money. It was a novel method of taking up a collection, and it showed that the Japanese were willing to pay something for their false religion. The amount given by each individual was small, but all gave and I was informed by our guide that some of the wealthy people dropped into the treasury as much as from fifty to one hundred dollars.

At another temple the giving was conducted on a different plan. A box was arranged before the idol, into which the contributions were cast. Those who gave took the precaution to ring a bell first to waken up the god, so that their liberality might not pass unnoticed. After throwing in the gift a prayer was offered and the worshiper went

his way. The ringing of the bell shows that the people believe that their god sleeps. It will be remembered that Elijah the prophet told the priests of Baal on Mt. Carmel to cry louder, perhaps their god was asleep or had gone on a long journey. So the Japanese ring a bell to arouse their drowsy gods.

In one of the rooms of the Higashi Hongwanji, visitors are permitted to purchase small quantities of the sacred food, "the food of the gods," the guide said, which is highly prized by the Japanese. Prayers are also sold, mounted on heavy paper for preservation. I brought away with me, as relics, several of the prayers with a small quantity of prepared rice and several pieces of the bread used in the temple. Of course it is well understood by the people that the food furnished for the gods is appropriated and used by the priests who serve the people in the temple. As more is furnished than they can consume it is sold and becomes a source of revenue. Some people are willing to pay a high price for a small piece of the so-called sacred bread.

The day spent among the temples was followed by a quiet, pleasant evening at the hotel. The weather had turned suddenly cooler and a bright fire in the chimney grate added warmth and cheerfulness to our rooms. During the evening several merchants called upon us and invited us to visit their places of business, or if we preferred they would bring goods to the hotel for our inspection. The tradesmen are polite and very attentive to customers, but their prices are subject to violent fluctuations.

We have seen the sedan chair in use in Malacca and China, but Japan has still another means of transit, known as the kago. It is used by the natives, and Americans who can endure the torture, in traveling long distances in out-of-the-way places. A better idea of the construction of the

kago and the method of carrying it on the shoulders may be obtained from the photogravure on page 563 than from any description that might be written. As will be seen the kago is very simple in construction. Bamboo poles are used and the close observer will notice a look of content and comfort on the face of the little Japanese lady seated in her kago. On top of the chair, as with the old-fashioned stage coach, is arranged a place for baggage. The cloth traveling bag and the umbrella of the occupant of the kago are fastened on top, while her street shoes or clogs hang at one side. Upon lighting from her seat she slips the clogs on her feet and is ready to proceed on foot. The men who carry the traveler are shod with rice straw sandals fastened about the foot with a thin rope made of the same material. A pair of sandals of this kind, all complete, costs less than one cent, and protects the soles of the feet of the carriers. As a matter of economy the sandals are taken off and carried where the roads are smooth. The posture assumed while sitting in the kago is comfortable enough for the natives, who are used to sitting on their feet, but it is attended with great discomfort to those who, like Americans, are not used to doubling up their lower limbs and sitting upon them. In a very short time the limbs become so benumbed that when an effort is made to stand they refuse to bear the weight of their owner. It will be observed that the lady's head touches the top of the chair. As Americans are taller than the Japanese the head must be thrown back, adding still further to the discomfort of the traveler. As an instrument of torture for foreigners the kago may be voted a success. When it is stated that in some isolated places this is the only means of traveling, unless walking is preferred—and we always preferred to walk—the difficulty of reaching out-of-the-way places will be apparent.



KAGO, JAPANESE TRAVELING CHAIR.

As before intimated, the Japanese are kindly disposed and take great interest in the strangers who come among them. In the interior the foreigner with his peculiar dress is a great curiosity to the natives, and wherever he goes is sure to attract more or less attention. At Kyoto we made a few purchases, and we no sooner stopped in front of the door of a shop than we were the center of a good-natured crowd. At one of the shops I made an effort to buy a kimono—the outer garment worn by men. I had some difficulty in making the merchant understand that I must have the largest sized garment he had in stock. He finally produced one that he thought large enough for me. By this time a large crowd had collected, and when I finally succeeded in getting into the cloak and found that it lacked nearly a foot of coming together in front the crowd seemed to enjoy the situation and indulged in a hearty laugh. I afterwards had my measure taken and a kimono cut and made to order to take home with me.

The truth of the old adage, "The boy is father to the man," is nowhere more clearly shown than in Japan. Good nature, cheerfulness, kindliness of disposition, is the rule among the children of the flowery kingdom. I have seen them at play many times, and they enter into it with a happy, joyous *abandon* that is most pleasant to look upon. They are peaceful and happy and are full of enjoyment. I am told that a fight among Japanese children is of very rare occurrence. In this they are in advance of some of the Christian nations.

As soon as a child is old enough to bear the burden, a younger brother or sister is given into its care, and the two become inseparable companions. The little one is securely strapped to the back of its guardian and seems to take kindly to its rather peculiar situation. If the boy is sent on

an errand the baby goes with him. He becomes a kind of traveling *Kindergarten*. It is not unusual to see a number of children at play, each with a baby brother or sister strapped on the back. The little ones apparently enjoy the sport and the situation. When they grow weary they take a nap with the head thrown back or pressed against the shoulders of their carriers, and sleep as soundly as if rocked in a cradle on pillows of softest down. One of the evils resulting from this custom is that the sun beats down on the upturned face of the child and the eyes are often injured.

At Kamakara, near Yokohama, I saw a group of children engaged in kite flying, a national pastime for both children and grown people. A boy of twelve years, with his baby brother of as many months strapped to his back, was enjoying the national sport. His kite was soaring gracefully far up in the air, and both boy and baby were happy. By some means the kite string slipped from his hand and was dragged along the ground. The little fellow ran after the string as fast as his legs would carry him, grabbing for it as he ran. Finally he stumbled and fell flat to the ground, but with outstretched hand captured the fugitive kite string as he fell. I expected to hear the baby brother cry out, but he remained perfectly quiet and appeared to take the fall of his keeper as one of the ordinary "downs" in life.

On the twentieth of March we bade farewell to the ancient capital of Japan, with its temples and idols and intensely interesting people, and went to Yokohama, from where six weeks later we were to sail for the Golden Gate and the home land. The journey by rail took eighteen hours, and first-class tickets cost nine *yen* and forty-three *sen* each, about five dollars in our money. The only unpleasant thing about the journey was the smoke. In Japan



JAPANESE BOYS CARRYING BABIES.

men and women stand on a perfect equality in one thing, if in nothing else. They all smoke the pipe. And why not? Is a man so much better than a woman that he should enjoy a privilege and deny her equal liberty? The pipe is a tiny bit of thing—a kind of toy pipe—and holds but a pinch of yellow tobacco, just enough for three whiffs of smoke. The pipe is filled and lighted, the three whiffs taken, and then the smoker rests a minute or two, and the pipe is filled again. This is repeated until the smoker's desire is gratified. All Japanese ladies and gentlemen carry in their belt a well-filled tobacco pouch with pipe case attached, and are always ready for a smoke. A half dozen smokers in our coach kept the air blue with the smoke of burning tobacco for the greater part of the night, and we rejoiced when the train rolled into the depot at Yokohama, that we could escape from the fumes of tobacco and breathe heaven's fresh, pure air again.

We found a pleasant home in Yokohama at Miss Brittain's private boarding house at the rate of five dollars per week. It is on the bluff commanding a fine view of city and harbor, and we enjoyed our stay very much, with the exception of an occasional earthquake; but more about earthquakes later. We had received no mail since leaving India, and upon going to the post office found eighty letters and a score or more papers awaiting our arrival. Several days were spent in reading letters and papers, and we rejoiced that only good news came to us; but with this in our favor the heart would yearn for the dear old home land.

To write of all we saw of interest in Japan would be to add another volume to this. This is out of the question, and I must therefore content myself with brief mention of what impressed me most. As at other places so here the great wealth of interesting things to write about leaves one

in doubt, not as to what shall be said but as to what shall be left unsaid.

From Yokohama we made a number of excursions to various places of more than ordinary interest. Among these were Tokio, the present capital of the country, and Nikko, the city of temples, the most sacred place in all Japan. The Mohammedans have their Mecca, the Hindus their Benares, the Buddhists their Kandy, and the Japanese their Nikko. The Japanese holy place is more than any of the others. Lying as it does some two thousand feet above the level of the sea in a mountainous region it is, in addition to its temples and shrines, a delightful summer resort. No other place in Japan can show so many of the beauties of nature. Within a radius of a few miles of Nikko there are no less than twenty-five beautiful waterfalls and cascades. It is said that in autumn the tints of the foliage are the most beautiful in the world.

To write of the temples of Nikko and the beautiful pagodas would be a repetition of what has been written about the temples of Kyoto. Annually the Emperor of Japan goes to Nikko to worship. In order to reach the temples a stream of water must be crossed. Over the stream two bridges have been built, one for ordinary mortals and the other for the emperor and his suite. The latter is called the red bridge, from its bright red color, which forms a striking contrast to the rushing water below and the deep green of the rich shrubbery on the banks of the stream. It is eighty-four feet long and eighteen wide and was built in 1638. At each end are gates which are kept constantly closed except when the emperor crosses.

In connection with the red bridge an incident is related which shows the tact and the natural modesty of America's great soldier statesman, General Grant. When he visited

Nikko in his journey around the world, the Emperor of Japan, desiring to show his distinguished and illustrious guest every possible honor, ordered the sacred bridge to be opened and the General to be invited to cross over on the Mikado's sacred way. Upon reaching the river and seeing what had been done and receiving the invitation General Grant said, "The Emperor's feet alone must tread upon the sacred bridge." Saying this he walked across the lower bridge and won golden opinions from the Japanese for the respect thus shown to their ruler. General Grant had all the elements of true greatness in his character, and not the least of these was his native modesty. The show and display of position so gratifying to weak-minded men was entirely distasteful to him. He was a great man, apparently entirely unconscious of his greatness.

At Nikko I had my first experience in a native Japanese hotel. I was shown a room scrupulously clean with soft matting on the floor, and thick, quilted comforters which served as a bed. There was not a single piece of furniture in the room. The partitions were made of paper on sliding frames and the room could easily be enlarged by sliding the partitions together. When the hour for the noonday meal came the sliding door of my room was pushed back and a servant appeared with what seemed to be a small box a foot high and eighteen inches square. It proved to be a table. In order to get down to it I was compelled to squat after the fashion of the Japanese. The servant came with a lacquered tray on which was a small bowl of soup and a small piece of fish. Drinking the soup out of the bowl—spoons with knives and forks are unknown in the native house—I tried the experiment of eating the fish with chop sticks, two sticks about the length and thickness of a common lead pencil. It is not an easy task at first, but one soon acquires

the use of the Oriental knife and fork. After the soup and fish came a number of peculiar dishes. A taste of each fully satisfied my curiosity. A wooden box filled with rice well cooked and steaming hot supplied the main part of the meal. I had at last reached safe ground, and ate heartily of the rice. It was served in a small china bowl and conveyed to the mouth with the chop sticks. The servants sat by ready to fill the bowl as fast as it was emptied. After the rice came a cup of tea and then water to wash the hands, and the servant, table and all disappeared, and I was left to lie down on the mattress and enjoy an afternoon nap.

The dinner was good, but the agony of squatting on the floor an hour made the eating a punishment rather than a pleasure. I tried a number of positions but found none satisfactory, and am ready to say I do not consider the native Japanese hotel a success.

At one of the temples at Nikko a peculiar custom is kept up. A beautiful white horse is kept for the special use of the god Ieyasu. The horse is sleek and fat, and as the god never uses him he has an easy time of it. Every visitor is required to purchase from the attendant priest a small measure of beans for the support of the animal. As there are many visitors the priest does a thriving business. The horse eats but a small portion of the beans purchased for him, and they are sold over again and again. During the summer season the priest sells enough beans to feed a troop of horses. The element of deception associated with religion is practiced in all parts of the world. In our own country it flourishes in some of the churches in the half disguised gambling and lottery schemes introduced in the church festival in the shape of grab bags and kindred devices. Here it is openly conducted in selling food for the



SACRED BRIDGE, NIKKO.

sacred white horse which he never eats. Of the two the Japanese method is the less objectionable.

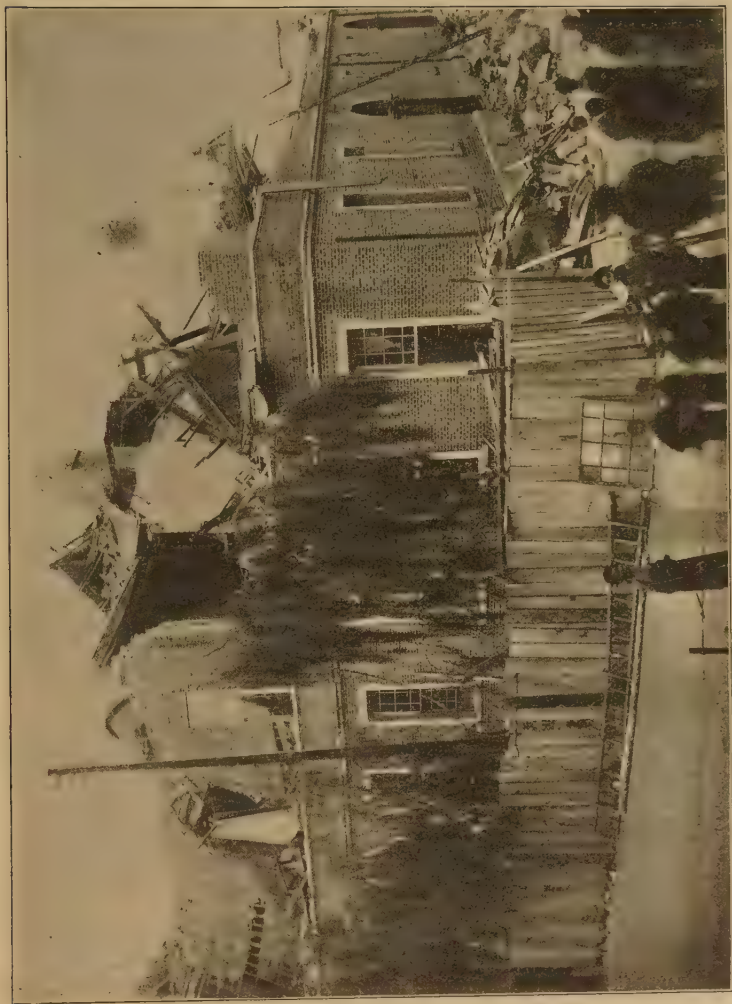
Tokio was our home a portion of the time we spent in Japan. It is at the present time the seat of government and contains the imperial residence. In round numbers the population may be set down at a million and a half. The city is to some extent Europeanized, and hence is not so interesting as the old capital Kyoto. It boasts a street railway, but the people do not patronize it to any great extent. There are thirty-eight thousand jinrikishas in Tokio, and these furnish the principal means of transit. There are temples and temples and idols by the hundred, but we have seen enough of these. I am, however, tempted to quote from a description of the temple of Kwannon, the goddess of Mercy: "On no account could a visit to this popular temple be omitted; for it is the greatest holiday resort of the middle and lower classes, and nothing is more striking than the juxtaposition of piety and pleasure, of gorgeous altars and grotesque ex-votaries, of pretty costumes and dingy idols, the clatter of the clogs, cocks and hens and pigeons strutting about among the worshipers, children playing, soldiers smoking, believers chaffering with dealers in charms, ancient art, modern advertisements—in fine a spectacle than which surely nothing more motley was ever witnessed within a religious edifice."

Chamberlain tells how foreigners, who land in Japan for the first time, express themselves in regard to earthquakes. "Oh, how I wish I could feel an earthquake!" is usually the first exclamation on the subject. "What a paltry sort of a thing it is, considering the fuss people make about it!" is generally his remark on his *second* earthquake, for the first one he invariably sleeps through. But after the fifth and sixth he never wants to feel another; and his terror of

earthquakes grows with length of residence in an earthquake-shaken land, such as Japan has been from time immemorial.

I cannot say that we had a strong desire to feel an earthquake. We knew the experience would come to us in a land where nearly four hundred seismic disturbances occur every year. It is true that we did not dread them and were rather anxious for the first experience, and it is also true that before we left Japan we had a terror of the fearful quaking of the earth. I slept through the first, was awakened by the second, and tried to count the waves of the third. I quote from my journal: We came up to Tokio yesterday to spend a short time in the capital. Last night we had a very severe earthquake shock. It occurred at 10:38 P. M. I noticed this because the clocks in the hotel stopped at the time named. I was awakened by the movement of the bed, and the first thought was of the rocking of a ship at sea. I did not seem to be alarmed, but lay quietly in bed, noting the regularity with which the waves increased until the maximum was reached and then decreased with some degree of regularity until with a quivering motion they ceased. Our bed rocked to and fro, the timbers creaked, the dogs set to howling and there was a general uproar about the hotel. A low, rumbling noise was heard as of distant thunder. The waves followed each other in quick succession, and in about two minutes the shock was over and all was quiet. I said I was not alarmed, but when it was all over my heart was beating with more than ordinary rapidity, an indication of some excitement.

After this experience we had a wholesome dread of the earthquake. During our stay in Japan we felt twelve different shocks caused by the quaking of the earth. The last one occurred the day before we left the country, and was



EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKE.

by far the most severe of all. It came at 11:30 A. M. We were packing up preparatory to leaving, and for about three minutes the waves were continuous. The chandelier hanging in our room swung back and forth like a pendulum. The house rocked as if it would come down, and we sought the usual place of safety under the jamb of the door. When it was all over we had occasion to be thankful that it was no worse.

But not all escape so easily as we did. Thousands of people lose their lives, and towns and cities are completely destroyed. In the great earthquake at Nagoya in 1891 more than four thousand people were killed. A missionary who was at the place when the disturbance took place told me that three men were killed in the street by his side, stricken down by falling walls and flying timbers. The photogravure on page 577 shows the government buildings, post and telegraph office immediately after the shock was over. It was a strong brick building, constructed with a view of resisting earthquakes, but the waves of the earth left it as seen in the picture, a complete wreck.

The houses in Japan are the "offspring of the earthquake." The natives build low, light houses, not over two stories high, and many of them do not exceed one story. The greatest danger is from the heavy roofs. Tiling is used for roofing, and the timbers must be strong enough to support the weight. When the houses are shaken down many of the unfortunate people are caught beneath the roofing, and before they can be extricated fire puts an end to their suffering. The ruins invariably take fire by the overturning of braziers and the Japanese stoves, and the horrors of the situation are greatly intensified. The most severe earthquakes, it is said, occur in winter, when fire is necessary to keep the rooms warm.

Professor Milne, who has made seismic disturbances the study of his life, has invented a method of building to thwart the effect of the earthquake. He would make a mortise in the corner stones of the house large enough to admit the corner posts. In the mortise a number of small steel balls are placed, on which the posts rest. The ball bearing would provide for free oscillation, and the danger of the house being shaken down would be greatly lessened. It would seem that no system of construction would avail when the severe shocks of the earthquake come. In the great earthquake of 1855, which destroyed thousands of lives in Tokio and the district lying west, fourteen thousand, two hundred and forty-one dwelling houses and sixteen hundred and forty-nine fireproof storehouses were overturned and destroyed, and it was estimated that thirty thousand lives were lost.

A good idea of the destruction wrought by the quaking of earth may be obtained by reference to page 581, where a part of one of the villages overthrown may be seen. A moment's study of the photograph will show how completely the houses have been destroyed. The only marvel is how any of the inhabitants escaped with their lives.

The cause of earthquakes, says an authority on this topic, is still obscure. The learned incline at present to the opinion that the causes may be many and various; but the general connection between earthquakes and volcanoes is not contested. The "faulting" which results from elevations and depressions of the earth's surface, the infiltration of water to great depths and the consequent generation of steam, the caving in of subterranean hollows—hollows themselves produced in all probability by chemical degradation—these and other causes have been appealed to as the most probable.



VILLAGE DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE.

Whatever the cause may be, earthquakes are a terrible reality and in no other country in the world are they so frequent as in Japan. Professor Milne has invented a seismograph, a very delicate instrument which records the earthquakes. When it is said that so many occur in Japan every year, it should be stated that many of the shocks are very light and are revealed only by Milne's recording instrument. Others like those experienced by ourselves startle one from the soundest sleep, and then every few years comes one of great violence and destructive force. They are, however, not more dreaded by the people of Japan than are the hurricanes and cyclones in our own country.

In the Bible we read of the dire punishment which fell upon Korah and those who with him rebelled against the Lord. "The ground clave asunder that was under them, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah and all their goods."* Some Bible students would account for this judgment of God upon the rebellious Korah by referring it to an earthquake. Whether this be the correct explanation or not, there can be no doubt that it was the result of divine interposition and was intended to teach the wandering Israelites an important lesson. The means used may have been an earthquake. In Japan the opening of great cracks in the earth, of unknown depth, is of common occurrence. Parts of villages are sometimes swallowed up. Look at the cracks in the earth as shown in the accompanying picture, from a photograph, hence presenting a real scene. In all this we may see what wonderful forces and power God has stored up in the bowels of the earth. In the globe on which we live are the elements and forces which, if properly combined, would shake its foundations

*Numbers 16: 31, 32.

and dissolve it into smoke and gases in a brief period. Let us therefore build not on the unstable earth, but upon the rock Christ Jesus which cannot be shaken, "whose voice then shook the earth: but now he hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear: for our God is a consuming fire."



EARTH OPENED BY EARTHQUAKE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Land of Flowers—The Flower Seller—The Chrysanthemum—Cherry Blossoms—Nothing But Leaves—The Cherry Blossom Festival—The Homeward Journey—Picking up a Day—Honolulu—The Golden Gate—Home at Last.

THE love of flowers is a national characteristic among the Japanese. In no other country in the world do blossoms, bestowed with bounteous hand by the Creator to beautify mother earth, enter so largely into the lives and hearts of the people, or receive more love and appreciation than in Japan. Poetical fancy has called it the "Land of Flowers," and well it deserves the name. From January, when the sweet-scented plum blooms in perfect beauty, until December, when the late and hardy chrysanthemum gives the last blossom of the dying year, there is a continuous succession of the most beautiful flowers. The plum, the cherry, the peony, the wistaria, the iris, the lotus, and the dahlia, with a marvelous wealth of autumn beauties, keep up a series of perpetual blossoms for the year. Everybody loves flowers, and no home is so poor or humble but that potted plants are to be found within its portals. The flower peddler walks about the streets laden with beautiful blossoms set in bamboo vases and finds numerous customers among rich and poor alike, for they all love the flowers.

The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan, and the flower with its many petals, sixteen in number, is used as the imperial crest and heraldic sign by the reigning family. No one else may use the nation's choice in this way. An author who visited Japan in November says o.

this beautiful flower: "Many gardens are filled with wonderful specimens of the gardener's art, which in this particular branch, has achieved true floral miracles. There are chrysanthemums of every hue, from a deep gold to the faintest shade of pink, and from imperial purple to a vivid crimson. Their petals and corolla are of every conceivable shape; sometimes spatulate, at others like fairy filaments, or again resembling the plumes of the ostrich. Each year sees new and beautiful varieties produced, so that their name is legion." Annually a great national festival is held in honor of the chrysanthemum. At such times the chrysanthemum gardens are a mass of the richest color and the most beautiful blossoms. Large sums of money are spent in the production of the chrysanthemum, and some of the finest flowers sell at a very high price.

Before the chrysanthemum, in point of time, comes the cherry blossom, and it stands first in the hearts of this flower-loving people. Of this I write from actual experience. The great cherry blossom holiday occurs in April, and the trees were in full bloom during our sojourn in Japan. If the chrysanthemum is the national flower, standing as the sign of the imperial family, the cherry is the flower of the people. "*Hito wa bushi, hana wa sakura*" are the words of an old Japanese proverb, "The man of men is the warrior, the flower of flowers is the cherry." Among our own practical people in the United States no one would ever think of cultivating the cherry tree for the blossom alone. We are much too utilitarian for a procedure of that kind. But for centuries the Japanese have spent time, labor, and money in producing, not the best varieties of fruit, but the finest and most beautiful blossoms. The fruit is dwarfed and bitter and is not eaten, but the blossoms are marvels of beauty. They are not pure white and single, as with us at home, but



THE FLOWER SELLER.

vary in color in every conceivable shade from the lightest pink to the deepest rose. Then there are double and treble and fourfold blossoms—perfect in form and color and rich in perfume—as large as our small roses. When the cherry trees are in full bloom the scene is one of indescribable beauty, which to be fully appreciated must be seen in floral Japan.

In our Yokohama home I met, and became well acquainted with, Capt. Lee, a retired army officer who had seen service in our War of the Rebellion. He was a well informed, practical man, and was deeply interested in horticulture. He was making an effort to introduce fruit trees into Japan, and was hindered because the people cared more for flowers than fruit. We enjoyed many pleasant walks together. When we came to the blossom-laden cherry trees, the Captain, in reply to my exclamations of pleasure and delight upon seeing the beauty of the flowers, would say: "Yes! very beautiful! most beautiful! but there is no fruit, nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves." Reflecting upon the Captain's words, I thought, So it is with many lives in this world. When the Master comes expecting fruit he will find "nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves."

At Tokio we spent the cherry blossom holiday. Early in the morning the streets leading to Ueno park, where thousands of trees were in full bloom, were a moving mass of humanity. It seemed as if the city were being emptied of its people. Two hours later we entered the park where the air seemed to be filled with clouds of pink and rose and was heavy laden with perfume. Beneath the trees wandered the great crowd of people, talking, laughing, reciting bits of poetry, and having a good time generally. Says a Japanese poet: "If one should enquire of you concerning

the spirit of a true Japanese, point to the wild cherry blossom shining in the sun." And the spirit of the great throng of Japanese humanity was in full harmony with the beautiful blossoms dancing in the morning sun. It was a joyous, happy, good-natured crowd. Men and women, boys and girls, with the babies of the household securely lashed to their backs, were all there, apparently without a thought or care for the future. It was the cherry blossom festival, and dull care was banished from every heart. They were out to enjoy the rich feast spread by bounteous Nature, and I was impressed with the thought that this happy, joyous, smiling mass of people were getting an immense amount of pleasure from their day's outing. There were innocent games for the children, into which both old and young entered with great zest, and many peals of laughter went up from the merry groups of players. I noticed, too, that many of the blossom-laden boughs bore also strips of paper on which had been written a prayer, or some practical sentiment in honor of the day. But why attempt to describe? To know and feel the true spirit of the cherry blossom time one must go to the flowery kingdom and see and feel it for himself.

And here I am constrained to quote briefly from my notes, adding to what has already been said about the kindly and courteous disposition of the Japanese. Friday, April 3, 1896: A bright, clear, beautiful spring day. These are delightful days to go about the city and see the Japanese in their homes, and what a kindly, courteous people they are. My jinrikisha man takes off his hat and bows with as much natural grace as if he were a nobleman. The laundryman who comes to our rooms has the manners and courtesy of the highest circles of European or American society. His bows are as graceful and at the same time as natural as if he had been born and bred among the



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM GARDEN.

elite of Paris. And the best thing about Japanese politeness is that it is not put on for the occasion. It is innate. To-day I saw two coolies, day laborers, take off their hats and bow to each other in the most graceful manner. My jinrikisha man accidentally jostled an aged woman on the street. She fell down. He went to her assistance, brushed the dust from her clothing and then lifting his hat bowed, and they parted smiling good naturedly. To-day I saw a boy of ten running at the top of his speed, when he tripped and fell. Picking himself up he laughed heartily at his discomfiture and ran away. Good nature bubbles over in the Japanese. There is nothing morose or crabbed about them. Their politeness is proverbial, and in courtesy and kindly feeling they are not one whit behind the cultured nations of Europe. In these respects they present a striking contrast to the rough, coarse bluntness of many other peoples one meets in making a circuit of the globe.

The Japanese are not only kind in disposition and courteous in manner, but they are wide-awake and progressive. The nation is making rapid strides and her progress in the last decade is little less than marvelous. The great need of the country is the religion of Jesus Christ. If the Japanese could be induced to change their idolatrous worship for that of the true and living God they would soon take rank as one of the leading nations of the world. As it is they are held in thralldom by their idolatrous religion. This applies to the masses, and to them the Gospel of Christ should be preached. The harvest truly is great. Where are the laborers who will carry the Gospel to the already whitened fields of Japan? Japan, won for Christ, would at once become one of the strongest forces toward the conversion of China and the whole of Asia to the Christian religion. May the day speedily come when

the name of Christ shall take the place of the false gods of the "Flowery Kingdom."

And now again we turn our thoughts and faces toward the home land. It is a long distance by land and sea from Yokohama to our home in the Illinois village where our pilgrimage around the world began almost a year ago. How quickly the time has fled; and now as we prepare for our last sea voyage it all seems as a dream that is told. Have we indeed thus far girdled the globe? True it is, and now farewell to Japan, the land of flowers and of a kindly, courteous people. May she grow in prosperity and in the knowledge of the true God.

- On the 26th of April, 1896, we sailed away from Yokohama for San Francisco, on the Pacific Mail steamer, "China," "the best ship on the Pacific," said the captain, and entered upon the longest sea voyage of our journey around the world. The distance between the two ports, by way of the Sandwich Islands, is about six thousand five hundred miles, and seventeen days is the time usually required to make the voyage. The Pacific Ocean, true to her peaceful name, was calm and the voyage all that could have been desired. But seventeen days at sea become very monotonous. On the North Atlantic one sees steamers and ships of sail nearly every day, but on the Pacific days and weeks are passed without a sight of ship or sail to break the dead waste of water.

On the 2nd day of May we crossed the international date line, 180 degrees east of Greenwich, and, in order to correct our time, were compelled to pick up a day. West of the line we had Saturday, May 2. East of the line it was Sunday, May 3. Our notes say, "Singular as it may seem, I have two Saturdays and two second days of May following each other in my diary. It makes one week of my life

contain eight days. I know the fact exists, and yet it is hard to have the mind accept it. Regularly we have gone on until we came to Saturday, and, according to all previous experience, this ought to be the first day of the week. But all past experience fails, and I am compelled to write Saturday, May 2, when I feel that it is Sunday, May 3." Thinking over this strange occurrence, we wondered how our seventh day friends could adjust themselves to this state of things. East of the line they would be keeping one day as their Sabbath, while their brethren west of the line would be observing another. The solution of this problem is left for those who keep the Jewish Sabbath.

The longest life has its close, and so, too, the longest sea voyage, and the longest journeys have their end. With a short stop at the Sandwich Islands, with ample time to visit Honolulu, the capital, we again sped over the waters of the sea on our homeward way. Day after day passed away until, at last, sailing still toward the rising sun, the coast of our own dear native land loomed up in the far distance, and even as we stood watching on the deck of the "China," we entered the Golden Gate. Yonder floated the stars and stripes,—the emblem of civil and religious liberty. How our hearts filled with thankfulness, and our eyes with tears of joy, when we realized that we were safe in the harbor at last! Ah, the best part of the journey is the home-coming; and so, too, the best part of life's voyage is the blessed home-coming of the soul; sailing peacefully and quietly into the haven of eternal rest.

From San Francisco we made a hasty journey to Ottawa, Kansas, where our Annual Conference for 1896 was held. Here we were met and greeted by many of our

co-laborers in Christ. Then home again after an absence of a little more than a year.

Only wanderers, after a long and weary absence, can enter fully into our feelings when we were again permitted to step on the shore of our own dear native land and to reach home again. To God, who had so wonderfully protected and kept us in all our wanderings, we gave thanks and praise. It was to us a happy home-coming, and here we write the closing words of this book. Not far hence, as we measure time, shall there be written over against the lives of reader and writer the words:

THE END.

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